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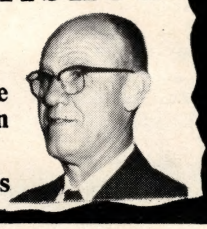

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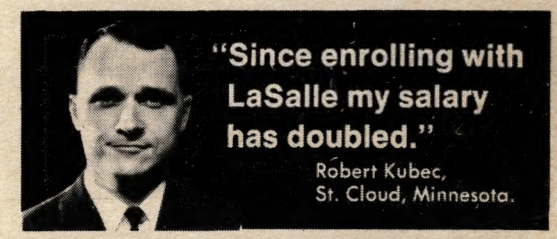


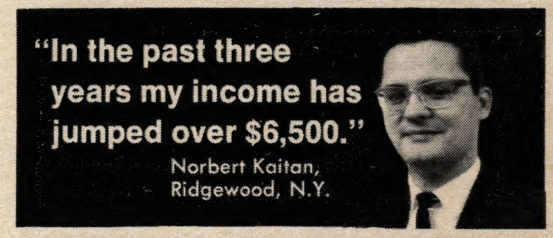


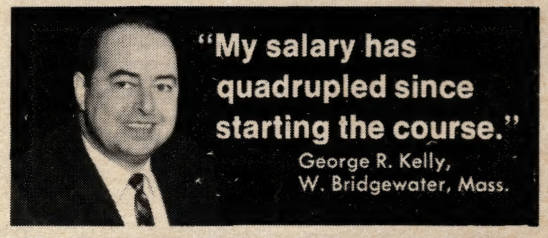


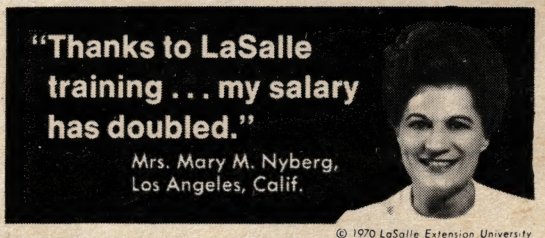


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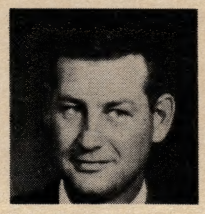

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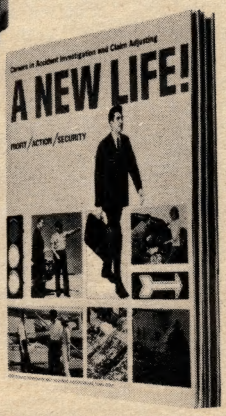


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Chemical Process Equip. Design & Operation
Chemical Process Operator
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Instrumental Laboratory Analysis

**CIVIL ENGINEERING**
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Highway Engineering Tech.
Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Bl'pr'ts
Reading Structural Bl'pr'ts
Sanitary Engineering Tech.
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Eng'r'g Tech.
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

**COLLEGE COURSES**
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Calculus Economics

**COMPUTERS**
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Fortran Programming for Engineers
Programming for Digital Computers
Programming the IBM 1401 Computer
Programming the IBM System/360 Computer, Introduction

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Architectural Drafting
Design Drafting
Drafting Technology
Electrical Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Introductory Mech. Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
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Sheet Metal Layout for Air Conditioning
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**ELECTRICAL**
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—Power Option
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Electrical Appliance Ser. with Equipment Training
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Home Maint.
Electrical Home Maint. with Equipment Training
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Electric Motor Repairman
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Industrial Electrician
Power-Line Design and Construction
Power Plant Operator
—Hydro Option
—Steam Option
Practical Electrician
Practical Electrician with Equipment Training
Practical Lineman
Reading Elec. Blueprints

**ENGINEERING (Refresher Courses for Graduate Engineers)**
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**ENGLISH AND WRITING**
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High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
High School Vocational
High School College Preparatory—Arts
High School College Prep—Engineering and Science
Preparatory Course for High School Equivalency Test

**MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE**
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Industrial Metallurgy
Lathe Operator
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Metallurgical Eng'r'g Tech.
Multicraft Maintenance Mechanic
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Prints
Rigging
Tool & Die Making
Tool Engineering Tech.
Welding Engineering Tech.
Welding Process

**MATHEMATICS**
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Math and Mechanics for Engineering Technicians
Math and Physics for Engineering Technicians
Modern Elementary Statistics

**MECHANICAL**
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Hydraulic and Pneumatic Power
Industrial Engineering
Industrial Eng'r'g Tech.
Industrial Instrumentation
Machine Design
Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech.
Tool Design
Vibration Analysis and Control

**PETROLEUM**
Natural Gas Production and Transmission
Oil Well Technology
Petroleum Production Operator
Petroleum Production Engineering Technology
Petroleum Refinery Oper.

**PLASTICS**
Design of Plastic Products
Plastics Technician

**PLUMBING, HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING**
Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning Maint.
Domestic Heating with Gas and Oil
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Industrial Air Conditioning
Pipe Fitting Plumbing
Plumbing and Heating
Plumbing & Heating Est.
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Servicing

**PULP AND PAPER**
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Paper Making Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Eng'r'g Tech.

**SECRETARIAL**
Clerk-Typist Commercial
Secretary, Engineering
Sec'y, Legal Sec'y, Medical
Secretary, Professional
Shorthand Stenographic
Typewriting

**STEAM, DIESEL POWER**
Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Eng'r
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Eng'r'g

**TEXTILES**
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Dyeing and Finishing
Loom Fixing
Textile Designing
Textile Mill Superintendent
Textile Mill Supervision

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Traffic Management

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Electronics Technician
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# STAG CONFIDENTIAL.....

## OUTSIDE THE LAW

STEADIEST CLIENTS OF CALL GIRLS IN EVERY CITY IN THE COUNTRY ARE MARRIED MEN. GIRLS CLAIM SINGLE GUYS CAN GO OUT AND PICK UP GIRLS WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING CAUGHT BY A SNOOPING NEIGHBOR. MARRIED

EXTRA-MARITAL STEADIES

MEN, WHO WORRY ABOUT WIVES FINDING OUT, MAKE PERIODIC BEELINES TO THEIR FAVORITE CALL GIRL. ANOTHER BIG REASON FOR SUCH LARGE MARRIED CLIENTELE: MEN ARE AFRAID TO ASK THEIR SPOUSES TO INDULGE IN WAY-OUT SEX. THEY KNOW THEY CAN GET IT FROM THEIR PAID PLAYMATES...

Narcotic squadders worrying over the "hash" situation in the Middle and Near East. Seizures of illegal hashish from that corner of the world has tripled in the last year--with best estimates indicating even larger-scale escalation...

WOMEN'S LIB LEADERS HAVE COME UP WITH A CURE FOR PROSTITUTION THAT HAS VICE COPS INTRIGUED. THE GIRLS THINK THAT IF YOU ALLOW PROSTITUTES TO GO FREE, BUT SLAP HEAVY FINES AND PRISON TERMS ON THEIR CLIENTS, NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER APPROACH A WHORE...

According to the FBI, crime in the U.S. shot up 148% during the swinging sixties. In the New York City area the crime rate doubled the national figure during the same 10-year period...

## INSIDE FOR MEN

A RECENT SURVEY OF 5,000 MARRIED WOMEN SHOWED THAT 40% PREFERRED TO BE MASTURBATED TO ORGASM RATHER THAN ENGAGE IN INTERCOURSE. MANY IN BOTH GROUPS CLAIMED THEY NEVER ACHIEVED ORGASM WITHOUT SOME FORM OF MASTURBATION--EITHER BY THEIR HUSBAND OR ON THEIR OWN...

In case you're beginning to look ahead to income tax time, be glad you're not a single man living in England. A British bachelor making $4200 a year pays $1022, compared to only $587 for his American counterpart...

THERE ARE MORE DEAF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD THAN THE COMBINED POPULATION OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY...

Restaurants and bars may soon be equipped with do-it-yourself Breathalyzers. This is a gadget into which you blow to get an instant reading on whether you've had one too many for the road. Works on a coin-operated machine and is calibrated to check against whatever the legal blood-alcohol level is in your state...

THERE IS A FEDERALLY-FINANCED ANTI-POVERTY PROGRAM IN LAS VEGAS TO TRAIN THE DISADVANTAGED FOR JOBS AS BLACKJACK AND KENO DEALERS, AS WELL AS TO WORK THE CRAP TABLES...

MISS NEW YORK CALL GIRL

This is a composite of the type of call girl most often asked for by men--as compiled by one of New York City's most famous madams: She's between 19 and 25 years old, a redhead, about 5'4'' and weighing 110 pounds. She is a well-mannered, refined girl whose outward appearance contrasts with her wildness in bed. She is expert in oral, manual and vaginal techniques, and will perform anything called for with great enthusiasm. She will agree to group sex if the client prefers, taking on both the male and

(Continued on page 44)

# Need a better job? Want to own a business?

## *Earn Big Money!—Be an Auto Mechanic!*

## Learn at Home in Your Spare Time!

Skilled men are desperately needed in the Auto Repairing Field. Over 20,000 must be trained each year. If you are 18 or over and want an exciting, big pay future in this dynamic field, CTI home-training is for you! Get the facts that can put more money in your pockets—fast! ***Use the coupon to send for the free CTI book—NOW!***

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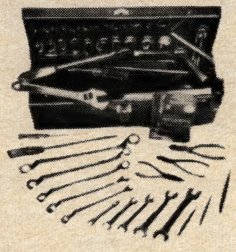
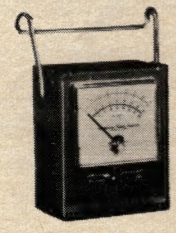
In addition to easy lessons and work projects, you get (and keep) a set of mechanic's tools and testing instruments that help locate engine and electrical system troubles quickly. You get experience as you train.



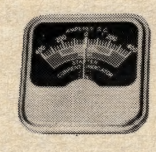
MECHANIC'S TOOLS INCLUDING SOCKET SET AND TRAY

TORQUE WRENCH



VISO-ANALYZER (VOLT-AMPERE TESTER)

CAM ANGLE TACHOMETER



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Please send me all the facts, complete details on CTI training in AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ County_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ **Check for facts on GI Bill**

CTI also specializes in training men for jobs in 6 other high-paying fields. For Free information on these courses, check one line below.

- ☐ AIR CONDITIONING, REFRIGERATION AND HEATING
- ☐ AUTOMATION ELECTRONICS
- ☐ BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ COLOR TV
- ☐ COMPUTER PROGRAMMING
- ☐ DRAFTING

# WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

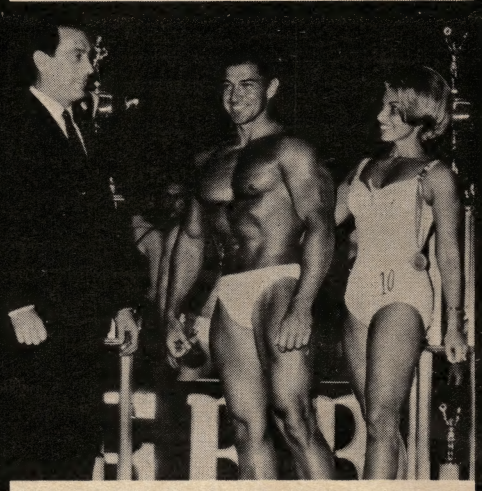
**MR. OLYMPIA**

Larry Scott, Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—**just as you should**—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! **How about you?**

**MR. UNIVERSE**

Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! **Why wait? Rush!**

**MR. UNIVERSE**



Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny. only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! **Why not you!**

## THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD— GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, musculanize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

## ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!

**JOE WEIDER**
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

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Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
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(please print clearly)

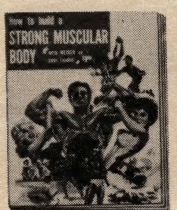
MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR **FREE** 32 PAGE COURSE!

**NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!**

**Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).**

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**



# LAST LAUGHS

**"Hello there, I'm new in town. How do I get to your apartment?**

"I don't get it," said an attractive lady in the Doctor's waiting room. "I told the doctor my sinus was bothering me and he told me to strip."

"That's nothing," said a nude blonde with a satchel on her lap.

"I'm here to tune the piano."

◆◆◆

The husband had returned home unexpectedly, and stared suspiciously at a cigar smouldering in an ashtray. "Where did that cigar come from?" he roared, as his wife cowered in the bed.

There was a pause. Then from the closet a shaky masculine voice replied, "Cuba!"

◆◆◆

When a lady of the evening approached a young virile-looking customer with her wares, he told her: "No, thanks. I'm saving myself for the girl I love."

"That's commendable," said the girl, "but isn't it awfully hard on you?"

"No, not really," replied the young man. "But it bothers my wife a little."

◆◆◆

A sexy blonde was leaning against the side of a building wearing a very low-cut, V-necked sweater and smiling at all the men. Finally, a young man asked, "What's the V for?"

"Uh-uh, virgin," she replied.

"Oh, come now," he exclaimed. "You're a virgin?"

"No," she said, smiling. "It's an old sweater."

An eager bachelor took in a striptease and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "Try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show—you won't miss much."

◆◆◆

"I wish this coat was called something besides Broadtail," said the young woman. "My husband thinks he is a comedian!"

◆◆◆

A man-about-town finally announced to his friends that he was going to get married, and one of his close buddies was trying to find out about the details.

"Are you going to live with your mother-in-law after the wedding?" asked the friend.

"No," replied the prospective bridegroom. "My fiancee says I'll have to give her up just like the rest of my broads!"

Each woman who entered the baseball stadium that day received a free bottle of whisky. The local team's left-fielder was being given a "day." After a few innings, his club managed to get three men on base. He grabbed a bat, glanced up at the ruddy faces of the ladies near his dugout, and headed for home plate.

"Try to hit the ball, sweetheart!" yelled one tipsy matron.

"It couldn't happen at a better time!" he answered. "The bags are really loaded!"

◆◆◆

After an hour of lovemaking, the Hippie handed his girl a lit cigarette.

"My motto is 'Make Love, Not War.'" He smirked.

"Did you ever consider enlisting?" She replied.

◆◆◆

The irate doctor phoned his patient.

"The check you gave me," he declared testily, "came back."

There was a momentary pause.

"That's nothing," said the patient. "So did my arthritis."

**"Just pretend you don't see them. It's the only way I can get my windows washed."**

## A Psychiatrist's Tape Recordings By 5 Uninhibited Women

# "SEX WE USE ON

# TECHNIQUES MEN"

**You've never heard a more intimate discussion of what it's like at the sexual summit than the tape recorded stories of this group.**

*STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE* ▶

# "SEX TECHNIQUES

**as taped By DR. CHARLES BLACKROCK**

MARY ALICE SAMSOE: I've never met an orgasm I didn't like.

ASSUNTA FONTINA: Listen bubbie, don't ask me about oral connections. . . . When you're 30 and just beginning to learn what it's all about, you don't need anything fancy just yet . . . .

RACHEL EMMENTHAL: We've been married two years, my Carl and me. We have very nice sex. I achieve orgasm every time and my Carl is satisfied also. . . . But that Carl. He feels we might be missing something. . . . You, Mary Alice. You Francoise. You've both tasted so much more of life than I have. Are we missing something?

FRANCOISE BRIE: Call girls do not have to have the orgasm, no? Too frigid, no? You all agree, yes? Well, then, no one can consider me a call girl even though I sleep with men for money, for I have the orgasm all the time.

MONICA TILSIT: If this shocks you all, it shocks you. I have to say it sometime. . . . The thing I like best about sex is the sex another woman can give. . . . Dammit, I knew some of you would react that way. . . . Hey. Come on. Haven't you all known at least one lesbian before?

* * *

When I first welcomed *(Continued on page 85)*

ASSUNTA: "Until Charley caught me in the bathroom half-naked, I still thought of myself, in my head, as a virgin."

MARY ALICE: "It's the difference between men and boys. Alex isn't one of those who comes to bed like he's mounting a camel."

MONICA: "You really want to know what it is I like about sex with another woman? First: how many of you have ever tried it?"

RACHEL: "You can use this model's photo instead of mine. But anything I say in this interview is strictly on the level."

MY SECRET MISSION INTO RED CHINA

# "Kidnap Mao's

They wanted Dr. Huan smuggled from the mainland so badly, they were willing to risk a combined operation between a lone Yank flier-of-fortune and the whole damned Air Force of Chiang Kai-shek.

# Germ War Chief"

By BOB JORDAN

Art by Gil Cohen

MY DC-3 was down for repairs on a troublesome magneto and I'd been burning the midnight oil in my closet-sized office which has a pompous sign on the door reading, "EAST ASIA AIR ENTERPRISES PTY., LTD." I must have been the only person working on the civilian side of Hong Kong's Kaitak Airport that night, and I never heard them when they came to get me. The three Chinese suddenly crashed into my office, their guns levelled at my face.

I dropped my engine logs and rose slowly, careful to show them that I wasn't holding a knife or a monkey wrench. My reaction was just right. The two young Chinese in business suits lowered their small black automatic pistols. They were *(Continued on page 89)*

Pilot Bob Jordan

Doon Mee and Dr Huan dragged Liu aboard then climbed in themselves as the F-104s slammed past us and raked the Red convoy.

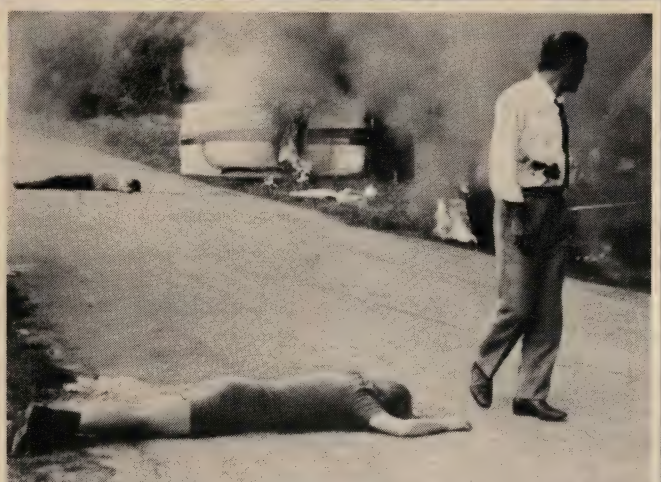


Photo shows injured victims waiting for an ambulance. Often the real disaster doesn't occur until it arrives.

THERE were more than 11 million disabling accidents in the United States last year.

A large number of those accident victims were taken to hospitals in ambulances—and too many times they found the ambulance experience was worse than the accident had been. Consider what happened to some people who were forced to ride in ambulances because they were struck down by an accident or a serious illness:

● The woman, about 45, lay writhing on the floor of her Chicago apartment when a couple of ambulance attendants got to her. One of the

## EXPOSING THOSE BRUTAL, SADISTIC, "GET THE MONEY FIRST"

# AMBULANCE

men leaned over her, ran his fingers up her spine. "Broken back," he said. The woman groaned: "I fell off the chair." Said the attendant: "I can't bring the stretcher up here until you pay $49 for the ambulance." The woman said she didn't have any cash with her and the attendant said: "We'll take a check."

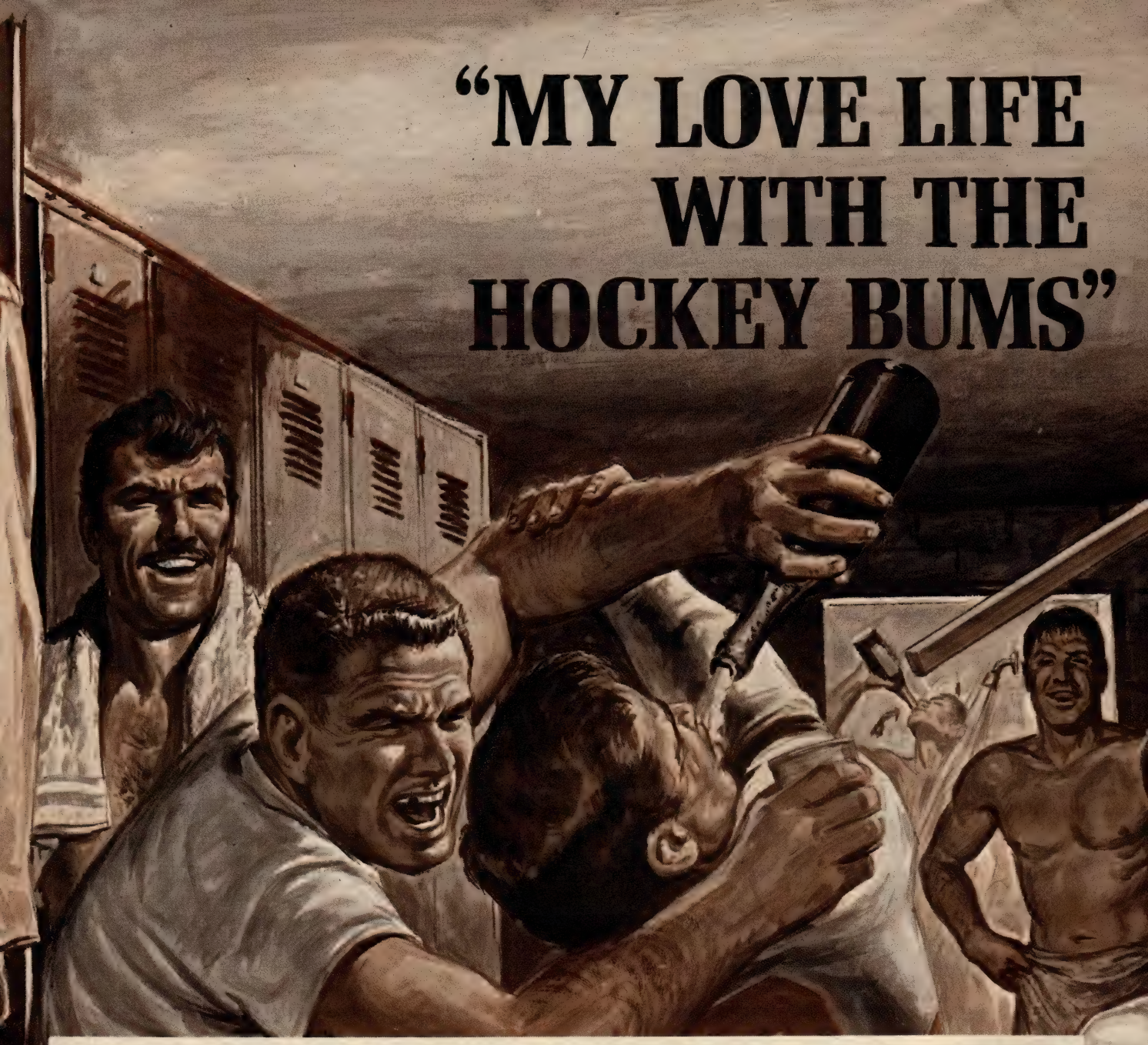
"I can't write a check," the woman said. "It hurts too much." They argued for more than 10 minutes and finally the men turned to go. "No check, no hospital," one of them said. And they forced her to find her checkbook and write the check before they would take her to the hospital.

● One man lay in the Houston street, his head crushed when he was thrown to the pavement in the car accident. He was obviously dead. The man behind the wheel of the other car was slumped over, bleeding from the nose and mouth, whimpering: "Help me. Help me." A station wagon from an undertakers service was at the scene. In Houston undertakers provide most of the ambulance services. The undertaker and his assistant pulled a stretcher from the back of their station wagon and marched quickly over to the *(Continued on page 50)*

# HUSTLERS

By S. T. ANTHONY

# "MY LOVE LIFE WITH THE HOCKEY BUMS"



**They call them "hockey girls"—girls who fill in for the players' wives when the team is on the road. "Filling in," of course, means sexually, and take it straight from one of the girls herself, the players never had it so good in bed.**

**By DICK LOVE**

THEY didn't pay me, right? Kept me, maybe, but they didn't pay, I mean you're not really a prostitute if you don't get paid. Maybe a push-over, but not a prostitute.

There were two I loved. Not at the same time. I liked all of them, but that winter, I can remember two more than any.

Don was married. I didn't know it at first. You can usually tell a married man. I mean one who works at it. Actually, if it hadn't been for him, I don't think I'd have ever gotten into the situation.

Don's face was ruined. That's the first thing that hit me when I saw him. "That poor man," I thought. It's funny how when we met, started talking, how the scars seemed to blend into his personality. How you just didn't notice them. They belonged with him.

I was working when we met. A one-day job modeling bulky knit *(Continued on page 46)*

# A STAG SPECIAL PROFILE

I was drunk and I think everyone else in the locker room was drunk too. After an hour, I stopped trying to remember at all.

Art by Earl Norem

Ross Allen, founder of the famed Reptile Institute, is seen wrestling the same type of aquatic snake that attacked Lockridge.

Lockridge

## Killer Snakes--Deadly Alligators

# "MY TWO-WEEK SURVIVAL IN SURINAM'S NIGHTMARE SWAMP"

Surinam's rivers and their tributaries are infested with black, alligator-like monsters that devour their victims easily.

**It looked like a floating log; then suddenly it moved and he was staring at a deadly caiman, its hideous mouth open as it slithered through the murky water, baring its powerful jaws.**

**as told to EMILE C. SCHURMACHER**

AT THE start of the rainy season last December when flash floods swept death and destruction through the jungled interior of Surinam Tom Lockridge was several miles from base camp with an Arawak indian, paddling on the Laripo, a tributary of the Maroni.

Squatting in the stern of the cayuca, the Arawak pointed in the direction of the Brazilian border where black cloud masses had been gathering low above the Serra de Tumucumaque. Now the storm was approaching swiftly and the indian's moon-round face was solemn.

"*Uru-buquara plana*! The rain gods are angered!"

The sky was split apart by jagged forks of blue-white lightning accompanied by deafening crashes of thunder. The rain poured down like a waterfall. In minutes the shallow, turgid Laripo was transformed into a roaring, ever-widening river carrying them rapidly downstream.

Seized in the relentless grip of the current the cayuca swirled like a chip through the forming rapids and whirlpools, surrounded by uprooted scrub and trees. Other debris rode the rushing crest; the carcasses of drowned animals; several deer, a pair of ocelots, a great anteater. There were also two bodies, an Indian woman and a small child, swept from the bank of an upstream Arawak village by the sudden onrush of the flood.

They paddled desperately, trying to quarter the current toward the receding shore but it was a losing fight. The cayuca was a quarter of a mile from the bank when a snapped-off trunk of a chonta palm lanced 'midships into it with an impact that plummeted Lockridge into the water.

*(Continued on page 70)*

A Commando Squad Of Policemen
Strike Back At A Gang Of Two-Wheeled Sadists

# THE CYCLE COP RAID ON "HELL'S ANGELS"

By Sgt. JOE LAMB as told to W.J. SABER

They called in their toughest two-wheeled cop to roadblock the

The Raiders were having their version of fun, storming the Dew Drop Inn, forcing the women to strip, holding off the men.

Art by Bruce Minney

*(Editor's Note: Sgt. Joe Lamb is not the author's true name; he uses a pseudonym for obvious purposes. Other names have been changed to protect involved people from possible reprisals. The events narrated here are true, only certain identifiable locales are deliberately obscured to prevent identification.)*

THE Night Raiders motorcycle gang hit the Dew Drop Inn with the impact of a full-scale invasion. Tom Dew, the owner and host, tried to stop them in the lobby of the luxurious roadhouse, was picked up by 'Big' Peters and 'Bone' Makin, dropped into a chair in the pine panelled cocktail lounge.

The Raider gang roared laughter.

'Head' Alkirk threw a whiskey down his throat, heaved the glass into the dining room, yelled, "What the hell's the matter with the effing music?"

The trio started playing immediately, raggedly at first, gradually coming into rhythm.

'Head' nodded satisfaction, bellowed above

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE▶**

**chain-wielding maniacs before the state became a no-man's land.**

# RAID ON "HELL'S ANGELS"

the music, "Any of you shoes want chow, order it from the waiters." He went to Tom Dew's table, sat down. Alkirk would have been a handsome man except for his flat and crooked nose. He was slightly over six feet, had the shoulders, chest and arms of a weight lifter, a waspish waist, moved with athletic grace. He lit a joint, drew the marijuana smoke deep into his lungs, let it trickle out his nostrils, grinned, "Nice of you to offer us the hospitality of the house."

Tom Dew was no coward. He also knew he was in danger. He sat there whitefaced, white knuckled, silent. 'Head' Alkirk enjoyed the feeling of power very much and shouted to his gang, "You want to dance, dance! There's plenty of broads here."

Johnny Nelson, a thin, hyperactive, pinchfaced man jumped up, ran to a woman seated with her husband, grabbed her wrist, jerked her out of the chair and spun her on to the dance floor. The husband half rose to object. Big Peters loomed over him. "You want to say something?"

The man stared, then he mumbled: "No," and sat down.

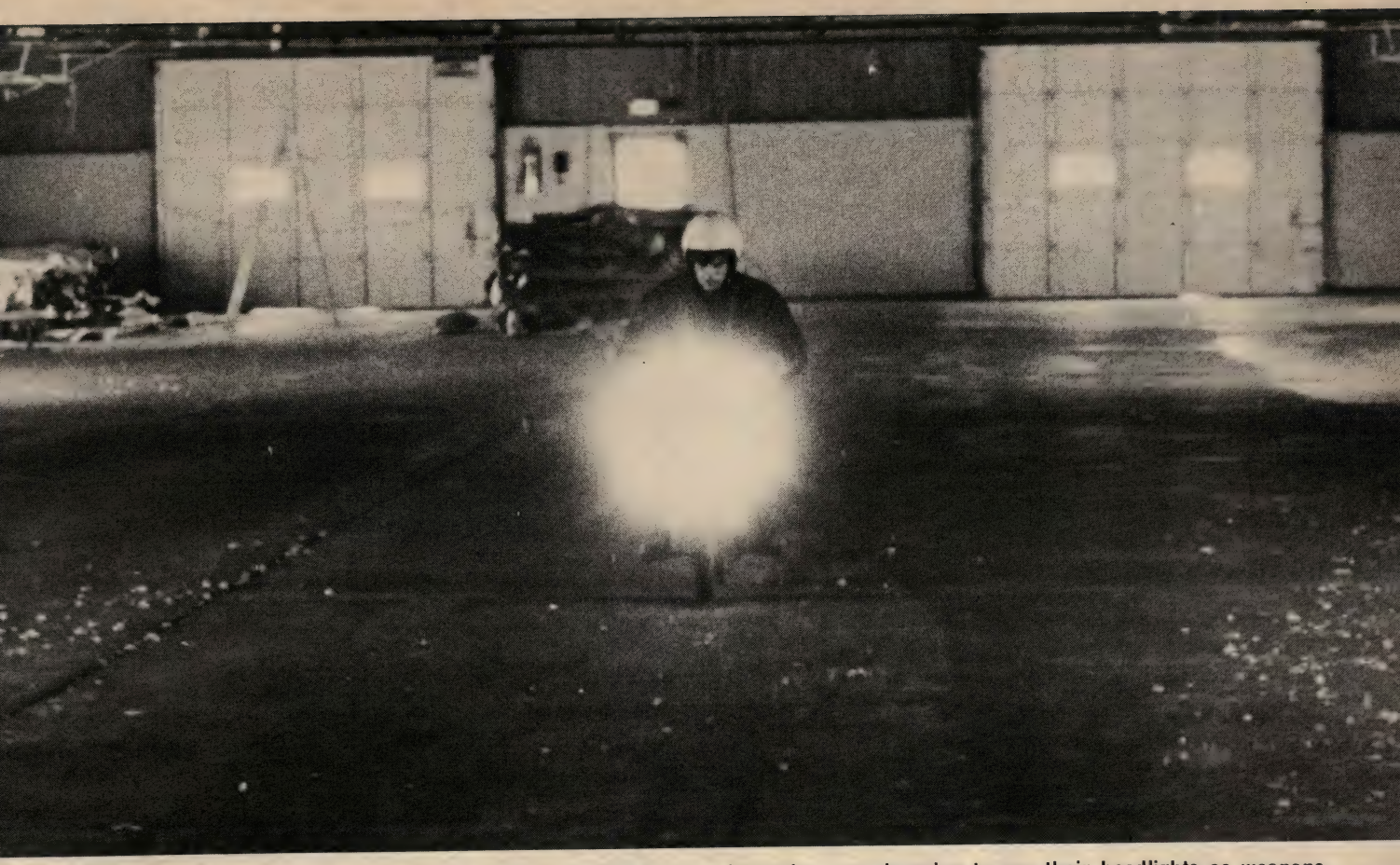
Some of the cyclists in the dining room were sitting at guests' tables, eating the food that had been served to the guests. Since they had laid heavy chains across the table, they weren't hearing any complaints.

Pot was the preferred after dinner smoke, and between that and the booze, they were hitting real highs. One character was conducting the trio, using a leather covered chain as a baton. Another was acting as a waiter, bringing a tray to the bar, mixing oddball drinks out of any stuff he could lay his hands on, then rushing it back to the tables, placing it in front of the customers, and they had better drink it, or else—

One of the girl cyclists bent over a table, long dark hair hanging, asked a man whose wife was out on the dance floor to dance with her. He couldn't take his eyes off his wife and said, "No."

"That's all right," she caressed his cheek with her right hand. The flesh opened like a dropped watermelon and blood *(Continued on page 91)*

The girls that rode with the wild terror cyclists were violent sadistic "mamas" always ready for an array of bloody kicks.



The special police hell squadron was trained at state trooper barracks, even learning to use their headlights as weapons.

Command cops "graduated" on a breakneck climb that suddenly pitched downward. The drop could take the legs off a goat.

Nigerian priest administers last rites to highway thief before execution. Bottom—Moments later, his corpse is cut from firing post.

Motorists approaching Tampa, Florida's new international airport were in for a shocking experience when they saw this giant jet crossing the entranceway on this elevated taxi road. It is only one of many newly devised safety innovations now in effect.

# STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

Remember when kids did their "thing" in parked cars along dark lover's lanes? Not that way anymore. Witness this sex-on-wheels traffic-stopper on a crowded downtown San Diego street.

A berserk sniper managed to get off 50 shots, holding a squad of police at bay for almost eight hours. Finally, the wild siege came to an abrupt end when he succumbed to tear gas.

Much like the legendary ride of Lady Godiva through Coventry, England, this young girl rides bareback with her escort during a recent rock festival that drew 150,000 fans to Goose Lake, Michigan.

Fire spews from engine of drag racer driven by Bob Murray as he crosses Indianapolis finish line at more than 200-m.p.h. during competition at famed National Hot Rod Association Nationals meet.

"Swingers-only" flights are springing up in major cities across the country, both passengers and hostesses participating.

# Sex On Wheels | 1971: CALL GIRLS'

**Trains, boats, planes and, would you believe it, a diving bell? These are some of the hideaways play-for-pay girls have found for '71—a year that promises the biggest sex-binge in decades.**

# WILDEST YEAR

By ROBERT LAGUARDIA

ALL LAST winter, if you went to a certain famous amusement park in a large Northeastern State, and picked one of the nights when the shoot-the-chutes were running—nights advertised in neighborhood factories, veterans' associations and social clubs—you could have had the ride of your life for a $5 admission fee. Add another $50, and the girls who ran the ride, under the aegis of an entrepreneur named Charles McGarrity—a 32-year-old former barker, former con man, former bartender—would give you the time of your life while the ride of your life was putting your hair on end. For $500, you could stay all night—a sale that occurred more often than that stiff figure would lead you to believe.

If you go this year, however, you won't get the ride. State police broke in on a wild assemblage of naked guys and girls, including a prominent East Coast industrialist and McGarrity himself, early in October—just as the 1970 version of the rides was getting off the ground. They charged McGarrity with soliciting for immoral purposes, and the Federal Government is thinking of slapping a *(Continued on page 82)*

Newest dodge is a duo of girls operating in mattressed back of panel truck.

One singles bus tour was busted down in Juarez, Mex. when orgy got out of hand.

An enterprising American organized a 7-day tourist cruise originating in Piraeus, Greece—complete with a topless, female crew. He's expanding for the 1971 season.

**Before they found the idol in my pack, I was slated for agonizing death. Now I was a "holy man"—for how long I didn't know.**

Author, Ned Logan



El Dorado's Glory

**Behind This Year's Hunt For El Dorado's Treasure**

# 'I Stole The Golden Idol Of Chibcha Headhunters'

**By NED LOGAN**

**Art by Emmett Kaye**

I HAD been warned about the hostile stone-age Chibchas of the remote southwest corner of Colombia when I began the search for El Dorado's Glory—a priceless golden idol. Still, the encounter with the bizarre, little-known tribe was unexpected.

It occurred one morning last December, near the headwaters of the Rio Sucio (Dirty River), a tributary of the Amazon which twists between 11,000-foot ridges toward the border of Equador. I was rounding a bend when I halted in my tracks. A fiber cord was strung across the trail. From it, hung the disemboweled carcass of an enormous toad suspended among bleached bones and what appeared to be long strands of human hair.

I had learned enough from my research into South American Indian customs to recognize the symbol for what it was—and its origin and ominous implication.

I hadn't got a good look at them yet. I was passing through territory occupied by several tribes, namely the *(Continued on page 74)*

Behind-The-Scenes Report From Around The World

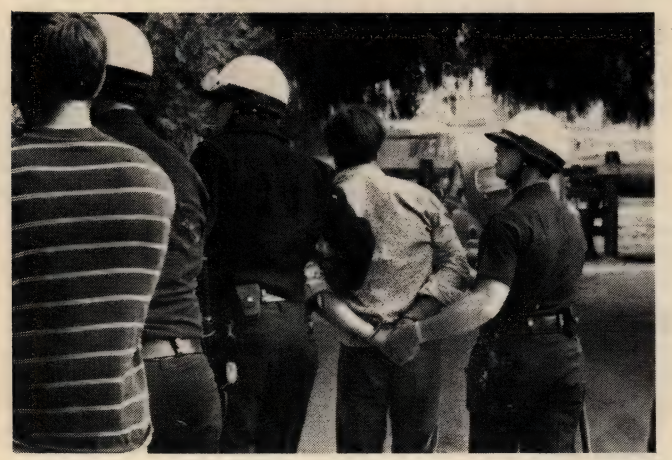
# FOR YOUR

**MAFIA JR.**—"We know all about you, man. The time you come here to your store. Where your kids go to school. When you all eat together." The speaker grinned. "Shoot, we even know when you ball your wife. . . .So you just pay us $25 a week and we'll leave everything just like it is, okay?"

This was a 15-year-old boy talking. Listening was a man ten years his senior and twice his weight. The older could have knocked the younger across the sidewalk. He did not, however. He sighed and said, "Okay."

Why did this man stand still for extortion?

Because he had borrowed heavily when he came home from the Vietnam war to buy his gas station. Because he was working 18 hours daily to keep it going in the black. Because he feared for the safety of his wife and children. Because he knew this one little person who wore beads and velour trousers was only one of 20 or 30 just like him. Because he knew something would happen if he refused to pay. (The nice Italian who opened the pizza place down the block. They torched his car and tried to rape his wife.) And finally, because he knew of no place to turn for effective help.



He was a new victim of today's new Mafia—more frightening in a way than the old because its members are so young. Some are ten. Less than one percent is above 20, by one estimate. Their bag is old, however; the traditional protection racket.

For now little can be done to stop them, embarassed police admit. The junior bandits have newness on their side; the police have not yet developed countertactics to use against them. Being high school students mostly, they are difficult to deal with. They organize their protection racket in candy stores and school yards. Such places are difficult to infiltrate successfully with plainclothesmen. A single gang may stay in business but a month, then disband. They divide the scare money simply by handing it out among themselves. In violence, they are hit-run artists; city youths can be in and out of a store with baseball bats in two minutes and be gone and unidentifiable. One precinct sergeant says, "It's like trying to catch shadows. When you're dealing with juvenile crime, it always is."

How big is this new junior Mafia? The same sergeant says: "Name almost any small business neighborhood in any New York City ghetto It's there. . . .The only thing nice about these kids is, they have no prejudices. The gangs are black and white both and they don't discriminate in choice of victims. They rob everybody."

**DREAM OF STEAM**—It was a car. Just a car. Nothing special about its looks. But when the driver got in he turned a key, waited seven seconds, then stepped on the accelerator. The car moved off, was topping 60 miles an hour within a few hundred feet. Notice. The driver had not started the engine, shifted gears, or done any of the things ordinarily done in driving an automobile.

That steam car is back again.

And, after some 70 years of alternately revving and stalling hopes, this one really, finally seems to work the way devotees of steam have always prayed one would.

The demonstration took place in California recently. The host was the General Steam Corporation of Newport Beach. GSC was proud but not boastful. The engineers bluntly said they could not have produced such a car at all but for new developments in combustion, air flow, metallurgy, other technologies. Without them, GSC would still be at the drawing board. Consider some of the problems which were all but insurmountable only a year ago:

- Cooling. Previous steam designs have generated enough heat to bubble the paint on a car body. The GSC prototype beats the heat with an air conditioner the size of a cigarette pack in its engine chamber.
- Lubrication. The pressure and moisture inside steam engines can break down motor oils. Heavy wear follows. The GSC engine needs no lubrication. It employs the new so-called self-lubricating metals in its moving parts.
- Water supply, perhaps the biggest problem of all. Older steamers require gallons of water to replenish the steam clouds they send up. The GSC steamer makes do with one pint (no need for refills) in a closed recirculating system.

The first road test of the new engines begins shortly. One will be installed in a California Highway Patrol car and put to work on regular duty, 24 hours daily. If it proves itself, the entire highwaypatrol may convert from gasoline to steam.

**I DO, I DO**—Marine Gunnery Sergeant Charles J., 30, Chattanooga, Tenn., wanted to marry Bin Nuy, 19, student, daughter of a Vietnamese attorney in Saigon. "Wait", the military said. For almost a year. Wait. So Charles J. did what many Americans wishing to marry Vietnamese girls do. When his tour was finished, he quit, returned as a civilian and married without complication. "I'd planned on staying in soldiering," Charles J. said recently. "Thirty years and

# INFORMATION

all that, you know. But they made it so hard to do what should be a simple thing. So screw it. That kind of treatment isn't conducive to building a man's loyalty."

Charles J.'s case is nothing new; the military traditionally resists the marriage plans of its enlisted men abroad, guarding them as if they were only sons. A colonel states: "We feel we're often doing the man a favor without him realizing it. He thinks he's in love when all he really wants is a steady piece for a while. Putting all the roadblocks in his way, we give him time to cool off and reconsider. The reconsidered opinion of many is 'no,' you know. Not 'no' because we've discouraged him. 'No' because he really didn't want to in the first place. Army red tape gives him a chance to learn this for himself."

It certainly does. Before any GI may marry a Vietnamese woman:

- He must petition his commanding officer for permission. When soldiers are shifting in the field, months can elapse between petition and answer.
- Assume such permission is granted. (It often is.) There are then eight-and-ten-page forms to be filled by both parties. Processing can fill months more. Even a small mistake means rejection. Start all over again with new forms.
- While papers are processed the soldier must attend long and serious lectures on marital and patriotic duty.

An army chaplain says, "This is the point at which most men just chuck it."

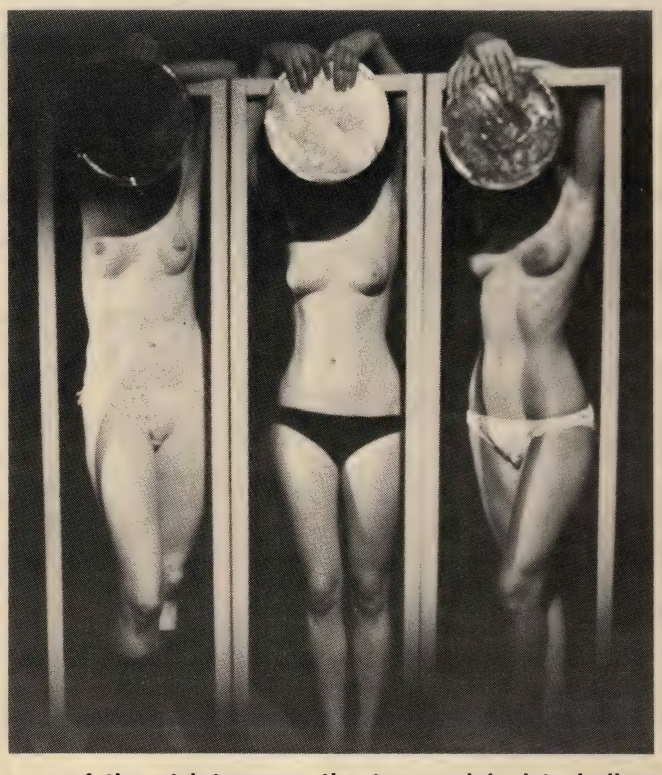
Ironically, the army may have something going for its seemingly repressive attitude. So many GI-Viet marriages end in blowup. One ex-infantryman now living in California says: "The day after the wedding she went out and bought motorbikes for herself and her brother and a TV for her parents. The giveaway's been going on ever since. She did'nt marry me for love. She married me for money I don't even have . . . .How come I didn't know that before? Because we didn't even know each other's language, that's why. We ate and slept together and hardly said a goddam word."

**LIFE WITH FATHER—** Call her Blondie. The name fits. She is telling about the "skin trade," the name strip teasers give their profession. "What's a good-looking girl like me doing taking off my clothes in dumps like this, they always ask. For $200 a week, that's why. There isnt a legal racket in the whole country that pays $200 week and up to people who never finished high school. . . ."

She is 34 and recalling her motives for entering the skin trade in the first place more than 15 years ago. Money is indeed one, as she says. Stripper salaries begin at $200 a week for chorus line "grind boxes" and climb to $1,500 for a few of the hypermammary superstars.

But money is by no means the prime motivation, not according to two sociologists from Case Western Reserve University. No. Not at all.

There are perhaps 7,000 strip teasers working in the U.S. today. In interviews with a substantial sampling, James Skipper and Charles McCaghy found clue after clue indicating existence of emotional problems orbiting about their fathers. Sixty percent of the women interviewed came from shaky or broken homes. They recalled their fathers as absentee figures, undependable, destructive, or all three. Psychologists commonly find that children of such fathers often seek substitutes for the inadequate parent. In the



case of the stripteasers, the two sociologists believe the men in their audiences represent an obvious if distorted father replacement. Exposing their bodies symbolically becomes an effort to attract the male attention and love their fathers did not give.

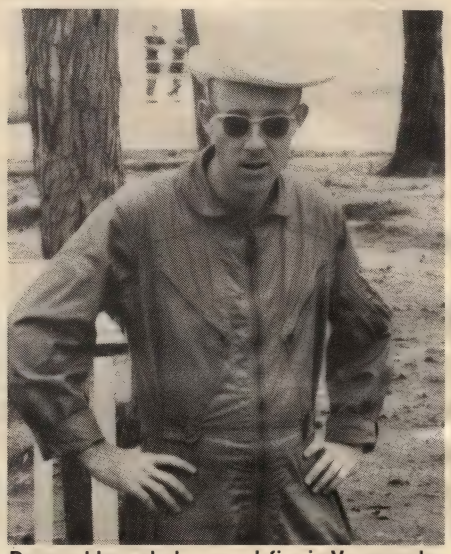
One girl bolstered this view nicely with this comment: "Sure. After I bloomed I always dressed so people could see how big my breasts were. After all, a pair of 48s can make a girl feel like a real person. Everybody pays attention."

**WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—** Sid Luckman. "Mr. Quarterback." There were good reasons for the name. Just one: The seven touchdown passes for the Chicago Bears in one game against the N.Y. Giants. (This record still stands.) Luckman, now 53, now a meat packing executive, now living in Chicago, claims he would have trouble earning his name over again. "The boys playing now are far better than those who played in my era," he says. "The coaching is better. And television. Just studying the game on television helps make every kid a pro."

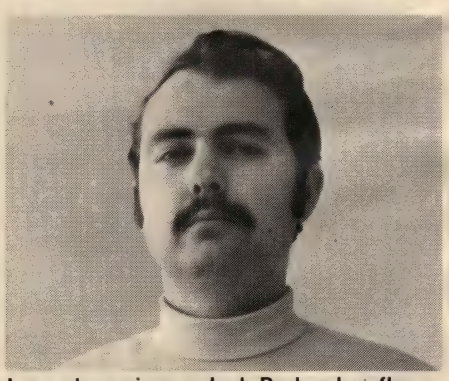
**YANK MERCENARIES WHO BATTLE IN AFRICA...SOUTH AMERICA...ASIA**

# THE WAR LOVERS

Tom Veyrinas, 31, from Sacramento, Cal., has been fighting in Chad nearly a year.

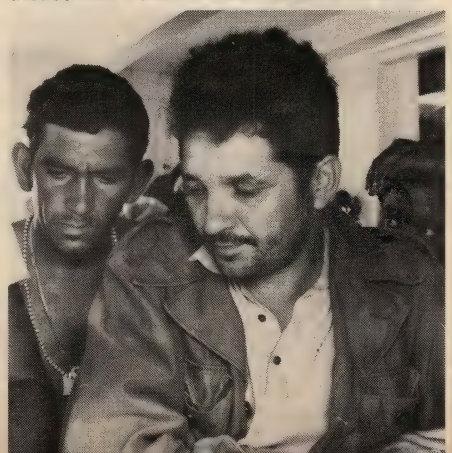


Downed by rebel ground fire in Venezuela Ken Yates barely escaped with his life.



Legendary air ace Jack Parker has flown combat in Vietnam, Biafra and Venezuela.

Col. Vincente Mendez in training before disastrous 16-man dawn assault on Cuba.



**Is it money? Glory? A cause? Or the simple love of battle? No one really knows why they do it, but whatever the reason, American soldiers of fortune are sticking their necks out daily all over the world.**

**By ROBERT F. DORR**

THE machine gun barked again, geysering sand along the dunes and sending Chad troops scrambling for cover.

Crouched on a dune more than 500 yards away, the French colonel put down his binoculars and turned to the lean, rawboned American beside him. *"C'est difficile, vraiment,"* lamented the colonel. "It will be hard to dislodge them. Some of our troops will die."

Tom Veyrinas, 31, from Sacramento, California, twisted his face into a scowl. No question about it, Tom thought. The half-dozen Communist rebels, cooped inside the ugly wooden pumping station behind a water tower, here at the edge of the Sahara Desert, were heavily fortified. It had taken days to track them down after they'd dynamited an elementary school, killing five children and maiming a dozen more. Now, Tom knew, it would be rough trying to take them . . .

"Air support?" Tom asked, not hopefully.

"You know the situation," replied the colonel. "We had a couple of Vautour fighter-bombers on runway alert at Fort-Lamy, but it was necessary to give the pilots a rest. The planes cannot be here before dark."

"Wish I had a grenade launcher," Tom complained, thinking there probably wasn't one on the entire African *(Continued on page 78)*

The congolese Government used white "mercenaries" to lead and advise their troops when rebellion exploded in Stanleyville.

Perhaps the least-known of the tiny, dirty wars is the one still sputtering in Chad, where American guerrillas are involved.

# It's June In February

Toughest thing for a sun worshipper is sweating out those long, cold, winter months. June Harris bridges the seasonal gap by letting her ultra-violet lamp tan her hide.

s Show Illegal Gifts
Heads of Key Panels in the House and Senate Got Aid From Two Ship Lines
A Helping Hand
Loans by Businessmen To Two Key Politicians Pose Question of Ethics
Rep. Watts, SEC's Herlong Aided by Heads of Firm Seeking Special Tax Help
No Quid pro Quo, They Insist
By Jerry Landauer
Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal
WASHINGTON—Like most investors, Secu
and Exchange Commissioner A. Sydn
Jr. and Congressman John C. Watt
been hurt by the brutal
made out lately,"
Study Reveals Co
Donated Heavily to
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Sept. 19—
Officials of 49 companies that
ranked among the top 25 de-
fense, space and nuclear con-
tractors in the fiscal year 1968
donated at least $1,235,402 to
political campaigns during the
1968 Presidential election year,
according to an extensive
study.
Figures compiled by the Citi-
zens Research Foundation of
Princeton, N
officers
top of the list of
The Ford Motor Co
second, with 19 execut
ing a total of $140,100—
100 to the Republicans a
$53,000 to the Democrats.
Henry Ford 2d, chairman of
the board of Ford, gave the
Democrats $30,000 and the Re-
publicans $7,250. But Ben
Ford, vice president of th
pany, gave all his contri
totaling $41

**When the payola boys start knocking on the doors of the White House itself, it's time to set up a permanent roadblock that will stop anyone getting to a man in office—whether he's a cop or congressman.**

# THE SHOCKING BRIBERY

GIBSON DISCLOSES ATTEMPTED BRIBE
Newark Mayor Cites Offer to Sway Job Choices
Special to The New York Times
NEWARK, Sept. 15 — Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson said today that he had had "indications" that he could have received $31,000 "under the table" if he had responded to "offers" made to him since he took office on July 1.
He said that he was told that "the Police Director's job" would be worth $15,000 to him presumably if he appointed someone's chosen man.
"But what could I do with it?" the Mayor said. "I could put it under the mattress or couldn't put it in the bank."
The Mayor's charges had been made
him was part of his
to a crowded luncheon of about
700 members of the Greater
Newark Chamber of Com-
46 Govs—High on the Hog
LAKE OF THE OZARKS, Mo. (AP) — Behind tight security arrangements, the nation's Governors are spending a luxurious week at this lakeside resorts, with private industry picking up most of the tab.
Each of the 46 Governors is living in a private home and has been furnished a limousine and driver, a cabin cruiser at least 35 feet long plus some two dozen gifts ranging from a fishing rod-and-reel to a personalized doormat.
More than 700 Nation Guard military policemen state highway patrolm assigned to make
He conceded that the conference site, at the Tan-Tar-A resort in central Missouri, is "a somewhat secluded spot."
Many reporters and G ernors' aides are being h at motels some 10 mi the conference. Th park about a be driven in
The conf me
on the list in 1968 Philco-Ford subsidiary of the Company, placed the NASA list.
The Top 10
The 10 companies with the largest total contributions from executives, and the amounts given to Republicans and Democrats, were as follows:

By ARCHER SCANLON

THE last year or so has been a pretty dismal one for a lot of our great statesmen in Washington and for the lobbyists ladling out various kind of gravy to them in golden bowls, because the unwelcome spotlight of publicity has been *(Continued on page 64)*

# OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

# EXOTIC SEX CUSTOMS OF THE TURKS

**Unlike America, where centuries-old morals laws have inhibited freedom, Turkey has a history of frank and open sexuality running all the way from privately staged sex circuses to premarital examination of the bride, to out-and-out black market flesh peddling.**

By ALEX AUSTIN

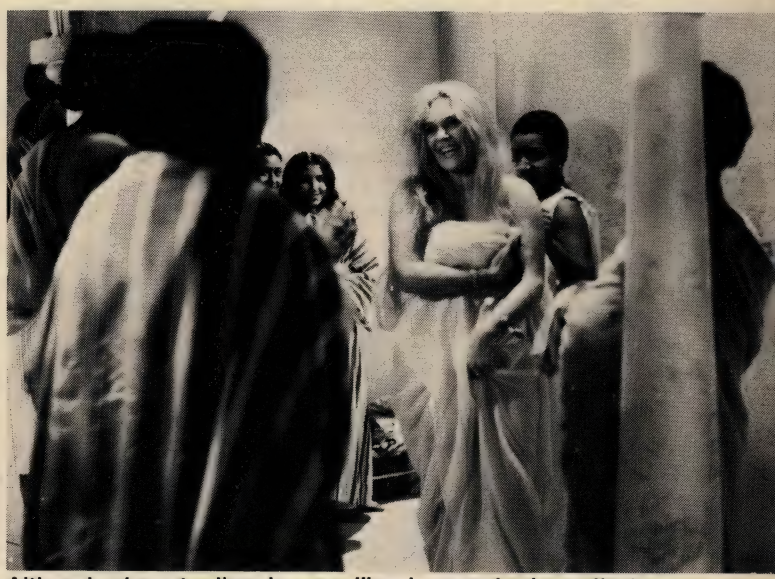
"I HAVE here something rare for you good gentlemen. This young beauty is not yet fifteen, but she has been taught every skill you can imagine by none other than Ista, the most famous whore in Instanbul. The girl is her niece. Gaze upon her body, see the young breasts that are as flowers opening for the first time. And these legs, these long legs . . . as firm as flesh can be . . . Look at her mouth and imagine the many ways Ista herself instructed her how to use that mouth! Can you feel your own bodies begin to burn with thoughts of what delights this pretty prize will bring you . . . What price do I hear? . . . We must start high for such a rare treasure, gentlemen . . ."

The young girl stood beside the auctioneer, completely naked. Potential buyers come close to the platform to inspect the property. A few felt her thighs. The girl did not move. Comments on her beauty and worth were exchanged in loud voices the girl could easily hear. Several of the men asked the auctioneer if the girl would perform this or that bizarre sex act for them. He assured them the girl had been taught that it was her duty to perform any act that was requested of her.

The bidding soon began. It ran high. The girl was finally sold to a middle-aged merchant from Ankara.

This auction—which took place outside of Cankin, a small town north of Ankara—did not occur a hundred years *(Continued on page 58)*

The women who work the backstreet brothels of Istanbul are reputed to be the most skillful prostitutes in the world.



Although slave trading is now illegal, organized syndicates still supply women for the pleasures of those who can pay.

While the contortions of a Turkish belly dancer mean little to a western audience, to a Turk they tell an erotic story.

Polygamy is a normal part of life in Turkey. If he can support them properly, a man may have all the wives he wants.

# STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

(Continued from page 8)

female partner. The moment the bedroom antics are over, she reverts to the quiet, well-mannered person she was before the evening's activities began...

THE AVERAGE WORKER IN THE U.S. LABORED AN HOUR AND 41 MINUTES TO PAY FOR A ROAST BEEF DINNER LAST YEAR...

When Yee Chung Ting, a 106-year-old, Chinese-born Honolulu gentleman was asked for his secret of longevity recently, he gave this capsule comment: "I don't fool around with women."

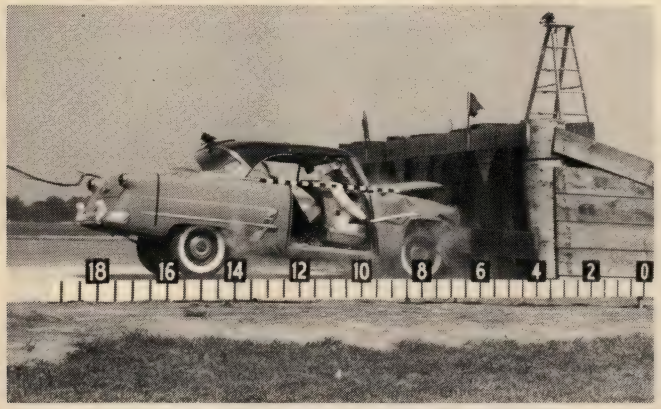
STUDENTS HAVE NOW PUBLISHED A BOOKLET CALLED "THE RADICAL GUIDE." IT CONTAINS A COMPLETE BLUEPRINT FOR ORGANIZING AND CARRYING OUT CAMPUS RIOTS...

The Attorney General of Kenya has asked the U.S. government to ban all imports of leopard and cheetah skins. He feels the survival of the species is at stake...

BIG RHUBARB IN SAIGON, WHERE NATIONAL POLICE ARE ARRESTING AMERICANS CAUGHT WITHOUT THEIR PASSPORTS. BIG RUB IS THAT OUR EMBASSY THERE WARNED CIVILIANS NOT TO CARRY PASSPORTS WITH THEM AS THEY ARE WORTH A FORTUNE ON THE BLACK MARKET. PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED BY SOME OTHER FORM OF IDENTIFICATION...

## A MAN'S CAR

In actual crash tests, best-selling 1970 sedans averaged $217 worth of damage at 5 mph, $541 at 10 mph, $728 at 15 mph...




MILE-AN-HOUR CRASH COST

DON'T BET THOSE NEW DETROIT MINICARS WILL BE AS LOW-PRICED AS FIRST ESTIMATES INDICATED. INFLATION HAS CAUGHT THE MANUFACTURERS IN MID-PRODUCTION, AND CHANCES ARE THERE WILL BE A 35-50% HIIKE...

In addition to cutting air pollution, one big advantage of non-leaded gasoline is that it stops rusting of hydraulic valve lifters, among other engine parts...

JAN. 11, 1976 IS THE ABSOLUTE AND ULTIMATE DEADLINE FOR DETROIT TO COME UP WITH A NON-POLLUTING AUTOMOBILE. THIS IS A ONE-YEAR EXTENSION OVER THE EARLIER DATE WHICH MANUFACTURERS SAID COULD NOT BE MET...

Consumer advocate, Ralph Nader, has asked the government to make Ford Motor Company recall 4 million cars that have the same "lower arm control" defect that caused Ford to take back 85,000 police cars. Ford maintains the "civilian" cars do not have the same defect...

ONE OUT OF EVERY 50 DRIVERS COMING AT YOU IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION IS DRUNK...

A million cars will be stolen in the U.S. this year...

THE NUMBER OF CARS IN THE U.S. IS INCREASING AT TWICE THE RATE OF OUR POPULATION...

Forget the usual three-year shift from one model change to the next. Due to inflationary rise in costs, Detroit will now take five or six years for a completely new face-lift...

OVER 50% OF ALL CAR CRASHES INVOLVE THE FRONT END--WHICH IS WHY THE MOTOR IS VERY OFTEN PUSHED BACK INTO THE DRIVER'S LAP...

## SCOOPING THE WORLD

ZAMBIAN RAILWAYS IN AFRICA HAS A FANTASTIC ACCIDENT RATE. THE SYSTEM'S FORMER

BEER BASH

GENERAL MANAGER PUT HIS FINGER ON THE CAUSE: DRUNKEN DRIVING. HE CLAIMS ENGINEERS CARRY CRATES OF BEER IN THEIR CABS

TO HELP WARD OFF THE TERRIFIC HEAT...

Continental pollution has crossed national boundaries and caused a serious problem in far-off Norway. Norwegians complain that if something isn't done soon, their fresh water fishing grounds and forests will be completely destroyed...

If you think some of the sex books on the market are wild, nothing could compare to a psychiatrist's casebook--if he would publish it in its entirety. This magazine has, from time to time, run excerpts from particular cases, but the really confidential files of most analysts are beyond most people's fantasies. Women--and men--reveal sexual secrets (some of them bordering on the criminal), secure in the knowledge that that's as it goes. You name it--or dream it up--and most psychiatrists have heard of it before...

## RED WORLD

CUBA'S FIDEL CASTRO IS BLAMING "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" FOR LOW PRODUCTIVITY OF THE ISLAND'S WORK FORCE. HE'S PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT NOT MEETING QUOTAS...

CHINA VS RUSSIA-U.S. WIPEOUT

If a nuclear war should break out between China and Russia, the U.S. would probably be destroyed--whether we got into the scrap or not. Contamination of the atmosphere and food supplies by radioactive fallout would take care of most of us...

Cholera scare in Russia is still on. More cities have been sealed off in an effort to stop the spread of the plague...

Moscow's latest claim is that travelers from their neck of the woods discovered America--not only before Columbus, but 1,500 years before Christ...

VENEREAL DISEASE IN POLAND IS MUSHROOMING TO EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS. BEST ESTIMATES ARE THAT MOST CASES COME FROM PROSTITUTES--57% OF WHOM ARE INFECTED. HOWEVER, AS WITH BIG BROTHER RUSSIA, OFFICIALS BLAME RISING ALCOHOLISM FOR MUCH OF THE WIDESPREAD VD--CLAIMING THAT WHEN A MAN IS DRUNK HE DOESN'T TAKE PRECAUTIONS...

## MEN IN UNIFORM

ABORTIONS MUST BE PROVIDED AT ALL U.S. MILITARY BASES AROUND THE WORLD, REGARDLESS OF STATE OR LOCAL LAWS. THIS DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE RULING COVERS ALL DEPENDENTS OF MEN IN SERVICE, AS WELL AS WOMEN IN UNIFORM...

GIs are playing the enemy's game in Vietnam. Now it's the Cong who are being warned about booby traps set by Yank soldiers. In particular, the Cong are cautioning their men not to touch crates of U.S. ammunition--which invariably contain a few tampered rounds that will set the whole crate off...

U.S. SAILORS PASSING THE WORD ABOUT A PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE RING OPERATING AT EUROPEAN BASES THE FLEET VISITS. THEY OFFER SAILORS FANTASTIC SUMS TO PERFORM IN "DIRTY MOVIES". MOST OF THE BOYS WHO GO ALONG WITH THE THING ARE JUST OUT FOR A SWINGING TIME--PLUS PREMIUM PAY. INTELLIGENCE BRASS IS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT BLACKMAIL. THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF SETUP THAT LEADS TO RED PRESSURE ON THE BOYS TO STEAL SECRET INFORMATION--OR ELSE...

SAILORS MOONLIGHT IN THE NUDE

BIG U.S. HEADACHE IS WHAT TO DO WITH A-WEAPONS WE HAVE STORED ON OKINAWA. WE HAVE TO GET RID OF HUNDREDS OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS THERE BEFORE 1972, WHEN THE ISLAND IS TURNED BACK TO JAPANESE CONTROL...

# HOCKEY GIRL

Continued from page 20

sweaters for a sports magazine ad. Don was in the ad with me, and the pictures were taken at this agency's photo studio in downtown Chicago.

Don was one of the highest paid hockey players in the nation that year. I didn't know it at the time, and it kind of hurt that it was some athlete's ruined face people would be looking at and I was just sort of in the ad as a prop. You know, chosen for my outdoorsy face and a figure that showed up even under a heavy sweater. Just some prop.

"Are you doing anything for dinner tonight?" he asked. It was late in the day, and we were walking out of the agency towards the elevator together.

I hesitated, almost told him I was busy.

"No strings," he said. "Just dinner; nothing else," and he had this little boy twinkle in his eyes that sort of swayed me over.

"Yes," I said. Something like, "That sounds wonderful," and the next thing we were eating dinner together.

He had a gentle but masculine way of moving, and brightness in his eyes. I mean, when he treated you nice, he meant it. Some treat you nice for what they can turn you for. Don did it because he wanted to be nice to you.

There's something sexual about eating dinner together. I mean sitting there, this table which was too small and Don's knees were kind of against mine. I mean, nothing else, just his knees, and he really couldn't help it, because the table was too small.

"You're a beautiful girl," he said. It was a dark sort of restaurant and had this thick candle on the table with a wick which had burned maybe half way down and gave off a romantic red glow through the wax.

"Thank you," I told him. It was a lie. I'm not beautiful. That's the first thing you learn as a model: to evaluate.

"It must be an interesting life," he said, "being a model."

"I'm not all the time," I said.

"Oh," he said. It was champagne, we were drinking. Two bottles, I think he bought that night. Then the dinner was lobster.

"I mean, I don't get so many modeling jobs I can really count on it," I said. "I'm an Extra Girl."

"What?"

"Secretary," I said. "Type, take shorthand, it's this company that supplies temporary help."

"Oh," he said.

"It works perfect," I said. "If I don't get a modeling job, I can usually count on Extra Girl sending me someplace."

A waiter hovering took away our salads and replaced them with lobster and Don ordered the second bottle of champagne.

I can't remember how we decided it. Gently, probably—like everything Don did. Somehow, though, we were in my apartment and he was kissing me.

I didn't kiss back at first. I was thinking about how he'd said no strings, but his attitude was smooth, like he'd planned it from the start. Which he had, I guess.

But things were so pleasant. He didn't rush. Just guided me; gentle. Unbuttoned things and his warm hands sort of flashed against my bare back and without really thinking about it, I was returning his kisses.

And it was so like him. I mean, he cared. He really cared about me. Single guys rush. Like it's all for them. Get it in, take what they want and split, you know?

But Don. He sort of touched the places that count. Breasts. Played with my breasts, rolled them between his fingers till the nipples stood out; touched with his tongue. And played with tingling his fingers up the inside of my thighs. I mean really waiting for me to be ready before touching it.

Then he guided me. I mean, I felt like some little girl with him holding my hand showing me how. I'd felt the joys before, but I'd just never appreciated them, I guess.

And I cried after. He was lying on my bed, on his side propping his head up with one hand, sparkling his eyes at me and I started crying.

"You have such a pretty smile," he said.

I didn't answer, just kind of nodded through the tears.

"You don't need to cry," he said.

"You're so hurt," I said. And he was. Not just his face, his whole body was covered with scars. Tight, muscular, no flab, but his whole body was this mass of scar tissue.

"It's just the game," he said. "You don't notice it." Tender, he moved close and kissed my eyes. He stayed with me that night, and we woke up together. I don't think there's anything so close as waking up together.

They weren't all as nice as Don. But then, I guess Don wasn't all he seemed either.

Don was married. I didn't know it right away, and I mean, nobody told me and it was painful finding out. I didn't understand, and it was dumb being hurt by it. I just hadn't understood the situation at first. I'd gone with him. I can't really say how he talked me into it. I just packed up and followed him.

The day I found out about his being married, the team was playing in Detroit. Three weeks after we'd met, Don and I, and I was watching them practice the afternoon before a game.

Detroit Stadium was old. Wooden seats, gum stuck underneath and it echoed. When a stadium's empty, it echoes a lonely sound. I was sitting near the center line with three other girls. We sat close, sort of fighting off the lonely echoes with our nearness and watched our men work at playing hockey.

The girls were like me, I found out later. Just followed the team, drifting from one guy to another. Hockey girls. That's something else I didn't realize at the time. They called us hockey girls.

Don had a beautiful way of skating. He didn't work at it. Moving on ice came naturally for him. "Most of the game is skating," he told me. The other players called him the best in the League.

"The young guys," he told me, "They're in a rush. Show a lot of movement and look like they're the fastest thing on blades. The truth is, they're always a little off balance and try to compensate for it with speed.

"A good skater," Don said, "he won't be as flashy. He'll move in a straight line and won't spray the chips as much. But he can get from one side of the ice to the other almost twice as fast as most of the flashy ones."

Don was a good skater.

One of the girls I was with, Ann was her name, was reading a Detroit newspaper. When she finished, just for something to do, I picked it up and started browsing through it.

On the sport's page was an article all about Don. He was making over $90,000 that year, the story said, the highest paid forward in the League. The article went on to say the team was ahead in goals scored, Don was born in Toronto, and he was married.

Married. Had a wife and two children living in Florida.

It hit me kind of hard. "At least he could have told me," is what I felt. I took a close look at Ann and the other girls sitting with me, and I knew. I can't say how, but I knew they weren't married anymore than I was. Like me, they followed a hockey team around the country for nothing more than the fascination of it. For being able to love some guy who's a hero on ice three times a week and earns $90,000 a year.

"So what the hell," I thought, "Don isn't the only guy on the team." Mickey, who's real name was Michael, was a fantastic goal keeper. He'd been watching me a little. He was the kind any woman would go for, lean, and moved with the confidence of a man who had more of the world at 25 than most get in a lifetime. The only reason I'd ignored him was Don.

"So what the hell," I said out loud.

The game went well that night. The whole team played well, but the real hero of the evening was Mickey. The score was tied half a minute before the buzzer and an opposing Forward tried an all-or-nothing slap shot. Mickey blocked the puck with his right shoulder pad, but the six-ounce frozen circle of hard rubber caromed off the padding and landed solidly against his cheek.

Blood splashed across the front of Mickey's uniform, but he stayed in the net. Seconds later, Don scored the winning goal and ended the game.

Mickey skated slowly to the bench, sat down and the team nurse stitched the gash together right there. No whining, no emotion, Mickey didn't treat the wound as anything out of the ordinary, nothing more than part of the game. I was beginning to realize just how different hockey players were from other men. Especially the goal keeper.

There was a party at the hotel that night. No matter what city we were in, the team would rent a wing and somehow, the wing would include enough space so each of the girls had her own room. We didn't actually travel with the team. We'd always get there maybe a little before or a little after; the hotel people seemed to expect us and usually treated us well.

The party was in two adjoining hotel rooms. I used to wait for Don before going to one of the team parties. Then we'd leave early together and spend the night in either my room or his. But that night, I went alone.

By the time Don walked in, I was in a cluster with Ann, Mickey, and another player, David. Ann was hanging close to Dave, and I was doing the same with Mickey.

Don gave me a hurt sort of look, but didn't push it any further. I'm sure he'd seen the sport's section of the paper that day and knew the way I was feeling.

It was sort of a victory party with the team in an especially happy mood. There was lots of champagne. I was drunk. Not terribly drunk, but happy drunk.

"Let's have a party," Ann said.

"This is a party," I said.

"No, a party," Ann said and gave me a sort of knowing eye. David had an arm around her and was playing with her right breast from behind. Cool, like she didn't know it was happening.

*(Continued on page 48)*

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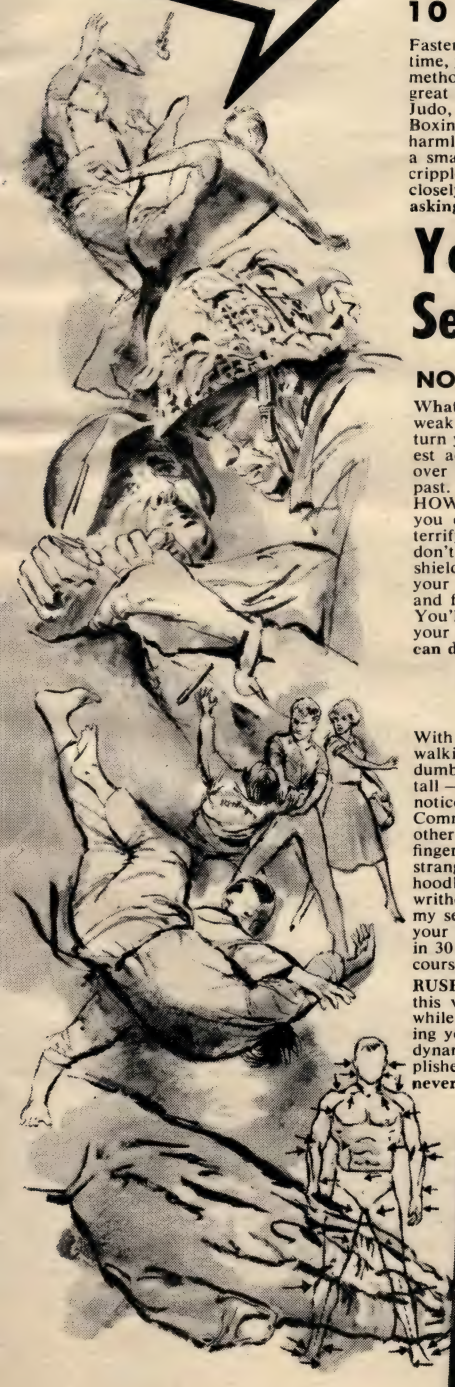

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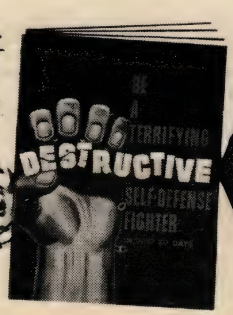


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*(Continued from page 46)*

"What about it, Mickey?" David said. David was one of the younger men on the team. Like Mickey, he had semi-long hair and long sideburns. You could spot the good players by their haircuts. Marginal players—guys worried about their jobs—wore crew cuts and dressed conservatively. Did as little as possible to offend management.

"Fine with me," Mickey said. He looked at me as if he wanted some sort of an answer.

"Great," I said. I didn't know what I was agreeing to, but I mean, what could I lose.

The four of us drifted away to Ann's room. When we were all there, Ann discreetly locked the door. "Did you bring them?" she asked Mickey.

He took three unopened bottles of champagne from under his jacket, "I did," he said.

"Great," Dave said.

Then, like nothing, Ann started to strip off her clothes. She had on this mini-dress; unbuttoned it at the neck and slipped it down and just stepped out of it. I thought she was going to stop there, but she didn't. She reached behind, undid her bra and slipped transparent panties down her thighs.

Naked, she was beautiful. Tall, slender-tight, and she stood there for a moment or so while the room kind of filled up with silence. She swallowed a giggle. "Am I here all alone?" she said.

The two men looked at me waiting.

"Well," I said. I felt weird. I mean, believe in sex and that the body's beautiful and not being ashamed of nakedness and all. It's just I'd never done it before. Group encounters I mean.

"I'll go," Dave said. He began peeling off his shirt.

Mickey opened a bottle of champagne. The cork popped open, bounced off the ceiling and Mickey poured a glass for me. "You don't have to," he said. "I'll take you back to the party."

"Oh, I want to———" I said. I sipped at the champagne. I'd had enough. I just drank it for something to do. "I mean, I've never done———"

David was naked. And Ann was kneeling, taking it into her mouth. Weird. I'd never watched anyone before. I couldn't believe how it turned me on.

Mickey refilled my glass. Hadn't noticed that I'd emptied it so fast. Dave and Ann were lying on the couch together making love. Watching put me in such a sexual high even my toes were tingling.

"So what the hell," I said. I pulled my dress up and over my head. Threw it across the room and had my bra and panties off before it hit the floor.

The next thing I noticed, I was on my back with Mickey above me and we were making love. Looking up, I could see David and Ann standing, looking down watching us. A feeling of embarrassment started to overcome me, and I fought down the urge to jump up and run from the room.

I won the fight. I looked directly at Ann and smiled. In one smooth movement, I brought my legs up, wrapped them around Mickey's body and rested my feet on his bouncing buttocks. Then I shifted my eyes to Dave and he smiled back. It was his turn next . . .

From that night on, my status seemed to change. For one thing, Don wouldn't say three words to me. For another, everyone else on the team began to treat me as sort of a queen. There was nothing I could do, that one of them wouldn't be there to help me. And Ann kind of welcomed me into her little group of hockey girls with open arms.

And I wasn't a prostitute. I mean, no one payed me. The hotel bills always seemed to be taken care of; meals, and things.

They were so nice, the guys were. Lonely, you know? Most of them married, but married guys, when they travel, are especially lonely. They need someone to listen to them.

It wasn't just the sex that I'd give. Talking is what was more important, I think. Companionship. Listening. And then the sex would come like just another part of the conversation.

Athletes are under terrible pressure. I never realized it before.

"It never lasts," Dave said to me one day. "You know it can't last, and you know you'll never be able to make a tenth of the money when you're done."

"Why can't you?" I asked. It was Toronto that week. We were sitting in a hotel lounge together and Dave was carefully wrapping black tape around the blade of a new stick. Tape makes the puck harder to spot and gives a player an edge against the goalie. Usually a stick boy takes care of taping, but Dave liked to wrap his own.

"This is all I know," Dave said. "I haven't even finished high school. Who's going to pay fifty thousand a year to a guy who hasn't even finished high school?" He was handsome, single, in his middle 20's and that season, was one of the top centers in the league. Like all the others, he was worried and needed someone to listen.

I understood. Like a girl with an outdoorsy face who thinks she can be a model, I understood . . .

I had a bad experience towards the end. I drank too much that night. I shouldn't do that: drink too much. I think it was the reason I left. It made me see I wasn't getting anything out of the deal. I was giving a lot. Split my life into twenty different pieces for at least twenty different guys. Somehow, I thought they cared for me, you know. Felt I was more than just some female animal. That night, I realized I was wrong.

It was scotch. People with money drink scotch. I don't know why. Scotch and Champagne. It's more expensive, I guess.

And before, it had always been discreet. I mean, one of the guys would be talking to me, and somehow it would be suggested we'd sleep together and we would. Discreet. Cool.

But I was drunk, and it was one of those nights. The team was leading in goals, I think everyone in the locker room was drunk. For no really big reason, it just seemed like the thing to be.

And it was like I wasn't in my body, but somewhere above, looking down at some drunk slut who was naked in a room full of men and maybe two or three other women.

Then she lay down and one of the men poured a bottle of champagne over her body. Another lay on top of her and began to make love while the rest stood around laughing.

It wasn't fun. Or particularly satisfying, sexually. A ritual thing, because there wasn't just one man making love to her, but more. Ten, fifteen, more, I don't know. I just don't remember any more. I think I just fell asleep.

I woke up in my room crying and alone. I was wrapped in a blanket. They must have put it on to get me through the hallway. The clothes I'd worn the night before were piled on a chair. Sticky. My face and legs were sticky damp with semen. Is that how whores wake up? Crying and alone, sticky damp with semen?

I only stayed five or six days more. I was going to leave right that morning, but I didn't. I wanted them to remember me as someone a little sharper than I'd been the night before.

On Monday, the team traveled to San Francisco. I'd always wanted to see San Francisco, maybe that's one of the reasons I stayed the last few days, really.

But I was cool. Dressed the sharpest, perfect makeup, talked nice to all the guys. Listened to their problems.

Friday night, I didn't go to the game. Stayed back, packed my things, and by the time it was over, I was out of the hotel and gone.

Extra Girl Company had an office in San Francisco, and by Tuesday I was able to get a job through them. And the modeling jobs turned out to be even more scarce than they had been in Chicago.

Secretary work doesn't pay all that much. But then, money really doesn't guarantee anything. That's one thing they taught me. The lowest paid player on the team made $20,000 a year, but every one of them worried that next season he'd starve to death.

I wouldn't trade the experience though. I mean, no regrets about leaving, but no regrets about spending the time either. I think I learned more about men in those three short months than most women learn in a lifetime. ◆◆◆

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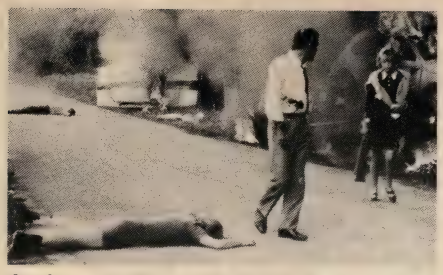

# AMBULANCE HUSTLERS

Continued from page 19

dead man. They lifted his body on the stretcher, shoved it into their vehicle, and got in to drive away. A passerby who had called for an ambulance demanded: "What about the guy who's hurt?" The undertaker said: "Call another ambulance. We can only handle one man at a time." The passerby pointed out the one they were handling was dead and the undertaker replied: "Sure. That's my business." And he sped off. Undertakers, you see, are only paid about $40 for a trip to a hospital, but they can make several hundred bucks profit from selling a family a coffin and funeral services. The dead are a better commodity, so the hell with the living.

● The young woman on the stretcher was dressed in a very sheer nightgown that outlined a stunning body, her nipples hard and pushing against the garment as if trying to break through. She had taken an overdose of sleeping pills in a suicide attempt and her mother had called for an ambulance. She was unconscious now, as the ambulance raced through Chicago streets on the way to the hospital. The attendant who sat beside her began to fondle her breasts, to play with her body, and after a few moments he lifted the nightgown above her and lay on her and raped her. When he was satisfied he called to the driver: "Your turn. Pull over and I'll drive." And the girl was raped for a second time in the ambulance.

If any of these incidents—including the rape—seem like something out of a bad dream, they're not. They are actual cases, documented in study after study about the horrifying shape of our ambulance services in most American towns and cities. And they are not unique cases. Stories like these, and many hundreds more, fill the files of hundreds of investigating agencies. The fact is simple: our ambulance services are a national disaster.

The problem is that ambulance services seem to be an afterthought in most communities, a sick stepchild to hospital, police or fire services. The way ambulance services are organized is an indication of the haphazard quality of their services. In some communities commercial firms run the only ambulances, in others hospitals are in charge. In some the police operate ambulances, in others the fire department, in still others they are voluntary semi-public organizations. But in more than half of all cities and towns in the country ambulance service is provided only by undertakers, and too many times they're more interested in grabbing dead bodies for profit than in saving the lives of the injured.

The problems that add up to disaster for anyone forced to depend on an ambulance for his life are so various as to defy generalization. But they certainly do add up to disaster—and the odds are pretty high that within your lifetime you, or a member of your family, or a close friend, is going to be treated to the special brand of torture provided by immoral or heartless ambulance operators.

Perhaps the greatest problem of all lies in the fact that funeral homes got into the ambulance business, because for a long time the undertaker was the only person in town with a vehicle capable of carrying someone lying down. The tradition dies harder than some of the people undertakers have helped kill by their habit of using their ambulances to dig up funeral business, and these modern body snatchers are a blight on the nation's medical services. As one investigator put it:

"What the hell's the good of spending millions to build a modern hospital with up-to-date emergency equipment when your client dies out in the street because the undertaker doesn't give a damn for the living?"

And the Rev. John Stevens, rector of St. Timothy's Church in Houston and a longtime crusader for improved ambulance services, said a short time back:

"I have in my files case after case in which ambulances operated by our undertakers have left live accident victims on the street and run off with the dead ones."

But that's only part of the problem when a community relies on undertakers or any other private outfits for ambulance service.

Take, for example, the case of the 70-year-old woman in Nashville, Tenn., who was struck down by a car. When police arrived at the scene moments later they found that the woman was suffering from a broken back and probably internal injuries. They radioed the nearest undertaker for an ambulance. Two other undertakers heard the radio transmission and raced to the scene first, just seconds before the undertaker originally summoned got there. The three undertakers promptly began tugging at the critically injured woman, pulling her first in one direction and then another, fighting with her unconscious body that each of them claimed belonged to them. The police finally rescued the woman and sent her to the hospital in the ambulance that had been specifically called for her. The other two guys lost out on the $50 fee, which is what they had been fighting about.

The dismaying quality of ambulance care was most recently revealed in Chicago, where a civic group called the Better Government Association and reporters for the *Chicago Tribune* teamed up to conduct a two-month investigation of ambulance service. What they found was so shocking that Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, who usually scoffs at scandals uncovered in his town, was moved to order a crackdown.

Under local law fire department ambulances, operated by trained and skilled firemen, transport accident victims and the ill only from public places. If a man gets hurt or seriously sick in his home or at work, he has to contact one of the city's 30 private ambulance services for a trip to the hospital. And some of those ambulance services are run by men who are so rapacious they could make a hardened killer grow pale.

The investigators started out by taking jobs with one of the ambulance outfits. They were promptly issued first-aid credentials and white uniforms—with no training—and were then told:

"The first rule of this business is, 'Get the money.' Under no circumstances do you let a patient get near a stretcher unless you're sure he can pay. If he looks like he's got a lot of money, take him. But if he doesn't look like a millionaire, get cash on the line first. If he don't pay, walk out."

The results of this command weren't hard to predict. One case involved George Bliss, chief investigator for the BGA, and a *Chicago Tribune* reporter, who staged a little scene while a Tribune photographer snapped pictures from a closet. Bliss rented a furnished room, dressed in very shabby clothes, and lay down on the floor. The Tribune reporter called for an ambulance.

"My roommate's suffered a heart attack," he cried. "Please hurry."

The ambulance attendants got there in a few minutes. Bliss lay writhing on the floor, acting out the role of a heart attack victim, sucking desperately for air, his eyes closed in obvious pain.

"He's gotta have 38 bucks or we don't move him," the ambulance driver said.

"But he's got a job," the roommate pleaded. "He's good for the money."

"He don't look good for it. I want 38 bucks on the line, or no ambulance ride."

The roommate pointed to two one-dollar bills lying on a dresser. "That's all the cash I can find. But he's got a job. He can pay."

"That's too bad," the driver said. He turned to the attendant and snapped: "Let's get this old bastard off the floor." They lifted the "dying" man onto a chair and propped him up, muttering curses under their breath at his weight. Then they turned to leave, and one of them pocketed the $2 on the way out.

On every shift, before going to work for the day, many ambulance drivers are given "drop money" to pay off some cops. The going rate is $10 a patient. When an occasional crooked cop finds someone in need of an ambulance during his round of duties he may promptly call one of the ambulance services he knows is going to pay him his $10 finder's fee. And, if the victim is out on the street or in some other public place where the fire department ambulances have jurisdiction, this particular cop and the driver for the private ambulance firm can simply falsify their records to show a man had been picked up at his home or in someone's hallway where he presumably sought help.

A number of firemen are also reported to be on the take, hustling around to make the $10. For instance, a fire ambulance team can respond to a call for help from a private apartment, knowing they are legally prohibited from taking the victim. When they get there they can cite the law to the victim or his family, and may call one of the private firms that pay for such calls. And these firemen will get the $10 bribe.

In one case, an ambulance driver said, he was called to an apartment and when he arrived a fireman began shouting at him for taking so long. "Heart attack!" the fireman shouted. "Get off your fat ass and get moving!" The ambulance attendant cursed the fireman out for his attitude and then said: "I'll keep the ten bucks and you keep the patient." He walked out, got into his ambulance and drove away. Some five blocks later he got a call over his radio ordering him back. When he returned the patient was in the throes of a second major heart attack. The fireman helped get the patient into the private ambulance, but the man died on the way to the hospital. After the driver dropped the body off at the hospital and returned to his garage, his supervisor chewed him out for not driving to a hospital on the other side of town, which would have increased the fee because of the extra mileage.

As for the rape case cited at the beginning of this article, I can assure you it actually happened. It happens all the time, says a medical expert who has investigated Chicago's ambulance services for eight years. The medical man, Dr. Geoffrey Gibson of Chicago University says that former ambulance attendants have told him that raping unconscious women on the way to the

*(Continued on page 52)*

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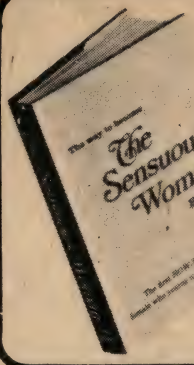


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# THAT'S THE LAW

**LINE DRIVE**—Feeling too smashed to drive home from a cocktail party, you give the wheel to your wife and climb into the back seat. Just as you begin to relax you hear the sound of two cars crashing, yours and one coming the other way. Investigation shows that both drivers had gone over the center line and were therefore equally negligent. Can you recover damages?

**No, said a New York court. As owner of the car you are responsible for your wife's negligence since you were present and presumably in control when the accident occurred.**

**IT'S A RAID**—You stop in a hotel cigar shop to buy the morning newspaper and find yourself in the middle of a fully televised gambling raid. The police question you and let you go, but you are none the less part of the criminal scene to millions of TV viewers. Can you sue the broadcasting company for invasion of privacy?

**No, ruled a Florida court. The innocent bystander is sometimes forced to be an unpaid actor in a newsworthy event.**

**LAST ACT**—You come home late after a hard day of work and an even harder night of drinking and start throwing things around the house. You toss a vase at your daughter and lob an empty beer bottle at your wife. The bottle, however, knocks a fuel container out of your wife's hand and causes it to explode burning her to death before you can put out the flames. Are you guilty of murder?

**Yes, said an Illinois court. Even though you did not intend to kill your wife, your intent was undoubtedly malicious and reckless enough to have caused her death.**

**RAILING**—When you spot a trespasser breaking apart the fence posts and rails on your property, you immediately jump the fellow and beat him up. When the intruder gets out of the hospital can he sue you to recover damages for assault and battery?

**Yes, ruled a Kentucky court. You must request that an intruder leave the premises before using force to defend your property, as the law considers human life more valuable than property.**

**CHEAP STUFF**—You persuade an employee in a dry goods store to steal cloth from the store and sell it to you cheap. The employee steals the cloth but gets caught and confesses his theft to the police. In order to put you under arrest, the police tell the fellow to finish his little transaction with you. Can you be prosecuted for an attempt to receive stolen property?

**No, ruled a New York court. When you finally bought the cloth it was no longer stolen property because it was in the hands of the police.**

**WHOLE ROLL**—Not satisfied with your weekly salaries, you and your friend decide to arm yourselves and rob the whole payroll on pay day. You come close to succeeding, but during the robbery you accidentally shoot and kill your partner in crime. Can you be held for felony-murder even though it was an accident and the victim was your closest friend?

**Yes, ruled a California court. One who kills in perpetration of a robbery is guilty of murder in the first degree.**

**NO PARKING**—You sell some of your property to someone who says he intends to build houses on it. Soon after the sale, however, you hear that your new neighbor actually intends to build a large public garage, the presence of which will greatly reduce the value of your remaining land. Can you take legal action?

**Yes, said a New York court. Since he induced you to sell your land to him under false pretenses, he is guilty of fraud and the contract is voidable.**

*(Continued from page 50)*

hospital is not at all uncommon. Most of the rape victims are women unconscious from an overdose of drugs, who will never be able to accuse anyone even if they do survive.

Another ugly feature of the problem goes beyond money-hungry men. That feature is stupidity. The fact is that in most communities in the United States ambulance service is so poor it would be laughable, except that lives are at stake.

Year after year medical groups and other organizations investigate America's ambulance services, and every year, every month practically, someone cries out about it all. But public officials don't listen. They don't give a damn. There's no *Society of Ambulance Victims* around to lobby, to build a voting bloc that could bring pressure on the politicians.

In a lot of cities and states, ambulance attendants and drivers are not required to know anything about first aid; in a nationwide sample of 900 communities it was found that almost 800 of them sent ambulances out with only a driver. That means that first aid at the scene—often the difference between life and death—is usually lacking in these communities. A man struck down by a heart attack could be saved by a judicious dose of oxygen at the right time. But if an attendant doesn't have the training, the victim doesn't get the oxygen. Often, he dies as a result. Further, if an ambulance does not have a trained attendant aboard, then there is no one to administer to the patient on the way to the hospital, to keep him alive long enough for doctors to work on him.

"That's one big reason so many people are listed as Dead on Arrival at the hospital," one doctor says. "Another one is that a large percentage of vehicles called ambulances are not really ambulances at all. They don't carry even basic equipment that is needed for emergency treatment, so how can you call them ambulances? We may just as easily call them battleships, or turnips. But they're not ambulances!"

His angry remarks are demonstrated vividly in a recent survey of ambulance service in North Carolina. The investigation turned up some chilling statistics. More than half the ambulances in the state lacked such essential material as splints, bandages, oxygen tanks, portable resuscitators. Only a small number of ambulances had flares to warn off approaching cars at an accident site, or fire extinguishers, or two-way radios for cutting down the time between an accident call and arrival of the ambulance on the scene.

And that condition exists in the majority of states, according to a report by the National Research Council last year.

The council, one of the most prestigious scientific organizations around, said:

"Many accident victims die needlessly because most ambulances lack the equipment, supplies and trained attendants for rapid emergency care to the critically injured. Although there are no figures on the number of deaths that might be prevented by improved ambulance service, experiences in a number of foreign countries have demonstrated that many lives can be saved in this manner.

"In the United States accidents hospitalize more than two million victims each year and are the fourth leading cause of death at all ages. Of the more than 50,000 deaths each year from auto accidents a third of the fatalities occur at the scene, in the ambulance, or within minutes after arrival in the emergency department of the hospital. Too many emergency vehicles are not

*(Continued on page 54)*

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SVEND C. JENSEN, 59, of Carlton, Minn., was a Railroad Telegrapher for 35 years before he began his I.A.S. training. After completing his Home-Study Course and Resident Training, Mr. Jensen moved to California and was hired as a claims adjuster. "Fantastic but true" he writes, "to be offered a high-paying job plus company car on the first day of my arrival. I am now in 'Good Hands' with one of the Nation's best known insurance companies."

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*(Continued from page 52)*

properly ambulances because they do not carry equipment or have the space for the carrying out of modern resuscitative procedures, either at the scene of an accident or during transportation."

Ambulance service is indeed a stepchild of the other medical services, and of political leaders. A couple of items to demonstrate:

● Los Angeles is the nation's third largest city, yet it operates only eleven ambulances from three emergency receiving hospitals that serve 27 million people in the city and surrounding county. In 1929, when the city was less than half the present size, there were ten ambulances.

● In New York City an elderly woman was struck down by a car just three blocks from New York Hospital, one of the city's biggest and best. New York Hospital is a teaching hospital and doesn't operate an ambulance service. Because of that, the woman lay in the street for 20 minutes, in sight of New York Hospital, waiting for an ambulance to come from another hospital two miles away.

● In Brooklyn, N.Y., a young man was struck down by a car just eight blocks and a few minutes away from Kings County Hospital. Police radioed for an ambulance: "Serious injury in street." The answer from the dispatcher was: "No ambulance available right now." They waited for more than an hour, the police calls getting more frantic: "This kid is dying. Get us an ambulance." But still, no ambulance available. An hour-and-a-half later an ambulance was finally freed from other duties and rushed to the scene. By that time the young man was dead. "We're five minutes from the biggest hospital in the city and they can't get here," a cop told a reporter. "It gets worse every day."

A common fault of ambulance services in many areas of the country, both rural and urban, is what someone has called "a reckless addiction to speed." In a report to the American College of Surgeons a few years back, a North Carolina doctor gave this example of what happens when ambulance drivers get hooked into unnecessary speed:

The ambulance was racing along a North Carolina highway on the way to the hospital with a sick patient. Its siren was blaring and its light blinking when it came upon a line of cars halted behind a school bus that was letting kids off after carrying them from school. Without hesitating the ambulance driver swung out of his lane and sped down the wrong side of the road. As it pulled abreast of the school bus a child coming home from school stepped into the road from in front of the bus, not even thinking about danger because traffic always stops for school buses. The ambulance smashed into him, throwing his body 50 feet into the air, killing him instantly. Said the doctor who made the report:

"Ambulance drivers create needless traffic hazards, improperly use sirens and red lights, have poor driving habits and show a failure to yield right of way.

"The greatest danger is unnecessary speed. We have no evidence that any person's life has been saved by speeding ambulances. But we have plenty of evidence that lives have been lost."

Why do ambulance drivers speed when it is not necessary, when the patient is usually someone who is not that seriously ill? the doctor was asked. He replied: "The speed and the noise is mostly the desire for fun and excitement on the part of ambulance drivers."

For example, a little while back a woman who had given birth a week before became ill shortly after coming home from the hospital. The illness was serious, but not uncommon, and not very dangerous. The family doctor ordered her returned to the hospital, and called for an ambulance. They lived in a rural community in North Dakota and the hospital was in Bismark, 90 miles away. The woman's husband went along in the ambulance after the doctor made it clear to the driver that speed was not necessary and might even have a bad effect on the woman's illness. But the driver ignored the doctor and went barreling along until he smashed into a farm truck. Woman, husband and driver were all killed.

Studies have proved that undue speed is rarely necessary in hospital runs. A couple of doctors in Flint, Michigan, analyzed 2,500 emergency trips and discovered that speeding at 60 instead of driving cautiously at 30 would not have helped a single patient. Actually, they discovered, in nine accident cases "a wild, weaving, siren-screeching ride to the hospital might have produced death or permanent invalidism. These included seven cases of multiple rib fractures and two fracture dislocations of the cervical spine."

There's no mystery about how to run a good ambulance service. Any city can do it, if the politicians can be moved off their duffs. Louisville did it. By general agreement of most experts, Louisville has one of the finest ambulance services in the country. It provides the four basic elements for good emergency service: 1) an adequate number of vehicles, maintained properly and driven safely; 2) speedy communications, with a central dispatcher receiving all radio calls and in two-way radio contact with all ambulances; 3) a complete supply of all necessary first aid equipment on each ambulance; 4) well-trained ambulance men.

Louisville is ranked the best big city because years ago it struggled with the question of who should operate ambulances, came up with the obvious answer, and went into action. The obvious answer:

Cops.

That's right, cops. There are more police cars on the streets of any city or town than any other sort of vehicle. In most cities, cops get at least a rudimentary training in first aid. Why shouldn't cops be turned into medics, and why shouldn't their police cars be converted into ambulances?

That is exactly what Louisville did, and the result is the city is saturated with police ambulances. The city of 400,000 has a little more than 50 special patrol cars, and there are 600 men on the force. The patrol cars are not the ordinary cruisers. Every one of them is a station wagon, built to have the speed of a regular patrol car but also able to double as an emergency ambulance. They are all equipped with emergency materials, and every cop on the force gets special training in first aid comparable to the best training given ambulance attendants in the few cities that bother training them. In addition, some 70 sedan patrol cruisers carry first aid equipment, but without stretchers. The beauty of the system is that the city has saturation coverage by men and equipment.

**"Before we go I'd like to get one thing straight. When I bring you home, am I going to make out with you—or do we go Dutch Treat tonight?"**

Unfortunately, not too many political leaders in other cities have enough foresight to adopt the system. Since 1951 medical men have been recommending that New York get rid of its creaky ambulance setup—which costs more than $3 million a year at this writing—and substitute station wagon patrol cars that could double as ambulances.

As recently as 1967, the New York Academy of Medicine urged that New York's 1,370 patrol cars be turned in for station wagon ambulances. The recommendation said:

"Too often the ambulance service is abused as free transportation for the most trivial reason: to rush an actress to a theater, to answer a call for a toothache or to spare a citizen from losing his parking space in front of his house."

The report pointed out that the use of police cars for emergency ambulances would increase the total ambulances available by more than 10 times, and added that the abuses of ambulance service cited above would be practically eliminated if cops were operating the ambulances.

But the Police Department and the Mayor's Office dismissed the idea as impractical. The basic argument against it was that too many cops would be tied up with ambulance duties and wouldn't be available for fighting crime, which is the police force's primary duty.

That argument is nonsense, of course. The truth is that in every large city a policeman is summoned whenever there is an accident or a serious illness. In many cases two or three police cruisers respond to an accident call, and it's not unusual to see every available radio car cop in a precinct standing around at the scene of an accident waiting for an ambulance to come.

But if their patrol cars had been ambulances, one of them could have sped the victim to a hospital and been back in his cruising sector in less time than was wasted in simply waiting for the ambulance.

The Louisville system has a lot of other advantages besides saturation coverage which cuts down the time to get an accident victim or a sick man to a hospital. For one thing, it's cheaper than operating ambulances. A station wagon, equipped with emergency supplies, costs only about $600 more than a regular sedan cruiser. An ambulance, by contrast, costs about $13,000. This means a city can replace 20 sedans with station wagons at the cost of one ambulance. At the same time, with police running the system there are no payroll costs for ambulance drivers and attendants.

Equally important, people begin to see the cop in a different light when he's on an errand of mercy. A cop is no longer just a "pig" who might be planning to do you harm, but a man who is helping to save your life.

The ambulance system in this country is in a jam. And people are dying because of it. They don't have to die, because any city or county with an even halfway modern police force can adopt the Louisville plan. All it takes is a little guts to break with tradition—the kind of tradition that permits many undertakers and ambulance hustlers to coin a lot of extra loot while people die needlessly.

Unless the tradition is broken, all of our lives are in potential danger. Any day now, one of us may become one of the gruesome statistics. And it would be so senseless, such a stupid way to suffer or to die. ◆◆◆

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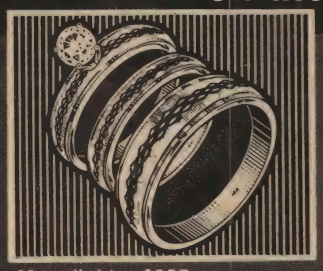

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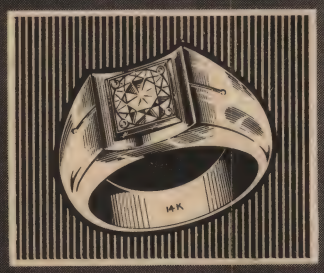

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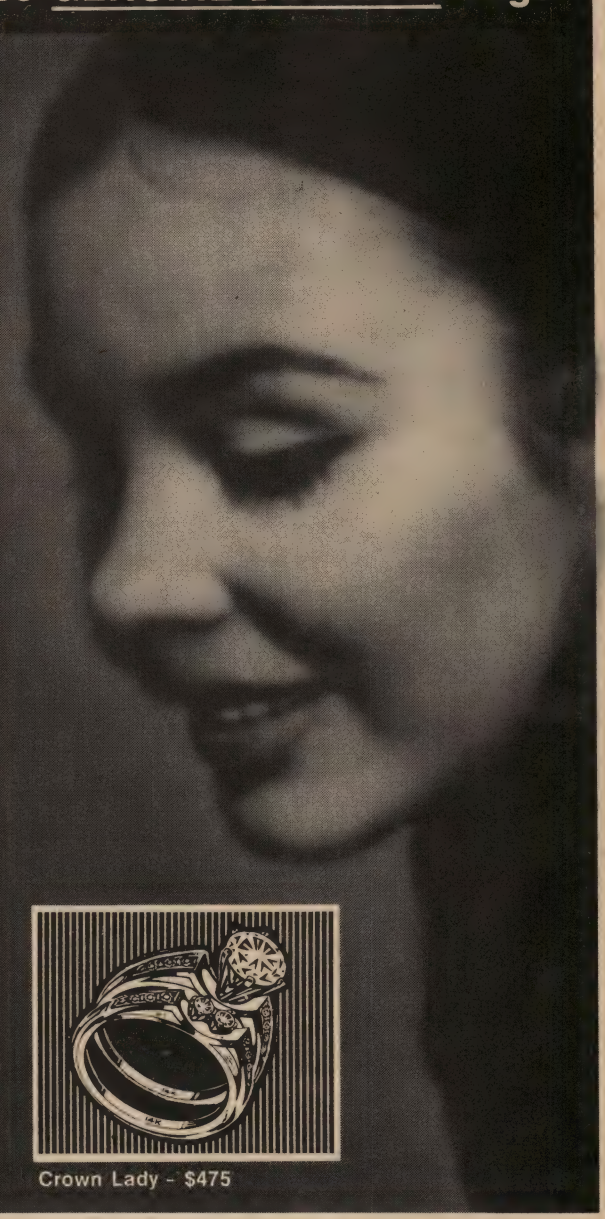

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# WHAT'S NEW ON EARTH?

## Stag Scans The World of Science

**BETTER BY PROXY**—Even in this miracle age of explosive technological advancement, there are still some things you have to do yourself, by hand, usually on a Sunday afternoon when you'd rather be out playing golf or watching a ball game. Wouldn't it be nice if you could sit down to watch that game and know they're getting done right that minute? British inventor, Dennis Weston can do just that—with a little hand from a six-foot friend of his named Tinker. Tinker is a robot. Standing upright like a man, with flexible arms and intricately articulated fingers, Tinker is driven by more than 400 motors of varying strengths and sizes. He can be programmed for many functions as well as simple things like washing cars, mowing the lawn and clipping the hedge. Creator Weston can even control him up to two miles away. With a miniature TV camera in his head he transmits a picture of what he sees back to the control panel and Weston is developing a sensor system to give him the ability to pick the best path around obstacles automatically.

**A DEADLY DOSAGE**—The often-heard phrase "Speed Kills" has always applied to the effect—usually addictive and often fatal—of amphetamines upon the user-abuser. But Dr. Everett Ellinswood of Duke University views it a different way. Contrary to the traditional belief that there is no connection between violence and excessive use of amphetamines, Dr. Ellinsood says that large amounts of amphetamines, taken over a short period to stay awake, can produce severe paranoid feelings, which can result in violence. He cites the case of a young truck driver who popped pep pills to stay alert for a 48-hour trip and wound up shooting his boss in the head because he thought his boss had released poison into the cab of his truck.

**BIG EYE OF TOMORROW**—Discovered in 1932, only recently has the importance of the neutron been realized. Now scientists at the Argonne National Laboratory have perfected a way of putting the neutron to work. It's called N-Radiography and its potential for progress is staggering. First cousin to the X-ray, it can do things the X-ray cannot. Like "see" a candle burning through a foot-thick lead wall. Yet the N-ray is foiled by rubber, leather, plastic or fluids. Use so far has been restricted to certain segments of the space program—like N-raying crucial parts and key electronic connections. Forseen for the future: use in checking spacecraft and commercial airliners for faults; inspecting critical elements of nuclear reactors; and, once they find a way of screening out harmful accompanying gamma rays, the uses in diagnosing disease may restructure the entire field of medicine.

**THE PERUVIAN PILL**—It's an age-old maxim that where there's smoke there's fire, and Mrs. Nicole Maxwell, in studying the customs of Peruvian and Ecuadorian indians for 20 years, has discovered some truly amazing fire behind the smoke. According to Mrs. Maxwell, herbal potions and tonics that she first thought were nothing more than tribal superstition are actually contraceptives more effective than anything available to the American woman today—and the indians have been using them for literally centuries. One potion is given a young girl when she reaches puberty and its effects last for six or seven years when she is thought to be ready for children. When she becomes pregnant, she is given another potion—about five weeks before the baby is expected. This one apparently makes for "fast, almost pain-free delivery." American drug labs are now analyzing the plants Mrs. Maxwell brought back with her—and eating humble pie.

### AS WE GO TO PRESS...

Heroin is bad; methadone is bad but better; and best yet for treatment of drug addicts may be new substance called acetylmethadol which allows withdrawal from heroin while permitting less frequent doses than methadone . . .

NEWS FOR ANGLERS: FISH ARE DEFINITELY NOT COLOR-BLIND. TESTS SHOWED THAT FISH NOT ONLY SEE COLORS BUT CAN DISTINGUISH ONE COLOR FROM ANOTHER. PROBLEM NOW IS TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ONES THEY LIKE BEST . . .

Old theory that a man who doesn't look you in the eye is dishonest now out the window. British psychologists say when a man looks away it's a sign he's going to speak and since dominant personalities tend to speak longer and more often, they'll spend more time looking away . . .

BIG BREAKTHROUGH IN APPLYING EYEBANK PRINCIPLE TO HUMAN ORGAN STORAGE IS NEW METHOD TO THAW FROZEN PARTS. PROBLEM BEFORE WAS UNEVEN WARMING DESTROYED TISSUE . . .

Boozer's Bulletin: best way to avoid or minimize a hangover is to drink pure, high-quality, Russian vodka . . .

LATEST WORD OF CAUTION FROM DOCTORS SAYS JOGGING IS FINE, BUT DON'T JUST GO OUT AND RUN A MILE. BUILD UP GRADUALLY. SUDDEN BURST OF UNACCUSTOMED ACTIVITY, ESPECIALLY SUSTAINED, CAN BRING ON A HEART ATTACK . . .

A recent Soviet first, not without difficulty, was use of laser (Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation) beam to send telephone calls over a 15-mile, 24-channel hook-up in Armenia. The ironic factor that interfered: reflected sunlight . . .

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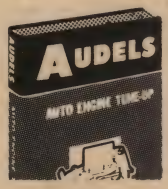


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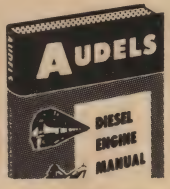


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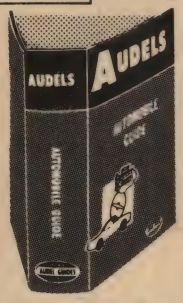


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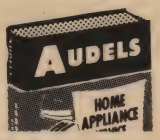


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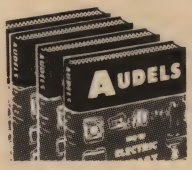


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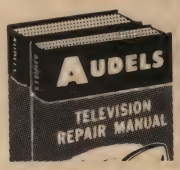


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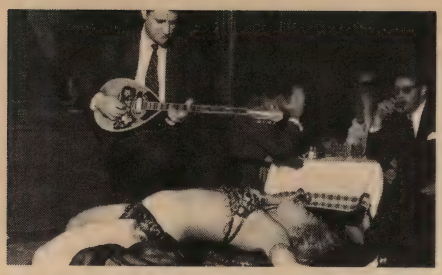

# SEX CUSTOMS OF THE TURKS

Continued from page 43

ago when all the world knew one could purchase a beautiful young female slave in the flesh markets of Turkey. It took place in 1970.

This auction, like the many others that can be found throughout Turkey, was illegal. When such auctioneers and slave traders are caught by the police, they are given stiff prison sentences. But there is too much profit in buying these girls from impoverished parents for a pittance and then selling them for enormous prices, for the law to frighten these men who trade in human flesh.

The young, in Turkey, almost from the cradle, are brought up in a highly charged sexual atmosphere. Boys and men of all ages know that even the youngest girls are "fit for free pickings". It is not considered abnormal for an older man to fondle a female child, even to attempt intercourse with her if her vagina is large enough to accommodate his penis.

Dr. Marcel Jacobus, author of the famous five-volume work, "L'Ethnologie du Sens Genitale" has described the early sex-life of the Turkish boys and girls who still live by the ancient customs of their land, not by the new Westernized laws.

Dr. Jacobus writes: "The little Turkish girls are deflowered by the little boys with whom they play, and repeat together the erotic lessons which their parents have unwittingly taught them on account of the general promiscuity of family life throughout Turkey. In virtually all little girls less than ten years of age, the complete hymen is wanting. There is a Turkish proverb of brutal cynicism: 'For a girl to be a virgin at 10, she must have neither brothers nor cousins nor father'.

"Incest is often the rule rather than the exception. Girls and boys mingle promiscuously—with the result that might be expected: girls and boys going partially or completely naked until the age of twelve years, which condition facilitates and indeed encourages the girls' constantly handling the boys' genitals, resulting in continual erections and repeated coition."

This early sexual indoctrination of the young in Turkey helps to explain the highly sensuous quality of the Turkish personality.

As early as the seventeenth century, travelers from the great cities of the West, especially Italy, returned from Turkey with fascinating stories of these fabled Seraglio's.

Enrico Bardi, a 17th century Venetian ambassador to the Sultan of Turkey, Amed Bazig, published in 1692 a journal of his experiences in that country.

The following is an account of his first visit to the Sultan's Seraglio.

"I had expected to find a great room filled with common whores. How mistaken I was!"

"First, it was not a room, it was a community, a section of the palace that was set off for the purpose of luxuriously accommodating up to several hundred women at one time.

"Older women, who themselves had served as concubines, were in charge of the young girls and of the eunuchs who policed the harem.

"These concubines were far more accomplished than even the most elegant courtesans to be found in our country. They were not only taught sexual skills that enabled them to more than satisfy the imagination of *any* man, they were also taught to dance and sing and play musical instruments so they might entertain their master either before or after they were called upon to serve him sexually.

"The harem I visited contained more than 300 girls and women. In the sixteenth century the Sultan's Seraglio employed 800 eunuchs to look after more than a thousand women.

"As I entered the first room, I saw several long sofas covered with cushions and rich carpets. Girls and women of ages I estimated as ranging from 15 to 40 sat about completely naked, their slaves behind them fetching drink or food for them when it was called for. They were carefree ladies who gossiped and giggled a great deal. Some of them played semi-erotic games as innocently as children might play their games.

"As was the general custom, visitors from foreign countries, especially those of any political or military rank, were invited to select however many women they might desire from those they saw. I was urged to choose.

"I indicated a wonderous beauty who could not have been more than seventeen. Her soft, voluptuous body would have pleased our dear Titian greatly. The girl was called for. She was naked except for the usual assortment of necklaces, bracelets, earrings, finger-rings and anklets that were worn by all the women there.

"I expected my host to then show me where I might take the girl to be alone with her. Instead he showed surprise that I had chosen only one girl. 'Our beds are very large,' he told me. 'And our desires are many. Certainly one girl is not enough to satisfy all the desires of a man such as yourself.'

"I was eventually shown to one of the private bedrooms—in the company of three women of varying ages. Each had her own skills and each body provided me with different kinds of pleasure.

"When I look back now upon that afternoon, I can only hope that those travelers from our Europe who reach the great cities of Turkey will go there to learn, not to teach."

Today, even the harems of the richest men in Turkey, are much smaller than they were in the past. But, as we have seen, girls can still be bought on the illegal slave market.

It is still to many a girl's social advantage to be accepted into the harem of a rich man. Today, the strange mixtures of Eastern and Western customs make for strange bedfellows. A man may have a legal wife as well as a harem ranging in size from one or two girls to several dozen—if he can afford to keep them. The practice is openly accepted.

Girls in these modern harems are not socially ostracized. A man entertaining an important guest at his home may well have his legal wife and several girls from his harem seated at the same dinner table. Some hosts will offer a guest one of his harem women for the night. Others maintain the practice of giving one of the harem girls to a guest as a gift.

Several of the leading women in Turkish society today started out as harem girls, progressed to the position of "second wife" and then to "first wife". The second wife in these situations sleeps in a room near the master bedroom, not in the harem quarters. She may serve as the man's sexual partner during his first wife's pregnancy or during an illness that prevents the first wife from having intercourse with her husband.

In more modest households, a man may buy a young girl who will help his wife with housework, caring for the children, etc. and then serve as his sexual partner whenever he wishes to spend the night in her bed instead of in the bed he shares with his wife.

But there were also customs of those high-living days of the harem that were just as well left to decay and disappear with the passage of time.

There were rulers of the Ottoman Empire who "disciplined" unruly ladies of the imperial harem by simply tying them up in sacks with a few heavy rocks and throwing them into the Bosporous to drown. When Kaskir I learned of a plot to poison his favorite wife, he had three hundred of his harem women tied into sacks and drowned.

The exotic has always been at the root of Turkish sexual customs from the earliest recorded history we have of that country.

Famed among the sexual "heroines" of world history is Theodora. At the age of ten, she became a servant in a brothel in Constantinople. At twelve, she was a prostitute. A small, thin, girl with intense dark eyes, she soon enjoyed great fame for both her skills and her inexhaustible energy.

She eventually became the mistress and then the wife of the Eastern Roman Emperor Justinian. They were a perfect match. One was always outdoing the other when it came to inventing cruel sex practices. Young girls were constantly being bought or kidnapped off the streets to serve the perverse needs of the Emperor or his wife.

In January, 532 A.D., the people of Constantinople rose up in rebellion against their cruel rulers. It was Theodora who put down this rebellion while her husband was busy planning an escape from the city.

She went forth into the city, told the people there would be a special entertainment in the Hippodrome to reward them for their efforts and for their loyal service to her husband and herself. The people applauded the games and loudly cheered the soldiers who marched into the arena in tight military formation. While the spectators were still cheering, the soldiers charged them from all sides. By the end of the day 30,000 of the spectators lay dead.

Bizarre and extravagant sex practices are neither limited to the past nor to the ruling class in Turkey. Ordinary citizens of that country have kept ample pace with their leaders over the centuries.

Throughout the East, anal intercourse is extremely common. Some observers have claimed that the Turkish woman's anus is used by her husband or lover far more than her vagina. Reasons that have been given for this are that a strong bi-sexual strain runs through the males of Turkey and that a woman's anus provides a "tighter fit" than does her vagina and so can afford the male more intense and vigorous stimulation of the penis.

Because most Western women today frown upon anal intercourse, we tend to believe that this practice has always been the exclusive property of the East, especially Turkey and the Arab countries. But just as there are fads in clothing, so too are there fads in sex practices. In ancient Rome, for example, the matrons notoriously delighted in anal intercourse. The same was true of both the high-born and the low-born ladies of Paris in the time of Napoleon.

The Turkish male's desire for anal intercourse with both women and young boys

*(Continued on page 60)*

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- ☐ Master Course in Auto & Truck Mechanics (includes Diesel)
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**High School Department** ☐ High School At Home

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City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check if interested in veteran training under the new GI Bill.
☐ Check if interested ONLY in classroom training at Los Angeles. Dept. 207-120

*(Continued from page 58)*

is of especial interest to us since it inspired the invention of one of modern man's most commonly used conveniences: the fly on his trousers!

In *L'Ethnologie du Sens Genitale,* Dr. Jacobus writes:

"The costume of the passive pederast presents a peculiarity worthy of being noted. Their Turkish pantaloons (or *sirwal*) frequently have an orifice behind on a level with the anus and perfectly dissimulated by the folds of the garment. This enables them, without undressing, to abandon themselves to their shameful trade.

"An examination of the clothes of sodomites may lead to interesting discoveries. Very often a hole is found in the trousers at the level of the genitofemoral fold."

This genitofemoral orifice in the *sirwal* which Jacobus found in the clothing of all non-Westernized Turkish men, is the original trouser fly that was invented by the Turks and introduced into Europe from Turkey between the 18th and 19th centuries.

The traditional sexual amorality (in Western terms) of the Turk—especially the male—has given birth to many violent practices.

Foremost among these is the *Karwi,* which is a group of Turkish males whose sole purpose is to kidnap both female and male victims that are either to be sold into slavery to private parties or to brothels. This ancient practice, once extremely common and considered to be more or less a legitimate business, is today kept under strict control by Turkish police.

The *Karwi* still operate however. While some groups go out to kidnap young boys or young women for purposes of selling them, many *Karwi* today are no more than gangs out for a night of violent sex. These groups will roam the dark streets of cities or the open countryside in search of their prey.

A seventeen year-old girl who was kidnapped by one of these groups last year in Bursa gave this account of her experience.

"It was not very late, only a little after eight o'clock in the evening. I was walking home from the house of my uncle. I was less than two blocks from my home when I was seized from behind. A gag was quickly stuffed into my mouth so I could not make a sound. I was dragged into an alley. My hands and feet were tied with rope. I was thrown into the back of a wagon. A blindfold was tied around my eyes. I do not know how long the journey took. It seemed many hours to me. I was terrified. When we finally came to our destination, which was only a place in the middle of the woods that are located not far from the city, I was taken from the back of the wagon. The gag was removed from my mouth. My hands and feet were untied and I was told that if I screamed or tried to take the blindfold from my eyes, they would kill me. Of course, I believed them.

"They told me that if I did as I was told, I would not be harmed and when they were finished with me, I could return to the city and to my home. They also said I was to submit to whatever they wished to do to me.

"With that, one of them undressed me. I could hear them talking all around me. Some of them pointed out parts of my body that especially pleased them. All seemed to agree that they had made a good choice.

"Once I was completely naked, I was told to kneel. I did. I was told to open my mouth. When I hesitated, I felt a heavy belt across my back. I can't be sure how many of them there were, perhaps a dozen, perhaps more than that. But I had to accept every one of them as they used me in every way a woman can be used. There was not a single opening of my body they did not force—over and over again. Several times I thought I would faint from exhaustion and pain. When they saw I was in such a condition, they poured cold water over me to revive me.

"For many hours they used me. I could barely walk when they were finished. They told me to keep my blindfold on and to count slowly to a hundred. When I was finished counting I could remove the blindfold. Again they told me they would kill me if I tried to raise it before that time."

"When I reached one-hundred and removed the blindfold, I was sitting on the ground in the middle of a dark wood. They were all gone. So were my clothes. I had to walk back to the city naked."

An ancient pre-marital custom that still exists in Turkey today is called "the examination of the bride."

Two or three weeks before the wedding, the groom's family gives a dinner to honor the family of the bride. All concerned know that this purpose is but a facade for what is really to take place. But everyone behaves as if the dinner is truly to honor the bride and her people.

The dinner itself is a lavish one. Tables are heaped with all manner of delicacies. On these nights, the women who are not usually allowed to drink with the men, share the goblets of *uzo* and the wines that are often homemade in rural areas. There is music, dancing. The atmosphere is a wild and joyous one.

But one member of the groom's family must remain relatively sober. He is the *Karik* or "examiner".

The groom is not told who the *Karik* is and the bride is sworn to absolute secrecy; she is never to tell her husband who came to her bed that night.

The mother of the bride and other women of her family prepare her. This is perhaps the most important night of her life, for if the *Karik* finds her to be unsuitable as a sexual partner, she may never become a bride.

The women repeat to her many of the sexual lessons she has already learned. An old Turkish saying proclaims that a woman must be "as soft as the lily and as wild as the wolf." This is the ideal that is set.

She is then taken to one of the bedrooms in the future groom's house. There she remains alone, waiting for the *Karik* to come to her. It is the job of the *Karik* to test the girl's sexual skills and her willingness to do whatever she is told. When the *Karik* is finished with her, the girl is taken to her own home, usually by her mother.

The *Karik* makes his report to the father of the groom. If the verdict is favorable—as it almost always is—the good news is announced to the dinner guests.

In many Far Eastern societies, it is common practice for the husband and wife to enjoy pornography together. In Japan this pornography takes the form of etchings and drawings, usually of high artistic quality. In Turkey, such etchings and drawings come vividly to life.

The Turkish couple do not sit or lie about looking at pictures. They go to live shows called *Ankidas.*

These *Ankidas* may take place in bordellos. And Turkish man who can afford it, however, arranges for a private *Ankida* for himself and his wife. These may take place in the couple's own home or in a house, a *Rimali,* that is used only for these performances.

The husband arranges for whatever assortment of males and females he might want. He can also request those sex acts he might want his wife to witness so that she will be able to perform them with him. Often the contents of the *Ankida* are left up to the man who is in charge of making all the necessary arrangements.

The couple may merely sit and watch the show that is put on solely for their benefit or they may join in—either together or the wife or husband alone. The husband has the right to order his wife to take part in the *Ankida* if he should so desire.

A modern innovation that has been added to some *Ankidas* in the big cities is the camera. The husband may request pictures be taken of various sex acts that are being performed. These photographs are purchased and kept by the couple and are taken out and enjoyed at later dates much as we might look over photographs taken several summers ago during a vacation at the beach.

The history of sexual customs in Turkey from ancient to modern times is one filled, as we have seen, with violence and with an amorality that strikes the Western conscience as being monstrous in its lack of concern for the rights of individuals.

Perhaps the many bizarre sex practices of Eastern lands like Turkey are too savage for us to accept. But then we are able to sit every night before our television sets and calmly watch men kill other men, given that sanction by the word "war". An orgy outrages us and is illegal; a battle is necessary and we give medals to those who survive it. ◆◆◆

"I hope you're better at making war, General."

START YOUR NEW CAREER **NOW!** WITHOUT OVERHEAD! ANY PLACE! ANY AGE!

# UPHOLSTERING JUST ONE CHAIR can pay you as much as your present weekly paycheck!

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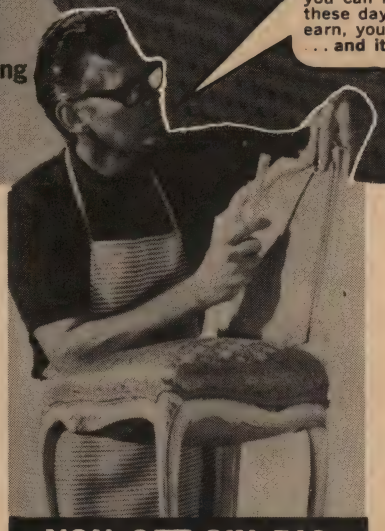
Start learning now. At home, or in the garage, in your spare time — no outside classes to attend. If you can tie a knot and drive a tack, you can learn this business, quickly, easily. You start learning the basics **right away** through the proven MUI Home Training Plan. And before you're barely into it, you can start doing the simple upholstering jobs that are all around you waiting to be done. Chairs, cushions, seats, footstools. Even before MUI students finish their training, people start bringing upholstery jobs to them, and remember—the **world is full of furniture that needs fixing and re-upholstering and more is wearing out all the time!**

**"What started as a hobby, now pays me $10 an hour"**

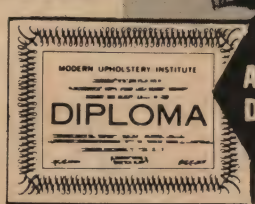
Yes, many MUI graduates make better than $10 an hour turning old wornout furniture into bright new decorator pieces! **Stack it up against what you're doing now!** Are you making $150 a week? $200? $250? Do you put in long hours of dull work, with small raises? Is that the way you want to spend the rest of your life? Just imagine, you can make $150, $200, $250 upholstering just **one** chair or sofa these days! And if you're the kind of person who likes to work and earn, you can sometimes finish a job like this in a day. That's pay, . . . **and it beats what most college graduates make!**



**AS YOU LEARN, YOU JUST SLIP INTO THE IMMENSE FLOW OF UPHOLSTERY WORK!** Think of all there is! . . . Sofas, lounging chairs finished in beautiful fabrics, which MUI tells you how to get at the right price — even leather and all the new vinyls. And then you have built-ins and breakfast nooks, boats, trailers and all the millions of automobiles in America. Yes, you learn all this and more! When we finish teaching you, (in your own home in your spare time) and when you get our California state approved diploma, you **know** this business . . . **as a real professional!** You will then have one of the most fantastic moneymaking skills in America built into your head and hands! No one can ever take this skill away from you . . . and no one can ever fire you, because **you're the boss** of a business that you can take with you . . . You can make big money from then on . . . any time, **anyplace you want to put out your shingle!**

When you read the papers you see there's a strike here, a lockout there. Detroit lays off 150,000 men. A plant is shut down and moved out of state. A new automated machine eliminates 5,000 jobs. They talk about dislocated workers and try to do something about it. What pays the bills if you get caught up in one of these situations? When you know upholstering, life gets very simple and lots of fun. It's simple because where there are people, there are upholstery jobs and lots of them. It's fun because life is fun when the bills are paid and there's money in the bank, even enough to buy those things you've always wanted for yourself.

## YOU GET SIX BIG FURNITURE KITS FREE

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Box 899-DLX, Orange, Calif. 92669

## WORK THE HOURS **YOU** LIKE TO WORK!!

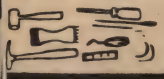
If you favor a regular 35 hours a week, upholstery lets you do it and make a really fine living. On the other hand, if you're really ambitious and want to work 60 or 70 hours a week, **you are starting to talk about some big, big money!** The important thing is that the choice is **yours,** not somebody elses! (Not like when you're working for someone else.) Many students of retirement age just do a few pieces now and then just to keep things nice and comfortable.

**TO GET STARTED, JUST GET THE COUPON IN THE MAIL . . . TODAY!**

It costs you nothing to get the information and there's no obligation. No salesman is going to call you. This much and this much only, every successful MUI graduate must do for himself — **send the coupon today!**

**YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 32 PAGE BOOK ON UPHOLSTERY**

and the upholstery business, and an actual free sample lesson showing how the fabulously successful MUI system is taught. For your sake and the sake of your future, do it now. Cut out the coupon, fill it out, put it in an envelope and mail it now. Air mail reaches MUI about two days sooner!



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Please send the FREE UPHOLSTERY CAREER BOOK, the FREE SAMPLE LESSON. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and am just sending for the free facts on job and career opportunities in Upholstering and the MUI home training program. I understand that no salesman will call.

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**APPROVED FOR VETERANS**

# MAN'S WORLD MEMO

**TOURISTS, TRANSISTORS AND TOPLESS SOUTH SEA BEAUTIES**—If you've never been to the South Sea island paradises like Samoa, Tonga and the rest of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, you'd better make your move soon. Tribal chiefs all across the Pacific—as far south as the Solomons and New Guinea—are concerned over the impact of tourists and transistor radios on their cultures. Suddenly, their youth has been fired by stories the visitors tell of miracles beyond the ocean. And to back those tales up, there is the ever-present transistor radio to bring them more marvels. What the chiefs are striving for is to adopt the best of the "new world" and yet retain their own way of life. This, they feel will be the only way they can keep their children from leaving their homelands and try to make it in the strange, exotic (to them) lands far away. With education available to more and more of the young, and with few natural resources of their own, the legendary islands are finding it tough to entice the youth to stay. Of course, the fantastic lagoons and beaches will remain, but what Western tourist will travel across the globe to see them minus the bare-to-the waist Polynesian girls he's dreamed of all his life?

**RETURN OF THE GREEN SEA TURTLE**—For a while it looked as if the green sea turtle was heading straight for extinction. As a result, the species was placed on the Department of Interior's "endangered species" roster. However, when

scientists couldn't really prove the turtle was in that much danger, it was booted off the list and now you can have your fill of that delicacy—in steak or soup form. Conservationists still feel the government was wrong to open the doors to unlimited slaughter of the turtle and predict it will soon be back on the "endangered species" list—if it survives that long.

**NEW ZEALAND, ANYONE?**—If you're ready to tear up stakes and go half way around the world for a new start, your carfare will be no problem. New Zealand is so anxious to attract U.S. workers to help solve its labor shortage that anyone who wants to immigrate will have 75% of the tab picked up by the New Zealand government, the rest by his future employer. If you're married, there's a $24 charge you'll have to pay. To find out why married men get hit, and just what jobs are available, write to the New Zealand Consulate General, 630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., N.Y.

**SEAL OFF DECAY**—Within a year, you may be sitting in your dentist's chair having the biting surfaces of your teeth sprayed. He'll be using a plastic sealant, hardened with an ultraviolet light apparatus, that will probably keep your teeth free from decay. In a two-year test of the sealant, results were 99% effective. The whole job takes about two to three minutes, is painless, and costs less than $50. You'll still have to brush, because the coating will only be used on the biting surface, leaving the rest of the tooth vulnerable.

**DEATH OF THE OCEANS**—Take it from Jacques Yves Cousteau, world's most famous oceanic explorer, "The oceans are dying. The pollution is general." To back his comments, Cousteau relies on observations made during his recent 155,000-mile underwater cruise aboard his specially designed ship, *Calypso*. "People don't realize that all pollution goes to the seas. The earth is less polluted. It is washed by the rain which carries everything into the oceans where life has diminished by 40 percent in 20 years," claims Cousteau. "Fish disappear. Flora too. An excess of fishing is also pollution. The oceans are being scraped. Eggs and larvae are disappearing. In the past, the sea renewed itself. It was a complete cycle. This balance was upset with the appearance of industrial civilization. Shrimps are being chased from their holes by electric shocks. Lobster are being sought in impossible places. Coral itself is disappearing." And as far as the sinking of the *Torry Canyon* a few years back—and its huge oil spillage that had everyone worried—Cousteau has this to say: "the oil that polluted the sea at the time was only one percent of the normal, annual pollution."

**CONGRESS GETS TOUGH ON HOME REPAIR GYPS**—Finally recognizing the heartless cruelty and greed of gyp artists who ring your bell, then try hustling you for unnecessary repairs, Congress is sitting down for a tough look at what laws it can pass to call a halt to the rackets. Noting that most home repair gyps operate against those people who can least afford to be taken (68% blue collar workers; 49% earning less than $400 per month), the legislators are talking in terms of "ironclad guarantees," "no-risk warranties" and "money-back if not-satisfied" deals. Making a crooked TV repairman, a lying oil burner technician, phony "home repair engineers" liable to federal charges instead of haphazard state-to-state penalties could just be the gimmick that will give the little guy the break he desperately needs.

# A dream fulfilled!

In the heart of every bald man there is a secret wish. What he wouldn't give to go away for a two week's vacation and come back with a thick thatch of hair!

While science hasn't yet—with all its advances—achieved this miracle—men and women, and children, do have hope for hair regrowth from the use of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

Even on totally bald heads the hair roots (follicles) beneath the surface of the skin may still be alive, needing only the proper stimulation to begin producing again.

The important thing is to start now. Every day you wait may make your problem more difficult.

***These drawings explain what happens when hair does regrow after use of the Brandenfels Plan***

**1.**

These drawings show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle, or root. It is blunted and the opening plugged with a sebaceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.

**2.**

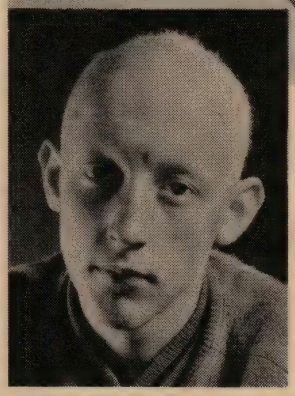
During use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly skin layer is disappearing and there is actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.

**3.**

Now the follicle is producing hair. These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first subdermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians.

More than 25,000 certified reports (CPA audit) from every state in the Union and all over the free world, have come to Carl Brandenfels telling of these much appreciated benefits:

- **Renewed Hair Growth**
- **Relief of Dandruff Scale**
- **Less Excessive Falling Hair**
- **Improved Scalp Conditions**



**LEFT: In 8 weeks' use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, this young man's previously bald scalp looked like this.**

**ABOVE: The same young man after use of the Brandenfels Plan.**

## HAVE CONFIDENCE IN WHAT WE SAY

All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. All scalp pictures are just as photographed—never retouched.

Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels Home System.

In addition, more than 25,000 certified letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from dandruff scale, less excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed CPA's.

There are Brandenfels users in every state and also in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.

Testimonials may be seen at Scappoose, Oregon, when permission has been given.

## TAKE HOPE FROM THESE PICTURES

The Brandenfels Home Plan offers real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial proportion of cases though results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions. Photographs on this page show exact conditions of hair growth when the pictures were taken because they are not retouched.

Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good afterwards! You enjoy the benefits right in the privacy of your own home—without expensive office calls.

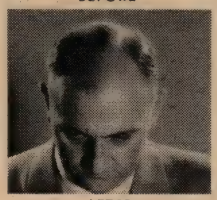
Right now send for a 5-weeks supply of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair applications, with complete, easy to follow instructions for use, and for the massage. Copyright Carl Brandenfels

BEFORE

BEFORE

AFTER

"Doctors were unable to help my baldness so I was overjoyed at the results following use of the Brandenfels Plan." O.W.



AFTER

"Fine hair filled in where it had been sparse. Just to have stopped losing hair and to have even a little more is wonderful." D.N.

## MAIL YOUR ORDER—YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID

**CARL BRANDENFELS, Scappoose, Oregon 97056** **CMG-21**

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-weeks' supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with directions for use, with your special Massage, in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose $18 (includes postage and mailing charges). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH Air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ I enclose $1 for which send C.O.D. I agree to pay the postman the balance of $17, plus postal charges.

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Address_____

Town_____ State_____ Zip_____

Cash orders, pharmaceutically compounded, are shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders, pharmaceutically compounded, are filled after prepaid orders are filled.

**No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses (postal regulations).**

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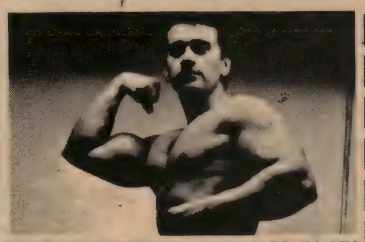

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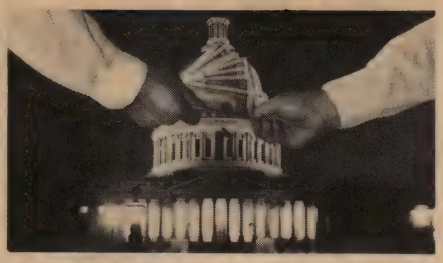

# SHOCKING BRIBERY

Continued from page 41

turned on them like never before. A few examples:

Thirteen Senators or their aides were said to have been taking payoffs from lobbyists and lawyers to introduce private bills that would permit Chinese ship-jumpers to stay in the country. The entire affair was quietly swept under the rug by the "Whitewash Committee"—officially known as the Senate Ethics Committee—despite the fact that there is evidence the Chinese paid huge sums. One Washington lobbyist reportedly knocked down a quarter-million bucks in two years.

George Murphy, the tap dancer turned Senator, was said to have been getting 20 grand a year from Technicolor Inc., plus unlimited use of a travel card and half the rent on his $520 a month apartment.

At the 1970 annual Governor's Conference at least 85 corporations and private individuals—most of them doing business with state governments—kicked in gifts for the Governors and their women and paid nice hunks of change to sponsor nightly receptions or dinners.

Last August Ford announced it would lease cars at reduced rates to Congressmen and Senators, saving them many hundreds of dollars apiece every year in transportation costs. Critics rightly ask the question: "With the threat of a massive federal crackdown on the pollution monsters coming out of Detroit, with a very real possibility that a federal law outlawing the gasoline engine will be seriously considered in the next few years, could it be that the industry is trying to protect its future by influencing law makers now?"

House Speaker John McCormack allowed his office to be used by a high-pressure lobbyist who allegedly got McCormack's top assistant to bring pressure on government agencies for the benefit of businessmen.

Hundreds of Congressmen and Senators are partners in law firms that have as clients companies that do business with the government, or own stock in those companies. And many of these Congressmen sit on committees that have power over government contracts awarded to the firms in which they have an interest. The conflict of interest is so blatant that one Congressman set up a flimsy facade, known as the "double door" arrangement—two law firms, housed in the same offices and with the same phone numbers and staffs, but with the stationary of the law firm that handles clients doing business with the government not using the Congressman's name on its letterhead. Everybody knows the Congressman is a partner, but the stationary set-up helps the guy keep up the pretense. And evade the charge of conflict of interest.

These flagrant signs of abuse of trust are part of the reason that so many millions of our young people are growing so totally disenchanted with the American system. The feeling grows stronger every week that as long as there are so many crooks in government and business, more interested in building power or bank accounts than anything else, then the nation may never be able to solve all its enormous problems. And, to those who argue that there has always been corruption in Washington and in our state governments, newsmen who keep their eyes on such things and even a number of government officials insist that corruption has never been as widespread as it is today.

Those are simply a few examples resulting from a year-long investigation by this author into the ethics of Congressmen since the passage of new rules of ethics in Washington. And the only conclusion that can be reached is that the code of ethics is a phoney, that businessmen continue to use a great number of public officials in Washington and in our state capitols. Some people are certain to protest that "bribe" would be too harsh a word to use; to be sure some of the most blatant cases involve a conflict of interest rather than bribery. But the fact is that what is happening in too many cases is damn close to being outright bribery. The payment of money for specific and immediate results, or for future consideration. That's bribery in any book. And that's exactly what's going down.

The federal government and each of the state governments are complex bureaucracies with great power over the potential profits (or disaster) of most businesses. A law banning the gasoline engine could cost the auto and oil industries many billions of dollars over the years. A city or state law banning pollution of the Podunk River could cost the Hogwash Chemical and Gunk Company maybe $200,000 a year and put it in the red. The auto industry and Big Oil will do their damndest to make certain the battle against pollution doesn't cost them too dearly (or cost them anything at all, if they can help it). Hogwash is also going to make certain that it doesn't get hurt where the pain is most severe—in the pocketbook.

So the giants of the auto and oil industries, and the little guys like those running the Hogwash firm, spend money on lobbyists and public relations men or various other kinds of advisors, consultants and hustlers, and who are assigned to curry friendships with the poeple who have power to make the laws, and try and influence them. Much of it is legal on the part of industry, but damned shady on the part of officials; mostly a matter of a lot of talking and propagandizing, trying to give the government official concerned the "facts" and "information" that will make him see the light.

But a lot of it is now being questioned by a lot of concerned citizens whether the actions are either unethical or downright illegal.

An example of questioned conduct is the Ford gambit of giving special monetary breaks to Congressmen and Senators who will most certainly have to vote on laws that may deeply affect Ford and other auto makers. More serious is, for example, Congressmen representing clients who do business with the government, or those who take outright bribes to introduce special laws for ship-jumping Chinese or to vote the way a guy paying the bribe wants him to vote.

In almost every case, the money or gifts that businessmen give to our elected officials are investments. That is, the gift-giver (or briber) is making an investment in one Congressman, or dozens, hoping that he will eventually vote the right way and either make a big bundle for the businessman, say by voting "Yes" on a new multi-million buck boondoggle, or will save the briber a lot of

*(Continued on page 66)*

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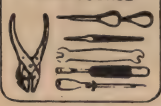

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*(Continued from page 64)*

money, perhaps by voting against certain controls or against a change in the oil depletion allowance. You invest money to make more money, and practically every case of unethical or illegal behavior involves that simple idea—a man invests $5,000 in bribe money hoping it will bring him profits of $100,000 or $500,000.

Basically, there is little difference between this kind of crime and organized operation. The mob pays off the cops to the tune of a few thousand a week to ignore gambling in a town, and in return it makes profits of 40 or 50 or 60 times that amount. The only difference is that the Mafia is the Mafia and the taking cops are crooked cops; while the big dealers in government and industry are supposed to be upstanding citizens, respected and God-fearing leaders of the community who just happen to also be in pursuit of the same almighty and corrupt dollar that the Mafia hoods are chasing.

The stench involves officials on every level from the White House—that's right, the White House—down to minor officials in city and state governments. No area of government is immune from the attempts of the money-men to corrupt.

Campaign contributions are an obvious source of corruption. There is a federal law on the books making it illegal for a corporation to contribute money to a political campaign. The reason for it is clear—a major business firm could donate a bundle to a man's campaign and be practically assured that the man will vote to protect the business's interests in any bills coming up. Or an association of firms in a single industry could donate large sums to a brace of key Senators, and own them. The huge cost of election campaigns being what they are, there's no doubt in anyone's mind that a lot of men running for election will be tempted to sell out—especially if they know a lot of other guys are selling out. Welcome to the club.

Okay, so there is a law against corporations contributing to political campaigns. Evidence of how well that law is working turns up in the strangest ways. Back in March, 1969, for example, a group violently against the Vietnam War forced their way into the Washington offices of Dow Chemical, which manufactures napalm, and rifled its files. The raid got publicity and turned up an interesting item—a list of contributions made to 16 Congressmen, Republicans and Democrats alike. Beside every name on the list, except one, is a figure, ranging from 100 to 500, and the member's party affiliation. The figures total 2,500.

While there are no dollar signs on the list, dollars is what it was all about. Most of the legislators called by reporters acknowledged getting contributions from Dow in the amounts next to their names. Next to the name of one Congressman is an asterisk, and on the bottom of the page a note, saying "will be taken care of separately." Another Congressman, who is on a couple of committees with power to make laws on air and water pollution, was down for $300; Dow Chemical, by a strange coincidence, is one of the biggest polluters in the country.

By law, all Congressmen must file with the House Clerk's office a statement of all campaign contributions. That's the law, plain and simple. Yet the statement of contributions almost does not show the payment by Dow, and neither does any other Congressman's statement.

The Congressmen broke the law by taking those contributions and omitting to list them. And no one is getting very excited about it, not the Justice Department, not any Congressional Whitewash Committee, no one. It's all looked upon as part of the game. And, in the mind of a lot of citizens, the game adds up to corruption.

Another stunning example of how business breaks the law and makes large payoffs to presumably compliant Congressmen comes in a story told by Representative Charles E. Bennett of Florida, a politician with some strange but wonderful ideas about government spending. He was crippled by polio while serving in the Phillipines as a guerilla fighter, but refuses to draw his disability pay. He will not take the last pay raise Congress voted itself, and he quit his law firm when he came to Congress 10 years ago rather than risk conflict of interest (while scores of Congressmen and Senators connected with law firms thumb their noses at the conflict of interest between their government jobs and the work they do for private clients). Bennett wanted to run for a Senate seat being vacated in 1970, but he couldn't raise the roughly $1 million such a campaign would cost. He explained why in a conversation with a New York Times reporter:

"People who made large contributions to compaigns were very candid with me. One of the bigger money-raisers in the state said to me, 'Charlie, it is not possible to raise a million dollars in Florida *for you.*' I said, 'What do you mean, for me?' He said, 'Because you would not allow it to be raised in the way it is being raised.' I asked, 'How is it being raised?' He said, 'Money is raised by the process of allowing people in large corporations that have expense accounts to give cash to the candidates and charge it to the expense accounts.' Of course this is doubly illegal. In the first place the corporation is not entitled to give a contribution to a campaign, and secondly, it is undoubtedly reported to the IRS as an expense. This man asked me, 'You would not want money raised that way, would you?' I said, 'I would not.' He said. 'Well, that's where the bulk of the money comes from, so forget it.' So I forgot it."

The implication is quite clear: Big Business and elected officials working hand in hand to break the elections law. Is it possible that such bedfellows breaking the law together might possibly break other laws or bend codes of ethics? You better believe it.

The question of election campaign contributions is just one side of a problem that has many faces. An even more outrageous kind of corruption is direct bribery for specific results. The case of the Chinese ship-jumpers is a classic example, both for the alleged take involved and for our great statemen's ability to pretend it never happened.

A reporter for a chain of Midwest newspapers first broke the story in August, 1969. He got a tip that a whole series of bills

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granting at least temporary haven in the United States to Chinese seamen who had jumped ship and faced deportation, has been passed by the Senate. He checked around carefully, nailed down the facts, and exploded a bombshell. His story documented the way certain lawyers working with lobbyists had persuaded a dozen Senators or their aides to introduce bills to stay the deportations of the ship-jumpers. The reporters's investigations of the records indicated that Senator Brewster filed the most of these private bills, 75 in seven months. Williams of New Jersey was second with 41 private bills. All told, 702 bills were introduced by 13 Senators.

The reporter discovered something very strange, indeed, during his investigation. Senators and staff members who said they had been approached by the lobbyists but threw them out, said they had been offered between $200 and $250 for each bill they would introduce. But the Senators and aides through whose offices the bills had been introduced told the reporters they were acting only in the best of traditions and in good faith to help fellow men in distress. But not for money, heavens, no!

However, one aide in the office of a Senator who refused to have anything to do with the bills told the reporter: "Some of the payoff offers came from lobbyists, but some came from people working in the offices of other Senators."

The Senate Ethics Committee, formed a couple of years ago to inquire into such situations, didn't do a thing about the stories at first. Then about a month later the *Washington Daily News* ran the results of its own investigation—results that were similar to the original stories—and Ethics Committee Chairman John Stennis announced that maybe after all there ought to be an investigation. There was one, and almost a year after the first stories were published the committee issued a report that said "we found no evidence of any misconduct by any Senator or any Senate employee' and added that if there had been any hanky-panky it was the fault of lawyers and lobbyists. How lawyers and lobbyists could have broken the law without the help needed to introduce the bills was never explained.

That sort of reasoning clearly points up a fact of life in the Senate and the Congress—that is, the so-called ethics committees formed by Senators and Congressmen to judge fellow Senators and Congressmen has the aura of public relations firms designed to pitch the newspapers and the public into believing that its elected representatives are paragons of virtue. In the last six years more than 400 bills have been introduced in Congress to police its members, giving the public the *appearance* that it is policing its own conduct. In fact, though, nothing has changed except appearances. Practically every Congressman or Senator who stands for reelection violates the Corrupt Practices Act by taking illegal contributions.

And the Senate's own code of ethics, adopted with great fanfare in 1968, is a total fraud. "It's the farce of the year," snapped Senator George Aiken of Vermont, the only guy honest enough to call a stinker by its proper name, the only guy honest enough to

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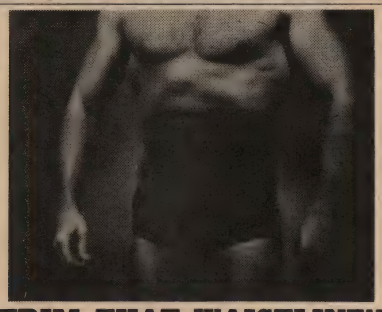

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vote against it.

The code required Senators to publicly disclose gifts of over $50. Asked one Senate aide: "Do you expect a Senator who takes a $5,000 bribe for his vote to list it?" The code also requires Senators to list fees over $300 for such activities as lecturing, writing and TV appearances. Which hasn't stopped a single Senator from taking that kind of money, as evidenced by statements filed by some Senators that they've made anywhere from $50,000 to $80,000 a year in such activities, more than they make in Senate salaries. The new code also gave Senators permission to use campaign contributions to pay for trips home and other expenses which had previously been forbidden—in other words, opening up the gates for a little more flimflammery.

But the biggest element in the farce is that there is no provision for penalities. Even if a Senator is blamed—and don't hold your breath—there's nothing that can be done about it under the code except Senate censure, which has happened only once since the Senate was created almost 200 years ago.

The attitude of the Congress is, clearly, that it is above the law. That's why businessmen, big and little, are practically encouraged to be kind with money, gifts, or other benefits.

Some of those other benefits are especially interesting. This writer came across one of them during research for another article, which is what led him to begin this present investigation in the first place. That particular "other benefit" is named Suan, a tall redhead from Chicago who has a face that's just about average but the sensuous kind of body you dream about only in your most memorable dreams. Susan is a call girl. She gets fees starting at $50 for the most basic sampling of her charms, up to $1,000 and even more for strenuous kinds of weekends. During an interview, Susan told me this:

"I do a lot of work for public relations men in big companies and industry associations. I mean, like last week a guy from a top company in a town near here told me he had two big buyers coming in and I got two more girls and we spent a couple of days with them, until they signed a big contract.

"That's some of the kind of work I do for business clients. Another kind of regular job is working the state capital. Not necessarily of this state, but any of the cities that are just a few hours away by plane. A couple of months ago one of the state legislatures was considering a law that would have cost the ——— industry a few millions bucks a year. The public relations man for the industry association asked me and a couple of the girls to fly down there and do some personal lobbying for them. We did. We were introduced to a few Senators or whatever they're called in that state, whose votes were supposed to be the ones that would decide it all. And we balled them, practically gave those old buzzards heart attacks.

"The party ran on for a couple of days, guys coming in and out, and the lobbyists were always around taking part in it. Nobody ever mentioned votes or anything like that. But a man who shares the same bed and the same chick with another man—at the same time— is sure going to feel a close kinship with him. And when the votes were counted all of the guys we balled voted the right way. Except one. He was impotent and no matter what I did, or any of the other girls did, he couldn't make it. And he was so ticked off about it that he voted against us for spite. But we didn't need him, we won it by a couple of votes even without him."

That could sound like the bragging of a call girl who wants to make herself sound important. Unfortunately, however, there have been a couple of cases in the public prints in the last few years in which call girls were used to buy votes, and I don't doubt a word Susan says.

The possibility that sex is used on the national level to sway elected officials is damned strong. During the Bobby Baker incident a few years back, when one of Lyndon B. Johnson's most trusted aides during his Senate years was called on the carpet in an inquiry concerning possible multi-million dollar government deals, there was talk that call girls and party girls and other assorted play-for-pay ladies may have been used to sweeten the pot and swing some deals.

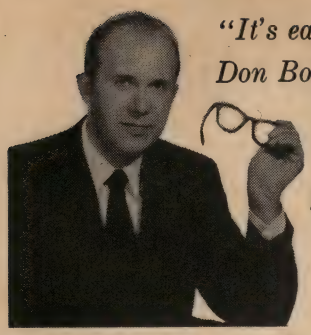
But the sex angle was never fully developed by Senate investigators. Senator Everett Jordan, head of the committee looking into the scandal. ruled that he didn't have to dig into FBI files about the girls because those files would have revealed nothing about the "official" conduct of any Senator. Presumably, if a Senator had bedded a chick on the floor of the Senate *that* would have been official conduct and worthy of investigation. All else went under that bulging Senate rug where scandals too often have been hidden.

The shocking conditions of questionable behavior by Congressmen or other public officials is not hard to find. Some have made headlines, some have been buried without fanfare. The following handful are simply some of those that have been uncovered, or made headlines or have been talked about by concerned citizens:

1. It was recently learned that back in 1967, when Democratic Congressmen John C. Watts and A. Sidney Herlong Jr. were key men on the House Ways and Means Committee, which writes up tax bills, they accepted loans of nearly $38,000 each from a big chain that was seeking special tax favors. Each used the money to buy securities and when they sold them a couple of years later Herlong had picked up a capital gains of $8,700 and Watts one of at least $5,000—without ever having put down a cent of their own money. Officials of the Winn-Dixie Stores, who made the loans to the Congressmen—at interest rates that haven't been learned—were quite concerned that a new tax ruling on a complex stock transaction might cost a fortune in taxes. By the time the law was drawn up, however, it was worded in such a way that the Winn-Dixie stock was given tax-free status, saving quite a bundle. "These transactions raise grave issues," The Wall Street Journal quotes one key committee chairman. "I'm amazed at these men. The situation really ought to be looked into."

2. Last August, the Governors of 46 states met at a big resort in Missouri for the annual Governor's Conference. Each evening at the conference there was a reception or dinner sponsored by such corporate giants as Coca Cola, Xerox or Anheuser-Busch, and more, each of them doing business in some way or affected by laws of each of the states. Other companies gave the Governors outright gifts, including a case of beer and soft drinks, three bottles of whiskey and one of champagne, shoes and panty-hose for the women, and other little products. All told, about 85 corporations and private individuals provided services for the conference. In the past, the organization of Governors picked up the tab, buying the things it needed in the open market with funds provided by each state. But this time the conference did not discourage gifts from business to keep costs down. There's nothing illegal about it, of course, but for politicians to permit gifts from companies they will be doing business with is in the opinion of many in extremely bad taste, to say the least.

3. Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska is a champion of the insurance industry on Capitol Hill. Jack Anderson, the scrappy



*"It's easy," says Don Bolander... "and you don't have to go back to school!"*

# HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

During a recent interview, Don Bolander, director of Career Institute of Chicago and a leading authority on adult education, said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how.

**Question:** *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead. You can't win the respect and confidence of other persons without a sure command of good English.

**Question:** *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question:** *But wouldn't I have to go back to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

**Answer:** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

**Question:** *Is this something new?*

**Answer:** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question:** *Does it really work?*

**Answer:** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in business and social life.

**Question:** *Who are some of these people?*

**Answer:** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers, and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, and many others.

**Question:** *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer:** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question:** *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer:** I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

*If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, "How to Gain a Command of Good English," just fill out and send the coupon. Don Bolander, Dept. 9512, Career Institute, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

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Washingtonian reported a while back that Hruska had, at a secret Senate Anti-Trust committee hearing, tried to "hush up an insurance scandal." The deal was a highly complex idea in which 33 executives of the Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company was exploring the possibility of a $10 million bonanza at the expense of the policy holders. Hruska, it turns out, was a member of an Omaha law firm which had among its clients the parent company of Hardware Insurance. Another one of the firm's clients is the main company in the Kemper insurance empire.

4. A couple of dozen Congressmen have interests in savings and loan associations, and some of them have gone out of their way to get Congressional breaks from various government agencies for the S&Ls. Congressman George Brown of California, in fact, once charged that the S&Ls in his state were favoring Congressmen with special stock deals, and in return the Congressmen were expected to make certain the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which controls the industry, didn't exert too much control. Said Brown: "Politicians are generally offered opportunities to purchase stock at the opening price. In California, it's a stock bribe equal generally to double the amount of the original cost." Some Congressmen and Senators who have interests in S&Ls have been known to badger people at the FHLBB and to oppose public housing, lower interest rates, or anything that might lessen the value of their S&L stock.

5. The Federal Communications Commission is almost powerless to give the nation good television because of the pressures from some Congressmen and Senators. That's because of a couple of reasons. In the first place, the National Association of Broadcasters has one of the more powerful lobbies on Capitol Hill. Besides its lobbying strength, the TV industry also has a hold on elected officials because those officials need TV to get elected, need invitations to free public interest programs and talk shows to get their face and message to the people. Important, too is that many Congressmen have an interest in radio and TV stations and make damn sure they protect those interests, by voting against limitations on commercials, by voting against non-profit TV stations or against cable TV. For example, Congressmen Clarence Brown of Ohio owns 75 percent of the voting stock of a TV station in Urbana, Ohio. He is the champion of the radio-TV interests in the House Communications subcommittee, which handles all legislation dealing with TV. He was a leader in the fight against forming a Public Broadcasting Corporation.

**"Now we'll film it for European distribution, without using any contraceptives."**

6. President Richard M. Nixon has set up a foundation for education and charitable purposes, and to eventually house the papers and momentoes of his administration. Eisenhower, Truman, Johnson and other presidents also set up foundations. But the big difference is that they established those foundations after leaving office. Nixon, however, set his up just four months after moving into the White House. And the Nixon Foundation is accepting money and gifts from businessmen in order to build up its bank balance and eventually reach the goals that have been planned. "What is disturbing about these arrangements is that the foundation has been organized so early in the President's term," the *New York Times* commented in an editorial. "The pervasive power of federal regulatory agencies and the volume of government contracts make it particularly unseemly for wealthy businessmen and other private individuals to contribute money to a foundation for this Presidential purpose. The public would think it very strange if a lesser federal official had such a foundation which accepted outside contributions. The President of the United States has an obligation to set an example . . ."

Conflict of interest, all over the Potomac. In 1969, when Congressmen were required to disclose that an incredible number—90, almost a quarter of the House—had an interest in banks, savings and loan associations or bank holding companies. Another 77 maintained private law practices. And 44 had an interest in oil or gas companies. When it comes time to work on or vote for laws affecting industries in which they own an interest, or companies they represent in their law practices, will the public benefit or their private money

interests come first?

And don't expect the House Ethics Committee to do much about the conflict of interest apparent in these disclosures. Committee members include Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, who has publicly expressed his thanks to lobbyists for industries that the Interior Committee, of which he is chairman, is supposed to be regulating. Or Robert Stafford of Vermont, who owns a big hunk of stock in AT&T, which is one of the biggest beneficiaries of military and other federal contracts in the country. Or Price of Illinois, now the Ethics Committee Chairman, who owns stock in three banks and in a couple of utility companies that do business with the Pentagon. In fact, seven of the twelve members of the Ethics Committee own stock in banks.

The incredible thing about the conflict of interest among Congressmen and Senators is the double standard involved. When a President selects someone for his cabinet that man has to go before the Senate for confirmation, and he's usually put on the grill about his interests in companies which might be affected by his decision as a Cabinet officer. The Senate is very strict about it. When Robert McNamara was appointed Defense Secretary the Senate forced him to sell $1 million worth of Ford stock he owned. When Charles Wilson took the same post years before, he was forced to dispose of $2 million worth of GM stock.

But no legislator who has power to affect companies in which he owns stock, or whose law firm does work for them, or who gets fees for various services, has ever been forced to cut his ties. Why not? Why should this double standard exist?

The influence possibilities of our elected officials must be stopped, because it is the public that can get a shafting from it. If a company gets a tax break, then individual taxpayers—me and you—have to pay more to make up for it. If a group of Senators can stall legislation on pollution or any other problem facing us all, then we all suffer.

In the first place a separate agency should be set up, outside the Congress, to act as a watchdog. Something like an FBI, but dealing only with public officials. It should be kept separate from the Congress and the White House, possibly as some kind of quasi-civilian group but with full police powers. If a Chairman knows such an agency exists, and is really doing the job, he's going to think hard before leaving himself open for questioning.

Secondly, the entire situation with campaign contributions should be changed. Contributions of any kind should be illegal. In their place we should work out some kind of special tax to go into a fund, out of which each candidate will draw an equal amount—men running for President getting the most because of the national campaigning involved, and down the line. At the same time, since the radio and TV airwaves are supposed to be public property, these candidates should get free TV time; once more, equal time for each type of campaign.

Third, any man elected to office must sever all business ties immediately and fully. Conflict of interest should be made a severe crime, and should be prosecuted as a criminal act. If necessary, increase salaries of public officials to compensate to some extent.

These suggestions have been around for a long time. So have many others. But nothing happens. The men who make our laws are the ones who are breaking them, and they're not about to give up all the gravy. So the bribery goes on. And will go on for a long time. And we are getting the dirty end of the stick. ◆◆◆

# SWAMP SURVIVAL

Continued from page 23

He went down and when he fought his way up through the thick brown silt he heard the Indian screaming in agony. The jagged end of the chonta had stabbed clear through the Arawak's belly, impaling him on the trunk like a grotesquely writhing bug.

A wave pounded Lockridge beneath the surface again. By the time he surfaced the dying Arawak had disappeared.

The current bore Lockridge rapidly downstream and he struggled to keep afloat. After several futile attempts to swim to drifting tree trunks he caught a partly submerged branch of a large mora tree, pulled himself upward hand over hand and straddled the trunk, panting with exertion. He discovered then that he was not alone. A girl rode the trunk behind him.

She was slender, almost nude, her glistening wet skin the color of wild honey. Her frightened face, framed by flowing hair that reached down to ripe breasts was exotic, neither Indian nor Djuka, bush negro. Lockridge identified her as Indonesian, one of the tribal descendants of the Javanese sugar workers imported by Dutch planters after slavery was terminated in Surinam in 1863.

Startled by his sudden appearance she stared at him briefly, then past him at a tangle of branches.

*"Biloku!"* she cried out in the Djuka river dialect. *"Biloku!"*

He spotted the cause of her fright. A giant anaconda, or *biloku,* coiled in the branches, was unwinding its olive brown body. The snake reared its flat, elongated head, stared at him with unwinking eyes and began to slither toward him along the trunk.

"The anaconda is the largest reptile in the Western Hemisphere," Lockridge explained some time later. "Unlike the boa constrictor, which is a tree snake, it spends most of its life in the water submerged to the neck. It attacks prey that includes the savage alligator-like caiman that infests Surinam's many rivers. It prefers shallow, placid water and I guess this one, fully 20 feet in length, took refuge in the branches because it was caught in the swift current.

"It had not bothered the Javanese girl, Sao, but when I climbed onto the trunk closer to it, the snake must have figured I was a menace.

"A few times in the past I'd seen Indians kill anacondas and they're very skillful at it. An Arawak waves his machete gently from side to side and this seems to have a hypnotic effect. The snake follows the motion of the blade until the Indian strikes a sudden blow and lops off its head.

"My machete had been lost with the cayuca. All I had was my buck knife with a nine-inch blade. I unsheathed it and sat there straddling the tree trunk. I remained absolutely quiet, hoping that the snake would come to a stop. Instead, it kept on crawling toward me."

The *biloku* was less than three feet away and Lockridge was about to slash at it with his buck knife when the current eddied the tree into a spin and he almost fell off. At that moment the anaconda attacked.

The next thing Lockridge knew the upper part of his left arm was tightly caught in a coil as thick around as a man's thigh. Constricting into crushing coils the huge snake maneuvered to loop a second one around his body.

Lockridge twisted away and struck at it with his knife. The blade bit deeply into a coil and he slashed out frantically again and again. Blood gushed over his body, but despite its several wounds the monster continued to hold his arm in a paralyzing grip, writhing and trying to encircle him.

He struck out toward the ugly head and the blade swished through empty air. The blood-slippery handle of the knife almost flew out of his grip.

A thick, slimy coil undulated across his chest, moving upward to circle his neck. Leaning as far to the left as he could he watched tautly for an opening and struck again. This time his blade hacked into the tapering body below the head and partly severed it. He quickly followed through with a third slash that decapitated it.

The coil around his arm slowly loosened. He jerked his arm free and the body of the anaconda slid limply into the water.

The girl had been watching in horrified silence. *"Ai-ee!"* she breathed and found her voice. "First the rush of water, then the *biloku.* Surely this is a journey of death."

He eyed the raging torrent and tried to sound an encouragement he did not feel. "Just keep holding on tight. The current will carry us to the shore."

They both lapsed into silence, tensely watching the swirling water. A half-hour passed, and then another. An eternity of waiting, alternating between hope and despair. At times the trunk rammed into rocks with an impact that almost catapulted them into the water; times when the branches entangled with other debris, only to be wrenched free again by the surging current. Riding astride the trunk they were suspensefully alert, fearful that a leg be crushed to pulp by a floating object.

At last the current worked for them, sweeping the tree trunk shoreward at a bend in the river. The branches grounded in shallow water and Lockridge helped Sao wade to the muddy bank.

The rain had stopped but darkness was setting in and they both felt chilled and exhausted. Eyeing the surrounding jungle, thickly tangled with lianas and creeper vines, Lockridge grunted in discouragement. The Laripo, in widely overflowing its banks, had submerged any foot trail that might lead them to one of the Djuka villages on the Maroni.

"We must remain here until morning," he said, "with daylight we'll head back upstream and try to find your village. We're on the wrong side of the river to try to reach my camp. It may be days before the water goes down enough to try it."

"There is no longer a village," Sao told him sorrowfully. "The rush of water came without warning. It was like a moving waterfall sweeping down upon our houses. It carried them away with those who were inside. Others fled into the jungle. Those who were not quick enough were drowned.

They halted at a paratoda tree whose broad leaves had kept the ground beneath comparatively dry and here they prepared to spend the night. Food was plentiful in the jungle; mangoes, guavas, star apples, granadillas and other tropical fruit, but neither was hungry. Sao huddled on the

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ground, slim arms around her drawn-up legs and tried not to shiver.

Lockridge groped in his pockets and swore under his breath. A crumpled half-pack of cigarettes and nothing more. Somewhere his lighter had dropped out of the open flap of his shirt pocket. He could not make a camp fire.

Sitting down beside Sao, he spoke consoling words. Reaction had set in and she appeared not to hear him.

"You can't sit up this way all night," he finally said. "You need sleep and so do I."

She was silent and passive when he gently pulled her back beside him on the ground and pillowed her head upon his shoulder. Before long the warmth of his body dispelled her chill and she fell into exhausted sleep.

Despite his own weariness, Lockridge remained awake for a long time. The jungle had become ominously quiet following the devastating flood.

He was fairly certain it was still there for it was located two miles back from the Laripo in an area deliberately chosen by the bearded leader of their reptile collecting expedition, Dr. Ivan Mendes, the well known California herpetologist, for an abundance of two of the most lethal snakes in the South American tropics, the bushmaster, an aggressive scaly-backed light brown or yellowish pit viper sometimes exceeding eight feet in length and the fer-de-lance; black in color with showy yellow markings. Growing to 10 feet in length, the fer-de-lance is as deadly as the bushmaster.

Lockridge's interest in reptiles was of long standing. As a youngster, growing up in Jacksonville, Fla., he had a small and harmless collection; a common garter snake, a king snake and a whip snake or racer.

In his teens he had caught live rattlesnakes on weekend trips into the Everglades and sold them to Ross Allen, founder of the internationally famous Reptile Institute in Silver Springs which bears his name.

Collecting rattlesnakes proved to be an exciting and adventurous way for Lockridge to earn a bit of money. His interest continued after his graduation from college in 1967 while he was waiting to be called up and when he entered the service he added to his knowledge of poisonous reptiles at the John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare at Fort Bragg, N.C.

Last November, following his return from Vietnam and discharge, he joined the Mendes expedition to Surinam to collect bushmaster and fer-de-lance venom for the experimental production of antivenims. He flew far up the Maroni with Dr. Mendes. Then, after hiring several Arawaks in a river Indian village they paddled up the Laripo and established their base camp.

They had been encamped for about two weeks when Lockridge started down the river with an Arawak paddler. What had started as a few hours' journey developed into a hideous nightmare. Lockridge had no idea how far the current carried him. He reasoned that the further he might now travel downstream the more the jungle would be inundated and impassable. His best hope of finding his way out was to hike back in the direction of camp. With this was the thought that Dr. Mendes would start searching for him as soon as the river subsided enough to do so.

Awakening at daybreak he found Sao still deep in sleep. Nor did she stir when he moved her head from his shoulder and got to his feet.

He found ripe mangoes a short distance away. The sweet, juice-filled fruit quenched his thirst and satisfied his appetite. After eating he brought some back to Sao.

"Eat!" he urged, "we've got a long hike ahead of us."

She obeyed him then and took a mango. When she had finished she got to her feet and followed him silently, walking like an automaton when he led the way upstream, skirting the backwash of water.

They were approaching higher ground when they witnessed a jungle tragedy. A large bushmaster had driven a fawn to a palm tree where it stood in helpless terror. As they watched, the snake coiled and swiftly struck. It was like a yellowish streak and it buried its fangs into the fawn's chest.

The victim's head snapped to the side. Tiny jets of blood spurted from its eyes. It staggered, fell and was dead almost instantly. The bushmaster crawled closer and coiled. For a moment it remained motionless. Then it struck again—into the dead fawn's neck. After that Lockridge detoured around hummocks and other rises in the ground.

The sun was a ball of brass, the jungle steamed with heat. Toward midday when they came upon some wild banana plants he called a halt for food and a short rest.

Soon after resuming their journey Lockridge began to feel an irritation in his eyes. The smarting grew steadily worse and became a painful, burning sensation. Blisters formed on the skin around the sockets and his eyelids became greatly swollen.

"I realized that I must have touched the milky juice of a manchineel tree and had been contact-poisoned," Lockridge explained later. "The tree is fairly common in the Surinam jungles and contact, or even the smoke of its burning wood, may cause blindness which can last for days or weeks depending upon circumstances and severity. Like poison ivy and other contact-poisoning foliage, some persons are more susceptible to manchineel than others.

Half-blind, hoping that the effects would

soon wear off, he tried to keep on walking. He tripped over ground creepers. Unseen thorn bush and sharp-pointed scrub lacerated his skin. The pain in his eyes became unbearable. And then he became totally blind and collapsed in his tracks.

Sao took his hand and guided him to a grassy bank of the river where she tried to ease his suffering. She removed his torn shirt, ripped it into pieces and soaked the cloth in the cooling river water, placing it over his burning eyes. The applications failed to help and though she continued the treatment until almost sundown his agony increased.

"It is almost dark," she told him. "I must go into the jungle while enough light remains for me to see. Among our people when one becomes afflicted with machineel the soothing leaves of the atuma plant are applied. I go now to seek these leaves."

"Right now I'm ready to try anything."

He did not know how long he had been lying there when he became aware of a rustling in the grass. He sat upright and listened intently. Something apparently large and heavy was stealthily creeping toward him from what he judged was the direction of the river.

The rustling grew nearer and then he detected a second rustling. His nerves grew taut, his heart pounded with apprehension. He tried to identify the nature of the living things causing the sinister noises.

His first thought was anacondas. He discarded the idea. It was highly improbable that not one but two of the huge snakes would deliberately leave the water to stalk and attack him on dry land.

*"Caiman!"*

The word suddenly struck him with terror.

The Maroni, the Saramacca, the Nickerie, the Coppename; all the great rivers of Surinam, and their tributaries as well are infested with the black, alligator-like monsters, 16 feet in length and more. Every year they take a greater toll among unwary Djukas and Indians in the water and on the banks than snakes or voracious little piranhas. Besides attacking aggressively in the water they crawl ashore, usually with the approach of twilight and advance stealthily upon their victims, making no more noise than the rustling of grass or the breaking of ground-strewn dead branches.

Lockridge's horror mounted. He felt as helpless as the doomed fawn he had seen killed by a bushmaster earlier in the day. Unlike the fawn, however, he was not resigned to await approaching death.

Jumping to his feet he ran in the direction he believed was away from the river. Blinded, he had not known that Sao had led him out on a narrow tongue of land.

After running several yards he splashed knee deep into water and fell. He picked himself up completely confused and disoriented.

"Sao!" he shouted. "Sao!"

He began running again, in the opposite direction, and now on dry land.

He tripper over a creeper that sent him sprawling to the ground and he continued shouting out the girl's name until he ran with full force into a chonta palm and fell. This time he remained down.

It was here Sao found him soon afterward when she emerged alarmed and breathless from the jungle with atuma branches in her hand. Her first thought was that he had panicked with the fear that she had abandoned him.

After leading him in among the trees she selected another spot. She remained at his side throughout the night, attending to his eyes with applications of wet atuma leaves.

She continued treating his eyes throughout the day. A few times she left for brief intervals and returned with mangoes or other fruit. Once, when she was lying by his side, he could tell by her deep, regular breathing that she was taking a much needed nap.

On awakening the following morning the swelling around his eyes had disappeared, although the blisters remained. The better news was that he was able to see dimly, to discern the vague form of Sao's body and of nearby trees.

That afternoon she left him for a longer time than ever before. He was growing more and more concerned about her safety when she returned carrying a bunch of banana-like plantains and a rusty machete.

"The machete is still useful," she declared with enthusiasm. "I will sharpen it for you on a rock as I have done for men in my village often."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the Djuka slave quarters."

"Slave quarters?" he repeated thoroughly mystified. "I do not understand what you are talking about."

"Tomorrow your eyes will be able to see clearly. Then I will take you to see what I have discovered. *Ai-ee!* there are many things. Near the plantain grove is a pool of clear water in which I swam. Once, surely, it was the bathing pool of the rich owner of a sugar plantation. I have heard of such places from the elders of our village, but never before have I seen one."

In the morning, as Sao had predicted, he found that his eyesight was fully restored and only vestiges of blisters remained. Raising his arm in front of his face he easily read the numerals on the dial of his wrist watch. The watch itself had stopped running days before and he had not bothered to rewind it. He had no need for accurate time.

She guided him to an overgrown swath through the trees which once had been a road to the river. In places the ruts made by wagon wheels were still to be seen.

A half mile inland the track opened up. Long neglected fruit and other plantings appeared and beyond, he glimpsed what had once been a stately mansion with slave quarters and other outbuildings. Near the main house, as Sao had described to him was a limpid pool of water.

The roof sagged, paint was peeled from sun-blistered walls. Vines and creepers growing up all sides were tangled in a vast green web, reclaiming the house for nature and slowly swallowing it in the jungle.

They approached the pool and he surveyed their surroundings. More than a century ago this abandoned sugar plantation had been the home of a prosperous Dutch colonial planter.

When Lockridge and Sao began to explore the main house they found it to be infested with rattlesnakes.

"There were two distinct species, both dangerous," he later recounted. "One was large, somewhat like the eastern diamond-back, as long as seven feet. The other was small, not more than two feet in length but equally as poisonous. It was grayish white in color, without any definite pattern. According to Dr. Mendes its scientific name was *Crotalus durissus unicolor*. In Surinam it was known as the "Aruba" supposedly because it somehow had been brought over from the island of the same name and spread through areas of the mainland jungles.

"After finding writhing nests of both species in the first few rooms we entered we abandoned the idea of exploring the mansion any further."

They returned to the area of the pool, a much more inviting place to spend the remainder of the day and the night as well.

"We both can use the rest," he said. "We'll start upriver again in the morning."

She nodded, pleased. Before he was aware of her intention she ran across the grassy bank and dove into the water. Splashing happily, she called out to him to join her.

Shucking his chinos, he dove into the pool after her.

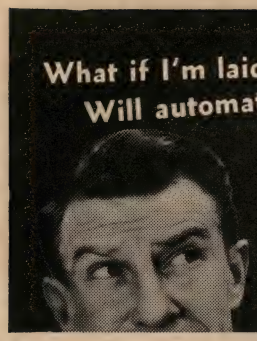
Later they lay side by side upon the grassy bank until the shadows began creeping over their nude bodies and the sun dipped towards the tree tops.

At daybreak they retraced their way to the bank of the river and found that it had receded slightly from its flooded high point. This was an encouraging sign. Lockridge delayed their departure to make a fire on shore and throw on leafy branches.

"Perhaps if paddlers from my camp have started to search for me they will see the smoke," he explained.

Later in the morning, making their way

**"I may be home a little late, Dear. I'm in a holding pattern over New York."**



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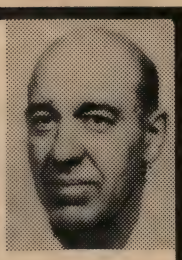

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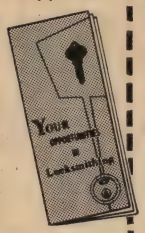

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upstream, they came upon the skeletal remains of three adults at the water's edge. Sopilotes, huge black vultures, had eaten most of the flesh and a swarm of voracious jungle ants were attacking what was left. Lockridge shuddered at the sight. It was impossible to tell whether they had been Indians or Indonesians nor how they had met their death. Only one thing seemed fairly certain. Lockridge pointed to the swarming ajji ants.

"Whoever they were, their bodies have been here for only hours," he said grimly. "The jungle ants have not finished working on them."

In the afternoon, after hiking across a flat clearing, they approached a reedy swamp teeming with kingfishers, herons, ibises, muscovy ducks, teal and many other species of water fowl, some of them brilliantly plumaged. He scanned the swamp carefully and deliberated. Though not much more than a quarter of a mile in width, it extended inland for a greater distance than he could see, perhaps a shallow tributary of the Laripo, wet only during the rainy season. By wading straight across they could avoid what was likely to be a long detour.

It seemed safe enough when he entered the water with Sao following close behind him. For the first few hundred yards the water was scarcely above their ankles. Then it began to deepen, creeping up to their knees and when the reeds thickened into tall stands he began to have his doubts.

"If it becomes any deeper we'll go back and either walk around the swamp or look for a more narrow part," he said.

A few minutes later Sao suddenly cried out in alarm: "*Caiman!* It's over there!"

He followed the direction of her pointing finger. A long, darkish log was floating out between two wide clumps of weeds and approaching at a diagonal behind them, cutting off retreat.

"I realized immediately that the girl was right," Lockridge said later. "The monster's resemblance to a floating log was remarkable. It would have fooled me completely except for the fact that there was no current in the swamp.

"We turned around in a hurry and started back toward land. At first the *caiman* maintained a diagonal course as if intent on cutting us off from shore. We angled away and the *caiman* also veered. Maybe this sounds crazy, perhaps it was only my imagination but it seemed to me that the *caiman* was exhibiting a sort of intelligence and playing a sadistic game before closing in.

"When it did I saw its short, broad snout elevated just above the water and it advanced rapidly, crawling along the shallow bottom, tail swishing powerfully from side to side to increase its speed. Even so we could have beaten it to land if Sao had not tripped over something on the bottom and fallen forward in the water."

Lockridge pulled her quickly to her feet and as she splashed on to shore the *caiman* raised its blunt, broad snout above the water, ready to grab him. It opened its hideous mouth and for an unnerving instant he thought of slashing at it with the machete. The risk of having his arm caught between its formidable jaws was too great and he let the machete go with all its strength, aiming at the open mouth.

The machete lacked balance for a throwing knife, however. When it left his hand it half turned and hit the *caiman's* mouth sidewise. The jaws snapped shut like a trap, breaking the thin blade. Nevertheless the *caiman's* attack was momentarily halted and Lockridge hurried to dry land.

Regaining control of his jumping nerves, he stared at the *caiman* which once again resembled a floating log, and at the swamp beyond. He shook his head and his voice was self-accusing. "That was a bad mistake. We won't try the swamp again. There are probably more of them hiding out there among the reeds."

It took them several hours to detour around the swamp, circle back towards the river and wearily find what appeared to be a safe spot to spend the night. Lockridge later declared it was the most exhausting and disheartening day of their return journey.

They continued walking up stream the next morning and in the afternoon approached Sao's flood-devastated village.

The survivors greeted Sao as one who had returned from the dead. Jatuma, the headman, welcomed Lockridge solemnly. More than half of his people had perished, he declared.

Lockridge spent several days in the village. He found the Indonesians to be a hospitable, happy people. He worked and fished with the men for food and his evenings were spent with Sao. It was, in a way, an almost idyllic existence, the outside world all but forgotten.

Then, one day, a cayuca appeared, paddled by two Arawaks from his camp. Dr. Mendes had made many searches for him, they declared. He had finished collecting snake poisons and was ready to return to his own country. Before breaking camp and paddling back to the Maroni, he had sent them to make a final hunt for him.

"It was one of those breaks that sometimes happen," Lockridge told the press when interviewed in Jacksonville several days later. "If Dr. Mendes had not ordered that last hunt for me, had waited for Jatuma to build an outrigger for me, I would have returned to our camp site to find it deserted. As it turned out, the Arawaks discovered me and brought me back in time to fly back home with Dr. Mendes." ◆◆◆

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# I STOLE THE GOLDEN IDOL

Continued from page 33

Guajiro and the Kogi, as well as the deadly Chibchas. But the sight of the disemboweled toad told me that I was about to face the most fearsome aboriginal tribe in Colombia—the headhunting Chibchas.

Suddenly, there was a slow beating of drums and I left the track and followed another, narrower trail. Reaching a clearing, I was wading across a shallow stream when the intense drumming stopped. I didn't like that at all.

A short distance beyond the stream there was a stretch of green slime. Searching for a way around, I discovered a sagging bridge made of short poles lashed together with vines. I tested my weight on the structure and it swayed alarmingly.

But there was no other way to cross. I started over. About halfway, the undergrowth parted behind me and an Indian emerged. Before I could bat an eyelash there were about a dozen of them. Nightmarish-looking, they rushed toward the bank of the stream shouting, waving their weapons. My pursuers were armed with eight-foot spears. They were squat, bowlegged and completely naked, with no adornment of any kind—not even a feather.

One of the natives, his features coarse, brutish, held a long bow in one hand; in the other, a bundle of crude cane arrows tipped with bone. His jet-black hair hung lank and shaggy down past his muscular shoulders.

As I hesitated on the swaying bridge, he placed an arrow in the bow-string and half-drew the string back threateningly. He jabbered, indicated the jungle to the west with a jerk of his head. His teeth, I noticed, had been ground to sharp points—positive evidence that he was a Chibcha.

I made a desperate grab for my holstered revolver, but lost my footing, stumbled, and dropped the pistol which went off the moment it struck the bridgepoles, spewing an explosive charge through the silent jungle.

The bridge collapsed as the bullet tore away the main supporting liana, spilling me into the muck. I struggled to my feet, clawing slime from my eyes and mouth. I turned quickly, retrieved my pistol, expecting swift retaliation from the Indians. The Chibchas confronted me like a band of shaggy apes. Every face I looked into showed pointed fangs. Some moments passed before I realized that the ferocious headhunting Chibchas were laughing at me.

In a few seconds I was surrounded by a jostling crowd armed mostly with spears and bows and arrows. Two of the natives had machetes. They were in no hurry. They dragged me into a clearing and remained in plain sight for over an hour, then a few of them wandered off into the trees and returned shortly dragging two bodies—the dead men were white.

I was sick with horror as I watched the Chibchas behead the two men. No doubt, this had been the source for their machetes. The Chibchas squatted for a few moments about the severed heads chattering, then, they began making *maneowe*—scooping out the brains and eating them raw. I looked away from the grisly sight.

I wasn't exactly a newcomer to Colombia, and knew that some of the hinterland tribes practiced cannibalism, but I had never actually seen it done.

Another hour dragged by. The sun was now directly overhead and the surface of the river reflected the furnace-like heat. One of the Chibchas grabbed my musette bag, ripping it from the shoulder strap. Three others stripped my shirt and pants clear of my body. In a few seconds I stood before the savages stark naked. They dragged me down to the ground and staked me in a spreadeagle fashion. The leader held his machete above my head, his arm crooked, ready to split my skull wide open. I felt my body heave in nauseating horror, envisaged the bastards making *maneowe* of me. I closed my eyes, held my breath, a silent paroxysm was screaming inside me . . .

A second, then another and another passed . . . they tolled through my brain and I was still alive. I opened my eyes. The leader was still standing over me, machete in hand, but he was watching the others, staring in amazement at what they had dumped from my musette bag. I heard them groan and saw their faces stricken with awe at the sight of the gold statue. It was a glittering, solid-gold figurine, burnished and gleaming—El Dorado's Glory, or the Gilded One. I had heard stories about how the Chibchas worshipped the Gilded One and now evidence to support that was all around me as the Chibchas threw down their weapons and lay prostrate before the golden idol.

They cut me free and bowed reverently, backing from me slowly, their eyes to the ground. One of the savages kneeled before me and kissed my right foot, jabbering, showing holy obeisance. Suddenly, I realized that I had been elevated to the stature of a god—the bearer of the Gilded One, symbolizing the glory that was once the Chibchas. After much of this, the indian who seemed to be the leader, motioned respectfully for me to follow them and we set out through the jungle.

* * *

I had come to Colombia to keep my part of a bargain with Lonnie Rivers, an old buddy who rode shotgun with me in Vietnam. A placard on the instrument panel of our chopper claimed that the helicopter we piloted regularly from Saigon to the Mekong Delta and back had a world record of 14,209 flying hours. We had grown very close during those two years and before our discharge I promised Lonnie I would join him as soon as I

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could raise my half of the money to buy a chopper.

The idea was Lonnie's. The Trans-Andean Pipeline Company was looking for bush pilots to ferry supplies and laborers across Amazon tributaries between the oil wells near Orito to the Pacific seaport of Tumaco.

A couple of months later, Lonnie and I were part of a column of helicopters jockeying along razorback ridges and rapids-choked gorges, ferrying tons of tractors, cabins, and pipe to inaccessible sites in the world's most awesome terrain.

We were vacationing in Quito, browsing in an antique shop when I came across a barely legible tablet that I purchased for a few American dollars. Lonnie and I discovered, with some help from the local museum, it was an ancient diary written by a slave in the mines of Muzo. The museum curator worked for two weeks to decifer the markings. There was a reference to the idol of El Dorado's Glory and the diary gave us the answer to the centuries-old mystery of the stunning object that treasure hunters have long considered the most valuable piece of the secret hoards that escaped the ravage of the Spanish Conquistadors . . .

I had counted more than 20 varieties of moth fluttering around the ceiling bulb when the bunkhouse began to resonate to the throb of helicopter engines. A hint of equatorial dawn sharpened the skyline of forest surrounding the jungle camp. Far off, red and green navigation lights bobbed through cloud tendrils that touched the forest crown.

The column of helicopters blustered into the compound and set down in a storm of dust. Lonnie and I went out to our helicopter, ready to embark on our strange journey seeking the idol of El Dorado's Glory.

Lonnie handled the chopper as if it were wired into his nervous system. He veered into a gorge, sinking almost into the spume of the rapids. He bored upstream just under low clouds, fanning foliage on both sides. We followed the snaking pipeline up the Andes.

We darted out of the gorge and headed toward the famed dead volcano, Villamil, where the diary revealed the golden idol was hidden. The trick was to drop down through the mouth of Villamil—1,000 feet—and fly out again. It wasn't going to be easy, but the stakes were high enough to make it worth the try.

Two hours later, we saw the huge crater below us, gaping ominously. Lonnie lowered the chopper slowly, hovering over the yawning mouth, then we began a slow descent into its dark bowels. It was only moments until the chopper's skids touched ground. I looked up and saw the thin shaft of light that lit the inside of the crater eerily.

We followed the diary's ancient map, making our way carefully toward a huge boulder that leaned against the interior wall about 200 feet from the chopper. The volcanic ash was knee-deep and it not only made the going tough, but it made it difficult to determine whether our estimates were correct. However, the boulder seemed almost certain to be the "colossus stone" described in the diary. We worked at the boulder with picks and crowbars for hours. Finally it gave way. Behind the huge stone was the hollow opening in the wall the diary had mentioned. Lonnie lit the opening with his torch, checking for snakes; there were none. He reached in; his arm was swallowed up to the shoulder. When he pulled it out, he held the priceless idol. We both looked at each other with amazement. It was that easy.

The trip up to the mouth of the volcano was more hazardous than it was going down. Our eyes had become accustomed to the strange darkness, and as we approached Villamil's mouth, the light was blinding us. I was consoling myself with thoughts about the idol resting in my musette bag, when suddenly I felt the chopper veer, swerving uncontrollably, being pushed by a sudden downward draft. We were 50 feet from the volcano's mouth when the chopper slammed against an interior wall and I could hear the huge rotary blades grinding against stone. Suddenly, everything stopped. I looked out and saw we were hanging in midair, dangling precariously from one of the chopper's blades which was trapped in a crevice in the side wall. I was closest to the ledge and climbed out first. I just made it. Before Lonnie could get out, the weight of the chopper loosened the blade and the big bird went plummeting almost 1,000 feet down to the floor of the volcano—it exploded on impact.

I was staring at the burning craft when I heard the strange sound of my voice echoing the screams of a madman. When I pulled myself together, I scaled the remaining 50 feet and collapsed as soon as I'd made it over the rim. Two days later, I was captured by the Chibchas.

* * *

I could smell the settlement long before we reached it. Water gleamed beyond slender manicole palms. As we emerged into a broad clearing, a pack of snarling dogs rushed toward us and were dispersed by energetic clubbing. A naked throng, men, women and swarms of children, gathered quickly. Others peered from shadowy openings among the huddle of leaf- and grass-roofed huts called "Benabs".

An elderly, scowling Indian with pitted features and an abnormally distended stomach—apparently the headman—rose stiffly from his seat on a log. I didn't like the calculating gleam in his eyes.

The headman—his name, I learned, was Turanta—took an object wrapped in a tobacco leaf and held it high above his head.

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When he exposed the grisly contents I felt nausea well up inside me. I was looking at a shriveled human head, smok-blackened, wrinkled, a shrunken horror not much bigger than an orange.

Turanta scowled and made it clear that his interest in me was purely anatomical. His face changed shape when one of the warriors presented him with the golden idol of El Dorado's Glory. He threw down the shrunken head, walked toward me and embraced me in a backbreaking bear hug. The rancid odor of his breath was almost unbearable.

When the chief regained control he signalled for the witch doctor, who confirmed that the statue was authentic. They led me toward a thatched roof hut near a clear, spring-fed lake. Beside it, was a field of corn. Several girls were bathing in the lake or basking naked in the afternoon sun. Their tawny bodies were well-proportioned, their breasts large and firm. They surveyed me with curiosity, conversing in low, animated voices.

The witch doctor explained with a stick that he used to trace pictures on the soft ground, that some sort of celebration ceremony would be held in my honor. I fervently hoped that I wasn't intended to be too closely involved in the rites—whatever their nature.

Later, when moonlight spread across the clearing, a drum began to throb. Others took up the beat. Figures stirred, slipped like phantoms from corners and hammocks and raced toward a huge fire. The drumming became louder, the tempo quickening until the continual, frenzied thudding provoked shreiks of protest and defiance from the nocturnal creatures of the jungle.

The Indians began to dance, prancing and howling like the demons that influenced their superstition-riddled minds. Drinking and dancing continued far into the night. I rested, bemused but unable to sleep. Once I thought I heard a ghastly human scream and saw vague forms dragging a struggling figure toward the dark forest. It might have been part of some weird ceremony, or perhaps there was a more sinister interpretation. Whatever provoked that awful cry, the sound was not repeated.

Despite acute discomfort, I eventually dozed off. Something awoke me; a strange presence interrupted the steady rhythm of sleep. I looked up and before me stood a bronzed beauty. She wore a flimsy *quayo* or bead-and-cotton apron that barely covered her in front and left her buttocks bare. She wore a carved pendant around her neck, it was a symbol of her importance as the headman's eldest daughter. I gathered this much from the way she pushed the pendant toward me proudly and repeated the headman's name. Then she pointed to herself and said "Lumina."

I gathered that was her name and repeated: "Lumina." She smiled and shook her head, yes. I was right. I knew better than to refuse Turanta's hospitality.

There was no nonsense about Lumina, no preliminaries. She stripped away the brief *quayo* and said in broken Spanish, "You like?"

Lumina had an exceptionally beautiful body. Her legs were straighter than those of most Indian women, and her hips wide and well-rounded. Her breasts were high and firm.

She slid down next to me, all the time murmuring in broken Spanish. My grasp of the language isn't very good, but she left no doubt about what she meant. Already she had my shirt off . . .

For three days and three nights Lumina and I made love and on the fourth night I wandered out into the village alone, explaining that I needed to exercise my legs and get a breath of fresh air. Lumina approved and began preparing dinner.

A large hut, somehow sinister in its isolation on the edge of the jungle clearing, aroused my curiosity. It was completely enclosed, and apart from the small entry, there was no break in the tightly woven palm walls. This in itself was most unusual.

I walked toward it. It appeared to be deserted, but a low fire smoldered just inside the low doorway, which was screened with palm fronds. A thin line of aromatic smoke rose through a gap in the apex of the conical roof.

A musty odor of age and death seeped through the hut's gloomy opening. I could guess what manner of grisly relics hung round those smoke-blackened walls. It was the witch doctor's trophy hut, the *shaiman's* den, home of demons and the spirits of the dead departed.

I wanted a closer look, but to pass beyond that doorway meant, most probably, a slow and horrible death. I peered into the smoke-haze. Obligingly, a burning stick snapped, flared up, chasing some of the deeper shadows.

I could just distinguish a few of the numerous objects adorning the walls. There were ceremonial demon masks, hideously carved and painted with staring eyes and bestial features. There were straw masks, too, and feathered capes dulled by soot and grime. I saw seed-gourd rattles, girdles of monkey tails, bleached skulls hung on fibers. The brief shower of sparks illuminated round baskets containing all the loathsome props of the jungle sorceror and the great ritual drums covered—I suspected—with human skin.

But what astounded me most, was the sight of El Dorado's Glory shimmering in this strange chamber of horrors. This incredible ancient rendering depicted a ceremony almost as old as mankind itself: The Chibchas dusted each new king with powdered gold and cloaked him with decorations. Attendants, facing away from the royal person, rode him into Lake Guatavita where he was submerged momentarily, washing away his bright covering as a sacrifice to the god of the lake. Now this ancient replica, priceless beyond measure, was part of a primeval collection somewhere deep in the jungles of South America.

The village was quiet, nothing stirred and the moon cast its reflection on a few dugouts docked on the nearby lake. I made my way slowly to the back of the hut and with a ceremonial knife presented to me by the headman himself I began to carve an opening through the closely-thatched palm wall. I estimated it would take no more than a minute to get in and out with the idol and perhaps, another minute to make it to one of the dugouts on the lake. From there, it was only a matter of following the currents downstream for about two days until I would be at Orito and civilization.

I was about to slip into the hut when out of nowhere I found myself surrounded by native warriors, brandishing spears. One by one, they drove their spears into the ground, forming a tight circle around me, caging me like a desperate animal. I looked up and standing in the doorway of the hut was Lumina. She looked frightened and was obviously pleading for my life. I don't know how she got there, perhaps she, like the other women had come running over to see what the disturbance was all about. I reached for my .45, but thought better of it and remained frozen on one knee.

Turanta ordered me bound and gagged and in a few minutes I was thrown into a filthy hut that reeked from the odor of human excrement. Hours went by, and the stench grew worse. Outside I could hear the murmur of excited voices.

Finally, the witch doctor entered and

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looked at me contemptuously. He pranced about muttering solemn incantations, shaking a gourd filled with seeds. Two warriors entered and carried me out to the common square. I was stripped naked. An old woman produced a square mat of woven material through the fibers of which scores of huge, black *Tucanare* ants had been inserted so that one side of the mat presented an array of champing jaws and powerful mandibles; the other side, rows of wicked stingers eager for a target.

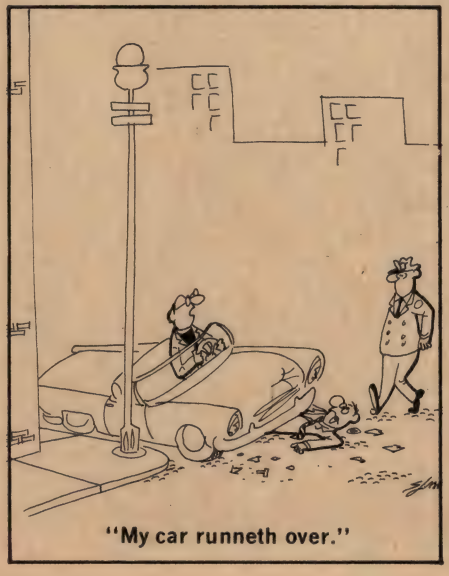
The old woman passed the mat slowly over my body, overlooking no part of my body, not even my face and genitals. I suffered in silence, knowing that to cry out just once I would be dealt an even more horrible blow. Finally all conscious realization left me. When I regained consciousness I realized that I had been left to die there alone. Every part of my body felt burned and mangled. I closed my eyes and waited for death.

Suddenly something sharp pierced my bound wrists. I looked up and saw the blurred image of Lumina, she was cutting me free. In a few moments I staggered to my feet, every part of my body caked in clotted blood. With my last bit of strength I followed her toward the lake and collapsed as we made it to one of the dugouts.

When I awakened Lumina was sleeping peacefully beside me as the small dugout bobbed along on the southward current. The sun was up and its hot rays burned and blistered my mutilated body; every wound was inflamed. My groans awakened her and she doused me with cool water from the lake. She covered me with her *quayo* to protect me from the broiling sun and paddled the dugout through the twisting channels of the lake that became a winding murky river cutting through the heart of the thick jungle foliage. The odds of the Chibchas catching us now were very slim, because the lake had channeled into scores of jungle rivers; it seemed unlikely that they could determine the right river soon enough to overtake us. Now our enemy was the insect-ridden jungle, the humid stench, and starvation and thirst.

Lumina smeared my body with clay she dug out of the riverbank. Its effect was like a balm, soothing the intense burning. She ripped out vines, roots and all, and we sucked the refreshing moisture. The boat moved slowly, caught in the murky doldrums of the jungle. I tried to help Lumina paddle, but I had hardly the strength to move. A few hours later, we were both huddled close to each other, drifting into a euphoric sleep.

When I awoke the next morning I could feel the renewed strength coursing through my body. I estimated that in one more day we would be through the jungle river expanse and back on to the open lake and free sailing. Lumina had managed to obtain a few cocoanuts off some low-hanging trees that arched across the river. With her knife, she punched deep holes and we drank the milky contents greedily. I helped Lumina paddle and we fought off the stinging insects by covering our bodies with layers of mud.



"My car runneth over."

Time on a jungle river passes slowly; it flows monotonously and the never-changing scenery gives the impression that time and movement have stopped completely. I began to suspect that we were not really moving, that we were both going mad, that we would both die on this river. Then I heard it. It was a strange hollow roaring sound that came from the distance, unlike any jungle sound I had heard before. Lumina smiled and pointed toward the direction of the sound and suddenly I realized what it was; it was the sound of Lake Guatavita roaring southward toward civilization.

A few hours later, we were on the lake and its foaming rapids hurried us quickly toward Orito.

* * *

Two weeks after our arrival in Orito, Lumina and I were married. The authorities there explained that the country's law prohibits anyone from confiscating national cultural treasures—that if I had been successful in obtaining El Dorado's Glory, I would have had to surrender it to the government, anyway. It made the loss of my friend Lonnie seem rather pointless, until I learned that government troops had successfully persuaded the Chibchas to relinquish the legendary idol. It is now on display in the country's Gold Museum, a testament to the courage and sacrifice of an American pilot named Lonnie Rivers. ◆◆◆

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# THE WAR LOVERS

Continued from page 36

continent. "Well, hell and damn! You pay me to do the bleeding. I'll just zig around the bastards and charge them from the rear."

The colonel's comment was still being framed when Tom Veyrinas sprang to his feet and hoofed it down along the sand dunes, putting himself to the left of the rebel-held oasis before breaking into the open . . .

Almost immediately he was taken under fire.

Then from behind him came the *crack-crack!* of covering fire from black African troops of the Chad army and their French officer cadre. Tom darted out on the flat desert, dodged and weaved as rebel bullets clawed the air around him, and circled warily *behind* the wooden bunker.

Abruptly, a slug tore into his shoulder. The pain was sudden, intense. Tom was thrown down with jarring force, but instead of attending to his wound, he unlimbered a grenade and threw it. He felt the concussion as the blast collapsed part of the wall of the bunker. There were shrill, agonized screams from inside.

"Come on out!" Tom shouted in a pain-racked voice. *"Reviens! Toute de suite!"*

One of the rebels appeared briefly in the open space created by the grenade—raising a weapon. Tom whipped his French-made automatic rifle in a flat arc, blowing the man's head apart in a messy red spray.

"Come out *now!* Last chance!" On his feet, Tom moved forward.

The rebels probably didn't know that Tom was struggling to keep from losing consciousness. Or maybe the decision to surrender had been brewing all along. Thirty feet from the bunker, hit again by a slug that grazed his ribs, Tom collapsed to his knees and swayed precariously, trying to keep his weapon aimed at the building. He felt sure he was going to black out, sink the rest of the way to the ground, when, suddenly, the four remaining Communist rebels came through that open space, arms raised, weapons discarded . . .

The local army and its French advisers are happy to have "self-employed" soldiers like Tom Veyrinas around. The war against Red insurgents in the Republic of Chad, a former French colony in the center of Africa, would be highly unpopular if French officers started coming home in coffins, so it's only natural that free-lance fighters are hired on a cash basis to face the toughest risks.

A few months before that gunfight at the desert's edge on March 13, 1970, Christian R. "Tom" Veyrinas hadn't known much about Chad, except that it was a sparsely-populated country along the equator. Tom learned more at a *brasserie* (cafe) in Paris where he was recruited at a salary of $900 per month, plus an apartment in the capital, Fort-Lamy, plus a ration allowance in *francs*.

"I don't know how it all started," Tom told the writer in the hospital where he was taken with his wounds. "I guess it began six years ago when I was 25 and did a combat tour down in You-Know-Where with the U.S. Special Forces. I never managed to get home after that. Some guys I knew were being paid to fight in the Congo. I went and tried it for awhile, and later I ended up in Paris. Hell, I guess I just have a wild streak . . ."

It isn't a very large war in Chad. The rebel Tom Veyrinas killed was only the 14th casualty of 1970. Still, it's another in the long list of shooting wars, going on *now*, which offer jobs to men in Tom's line of work.

Tom Veyrinas is a soldier of fortune. A mercenary. A professional soldier who fights for the excitement of it and who'll go anywhere for a price . . .

In the final third of the twentieth century, when huge regular armies and nuclear weapons keep proliferating, it might seem odd that there's such demand for "gypsy" adventurers—men who bear arms for a living. But there've always been a small number of human beings who face the peril and excitement of combat for money, for kicks, or for a cause—such as defending Israel or overthrowing Fidel Castro—and there'll always be jobs for them.

In the undercover world of free-lance fighting, there's a special place for pilots. A qualified flier with a multiengine rating can make up to $200 per day in any of half-a-dozen wars where the chances of being shot down vary with the wages.

If coolness and a deadpan sense of humor are synonymous with talent, the best of the "gypsy" pilots is probably 34-year-old John C. "Jack" Parker—a long-haired, moustachioed Vietnam air veteran.

With a Vietnamese wife and two children, Jack Parker travels around freely, claims no home anywhere (he was born in Los Angeles) and says he has never owned a piece of furniture or an automobile. He won his soldier of fortune wings flying Biafra's Swedish-made Minicon attack planes against the MIGs of the Nigerian Air Force two years ago, and has a couple of scars from that now-defunct war. In January of 1970, Jack and his family moved to a hacienda-style apartment in Caracas, Venezuela, where a pro-Communist revolt has been sputtering, and sparking for years.

Jack was one of two American pilots hired to fly single-engine Pilatus Porter aircraft for *Aeronaves de Venezuela*, a backwoods airline which supposedly carries foodstuffs, cargo, and mail to the oilfields and to hinterland villages. In reality, *Aeronaves* is used almost exclusively for aerial reconnaissance of the rebels. Jack and his young partner, 25-year-old Ken Yates, a bachelor from Lawton, Okla., were given the assignment of stalking the rebels in the up-country highlands, photographing them, and harassing them whenever possible.

It started easy. In February, Jack spotted a raiding party of rebels and flew circles around them, directing the local army in for the kill. Several terrorists were wounded and all were seized.

That night, Jack and his wife invited Ken Yates for dinner and the group sat on Jack's open-air balcony, drinking Tecate beer and watching a pink sunset over Caracas.

"I'm suddenly getting afraid," Ken Yates admitted. "That thing today. You know, I thought I wanted this 'gypsy' life, but now I wonder. I could be flying for Pan American or TWA if I wanted. Would you?"

Jack shrugged. "Money's good. Some prestige, I guess. But not very interesting. It's all in what you want."

Ken looked up at his Venezuelan girl friend, Celia Cabrillo, who was staring out at the city. "Don't get me wrong. It isn't exactly fear. I just wonder if this is the kind of life I

want."

"I dunno," Jack shrugged. "It's up to you."

Next day, returning from carrying machine parts to a Maracaibo oil rig, Ken Yates spotted a column of rebel guerrillas on the march 65 miles east of Caracas. He threw his plane into a tight turn and went down for a closer look.

Suddenly, muzzle flashes from automatic weapons sparkled against the green-brown of the foothills. Ken felt his plane tremble as bullets tore into it. His hydraulics went, then his power. Trailing smoke and spraying debris, he nursed the craft down to a crash landing along a riverbed.

Battered and bloody, with a broken arm and a fractured rib, Ken staggered out of the wreckage and glanced uphill to see the Reds rushing down at him not more than a thousand yards away.

Ken wriggled back inside his plane and got off a hasty "Mayday" message. Then he bounded out again, turned, and plunged into heavy underbrush.

The local air force scrambled a flight of De Havilland Venom jet fighters from Caracas' Samolino Airport, but Jack Parker's liaison plane was closer and Jack arrived over the scene first. Except for a pistol in his coat pocket, Jack had no weapon of any kind.

"Problems . . ." he moaned beneath his breath, tilting a wing and looking down at a brush-covered arroyo where two dozen Communist guerrillas ran wildly after the lone figure of Ken Yates. Ken was slogging toward a flat, open stretch of ground where the Reds would be sure to catch him.

"Control!" Jack barked into his microphone. "Where the hell are those Venoms?"

"Just airborne now," came the reply. "They'll reach you in about . . . uh . . . 11 minutes."

"Eleven minutes! That might as well be forever!"

The frustration seething inside him, Jack took his bird down to treetop level, flattened out behind the running Red guerrillas, and peered over the rim of his nose at the lone figure of Ken Yates.

As he roared overhead, Jack caught Ken's eyes and gestured toward the level terrain ahead. *No choice,* Jack thought. *It's almost senseless, but . . . I've got to land and pick him up . . .*

He cranked the plane around again in a tight turn, dropped flaps, and aimed at his own shadow—lining himself up for a touchdown 50 yards from Ken. High trees stood off either wingtip and Jack saw obstructions at each end of his intended "runway" . . .

Suddenly, a slug crashed into the Pilatus' oil pan, releasing a messy black spray that covered Jack's windshield at the very instant he was about to touch ground. Blinded, he had a fraction of a second to decide: land anyway, or pull up and go around. There just wasn't enough time for another try. Jack allowed the plane to touch down, threw his weight on the brake pedals and felt the Pilatus bounce and shudder, rapidly running out of room.

Ken Yates came plunging out of the trees, hobbling awkwardly now, a flesh wound in his right leg. Above the sound of his own engine, Jack heard the voices of the Red guerrillas close behind. Suddenly, several figures broke out of the treeline not fifty feet behind Ken.

"Damn!" Jack moaned.

He hadn't done any shooting for a long time. It felt vaguely absurd, bending an elbow and bracing the .38 pistol against his forearm. It just didn't feel real, even when he aimed on a weaving figure and fired. The single shot was like an explosion inside the cramped cabin. It caught the onrushing Red in the throat, spun him around and sent him


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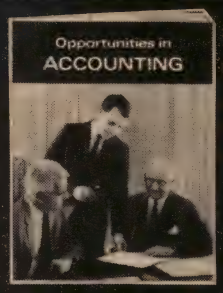


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flailing.

Jack fired several more shots while Ken skirted the tail of the Pilatus, reached the left door, and plunged into the cabin, wheezing and gasping.

Momentarily bogged by the pistol fire, the Red guerrillas went prone, glancing up at the afternoon sun, they spotted a formation of eight de Havilland Venoms peeling off above them, diving . . .

Two hours later, he stood over the bed in Caracas' Mission Hospital where Ken Yates was being trussed up and splinted.

"What happened to those guys?" Ken asked.

"I hear on the radio several were killed, the rest scattered. They were planning to blow up a police box. I guess the shooting is going to continue."

"Yeah. Well, it can continue without me."

Jack just looked at him.

"I've learned something here in Venezuela, Jack. I've learned this isn't what I want in life. So you're gonna have to find a new partner. Thanks for saving my hide."

The shooting in Venezuela *is* continuing, Jack Parker *is* still there. Just one more war where American civilians are bearing arms . . .

Farther north, the continuing war in the Caribbean took a new twist early this year when a 41-foot schooner loaded to the gunwhales with armed men, churned through the windward passage near Baracoa, on the eastern tip of Cuba's Oriente Province. The boat was named *Teresa M.*

Only moments from launching an invasion, Vicente Mendez maneuvered his tall frame into the head, set down his automatic rifle with a clanking sound, and began fastidiously grooming his wavy hair.

Mendez's second in command, Arfo Furente, stood on deck scanning the green, whitecapped Caribbean for Red patrol boats. Furente was thin, nervous, highstrung, and his voice squeaked as he intoned aloud: "Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed be thy name . . ."

Pleased with himself in the mirror, whistling cheerfully, Vicente Mendez picked up his rifle, an M-16, adjusted his wide-brimmed campaign hat, and strutted out on deck.

"A perfect day," Mendez grinned.

He exchanged victory signs with the two youngest men in his force, the Sanchez brothers, Paco and Rodrigo, ages nineteen and seventeen. "Today," he proclaimed, "is the beginning of the end for Castro."

If strength of personality could make up for a shortage of automatic weapons, and if courage would compensate for a lack of air support, Vicente Mendez—best known for squiring leggy blondes around Miami's nightclub circuit—might succeed, now, on April 17, 1970, in his attempt to invade Cuba with exactly sixteen men. Each wore a shoulder patch that read, "Death Before Slavery."

*In moments,* Mendez told himself, *we go . . .*

First, the exile leader of the anti-Red organization *Alpha 66* stood on the fantail of the boat and asked his men if anybody wanted to back out.

He had no takers.

Mendez's target was the spring sugar harvest. He hoped to wreak enough damage, in the same area where Castro's own guerrilla band had started out, to convince farmers that it was time to rise against Communist rule. "Once the Cuban people know there is a way to defeat Castro," he'd insisted to a journalist the previous day, "they will join us in vast numbers."

What Vicente Mendez did not advertise was that many of his hard-trained troopers were *soldiers of fortune*—free-lance combatants who'd joined the fight against Castro because of the adventure, the excitement, and the money, rather than for political reasons.

One of them, Harry Gale, from Marathon, Florida, wasn't even a Cuban exile. U.S. Army vet Gale, 31, had never been in Cuba in his life—unlike most of the others, who'd been born there—but he'd convinced the members of *Alpha 66* that they could use his soldiering talents. Now, as the big boat veered toward shore and the men prepared to disembark, Harry grinned sheepishly and reached to shake Mendez's hand.

"We'll meet downtown," Harry said.

*"Si.* In downtown Havana. After we win."

40 minutes later, drenched to the bone, Harry Gale sloshed out of the seaweed-choked water along the shore near a fishing village in Oriente Province. Second-in-command of an eight-man segment of the attack force under Arfo Furente, Harry led the men ashore on uninhabited beach and collapsed—wet, nervous, and aware that Castro's patrols might be anywhere.

Harry and the others were illegal not only in Castro's view, but in the eyes of U.S. authorities as well. The soldier of fortune knew that if he ever returned home, he might face prosecution for entering Cuba in violation of American law.

There on that beach, it didn't seem to matter. Gale was about to beckon the men to follow him inland when the sudden tattoo of automatic weapons fire resounded at deafening volume, farther up the beach.

Vicente Mendez and the second group of eight men were landing against unexpected resistance.

*A sixteen man invasion?*

Certain harsh facts had either been ignored or deemed unimportant by the dapper, confident Mendez. Painful fact number one: Castro's espionage network learned of the planned invasion, knew approximately where it would take place, and amassed several regiments of the Communist "Army of the East"—under Castro's personal command—to arrange a greeting for Mendez. The Reds were even better prepared for this landing than they'd been at the Bay of Pigs almost a decade earlier.

Fact two: Mendez's force was committed to battle in pursuit of a goal that made about as much sense as a pipe dream. The idea was to get two guerrilla parties into the Sierra Maestra (where, 14 years ago, Castro himself mounted his guerrilla struggle against the government of Fulgencio Batista). Though he intended to live off the land while recruiting sympathizers and raiding sugar harvest centers, Mendez had unwittingly landed where support for Fidel Castro was

"Still want to go to Havana?"

strongest.

Mendez's party walked into a government-owned sugar plantation and almost immediately the eight men were prone in a cane grove, exchanging point-blank fire with Castro troops. It was a slugfast at close quarters, with smoke and burnt cordite hanging in the air over the green stalks of the sugar crop and men attacking each other in blurred, jerky movements.

Still cool, Vicente Mendez zig-zagged through waist-high cane, triggering his M-16 from the hip. A Communist soldier stood 40 feet to his left, intending to lob a grenade. Mendez cranked his weapon to bracket the man, and blew him apart.

Nobody knows exactly what happened next to Mendez and his eight: Radio Havana admitted that Mendez's men killed five soldiers with M-16 fire before being cornered. Havana added that two of Mendez's men were killed immediately. The others escaped that night into the mountains—but all were killed or captured the following morning.

For assault group two, under Arfo Furente and Harry Gale, the sound of gunfire was distressing and confusing. Everything in the invasion plan had depended on getting to the mountains before discovery.

"We must help them," Furente insisted. "We did not imagine fighting this early when we made the plan to separate. We must go back and fight together———"

"And get our hides blown apart!" Harry interrupted. "For God's sake, Arfo! Can't you see reality? Vicente and his guys are dead. Killed! There's no other possibility. If we reveal ourselves to the government troops down there, we'll die too———"

"What else is there? You cannot understand. You are not Cuban———"

And on it went. Eventually, Harry won. The eight spent that night near a small village, reluctant to risk contact with the Cuban natives. Next morning they filed through thick foliage toward the foothills of the mountain range.

Again, what happened next is not clear. A unit of Communist troops, entrenched behind a stone viaduct, ambushed Harry's group with small-arms and grenades. Amidst a raging firefight the younger of the Sanchez brothers, Paco, violated all the rules of combat by standing in the open and charging—and was cut to pieces. Harry and the others tried to get to the body, saw it was hopeless, and backed away instead, their ranks thinned and hacked.

Another night went by. In Miami, public relations men for *Alpha 66* leaked the story of the "invasion" and lauded it as the most important military event in years. The Reds in Havana also took delight in exaggerating the invasion out of all proportion to its actual significance. Castro himself, directing operations in his own Jeep, repeatedly went on radio to broadcast a blow-by-blow account of his hunt for Harry Gale and his men.

The organization which launched that "invasion" says it will launch more—until Castro is overthrown—and insists that *some* members of Mendez's force escaped alive into the Sierra Maestra to begin breeding opposition. Harry Gale and some of the others *may* be up in those mountains at this very moment, but the odds are overwhelmingly against it and Harry knew that when he joined up. His thirst for excitement was such that he didn't hesitate.

In Chad and Cuba, Indochina and Israel, civilians who do so by choice, are continuing to fight in wars that don't make the newspapers; for reasons that don't always make sense.

Those of us who enjoy the comforts of home can only look with awe at the soldier of fortune: His world is a place of real adventure—perhaps a little too much adventure for anybody else. ◆◆◆


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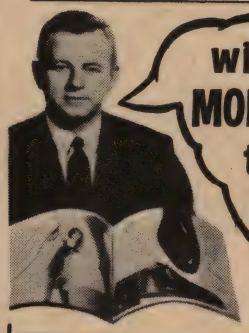

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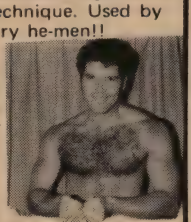

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# CALL GIRLS' WILDEST YEAR

Continued from page 31

Mann Act charge on him as well, since some of the girls came across state lines.

If it sounds like a wild way to make a dishonest dollar, the vice cops themselves confirm that it is. The US, says one veteran vice enforcement officer, has "run wild with sex," within the past year and a half. And, "More of it's happening in the middle west and far west, the areas you always thought were as strait-laced as your Aunt Sally. Guys are getting away with murder, especially the guys who rake in the profits, providing the girls."

Recent reports include tourist flights to Mexico that include onboard wife-swapping and wall-to-wall prostitutes; a bus tourist trip for swingers that ended up with serious trouble for all concerned; a brothel on rails for tired business men with all the trimmings of the great railroad era of half a century ago; a New York City prostitute operating deep underground, and charging an extra fee for the added thrill; even a young sharp operator selling sex in a WWII-vintage diving bell in deep waters off the Atlantic coastal shelf.

"I'll tell you," said a veteran vice officer by way of preface, "I think it's all economics, in a way—you can see it in people's attitudes, the way they dress, and the way they act about sex. The last year and a half or so, everybody just went plumb crazy."

It's an era in itself, says this veteran, and it's one that only happens at the end of an era. "I don't know—you may see them peddling it on sight-seeing buses, going right through the middle of the town. Or something like that. And after that—it'll all blow up. Maybe the economics of it, too. You're going to see a crackdown, one day, like this country's never known. But till then——"

On a hot day in August last summer, in a northeastern seacoast resort town not far from the Canadian border, a 32-year-old divorced master plumber named Francis Abel found a busty, no-bra, short-skirted girl of about 25 smiling at him. Abel, who apparently had a shy streak in him, didn't know just what to make of it.

"Hello," he said finally.

"Hello," said the girl, and bounced over. "Would you like to see the diving bell?"

"The diving bell?"

"Sure. I go down in a diving bell," the girl said. "Would you like to come along?"

"How much does it cost?" Abel asked.

"That all depends on how long you stay inside," the girl said. "And on how you want it—French or regular."

"I'll take it French," Abel said, getting the idea. "To start with."

"Then that costs fifty dollars," the girl said promptly. "Because the gas is expensive."

"I don't know———" Abel hesitated.

But he wound up taking the trip. And that night he found himself seated in a diving bell, with not one, but three girls.

It was true, Abel found out, about the special gases. Pouring a mixture of higher pressure gases into the diving bell made it much more comfortable; less hot and easier to breathe.

But the rest of it was true, too. The part he had expected.

"I'm hot," the girl he had first met said, after the bell had scraped bottom, and they had looked at fish through the porthole awhile. The girl's name, she said, was Natalie. "Do you mind if I take off my top?"

"No, that's all right," Abel said, "it *is* hot in here."

Natalie took off her top. After awhile Joan and Cathy took off their tops, too.

"Well, it sure is interesting, looking at those fish," Cathy said. She was short and plump, and had breasts that stood out firm and erect. "What do we do now?"

"I don't know," Abel said. "What do we do now?"

"That's up to you," Natalie said.

By now Joan had removed her bottom, too. She said it was hot in the diving bell. But then, giggling, she came over and sat on Abel's lap.

"You mean I get to do anything I want to do?" Abel said.

"Why not?" said Natalie. "It's your trip."

Cathy now removed the rest of her clothes, and began to tickle Joan, who giggled and squirmed in Abel's lap.

"Only fifty dollars?" Abel said, suspiciously.

"A little more," Natalie said. "After all, you've never been in a diving bell before, have you?"

"No, I never have," Abel agreed, "but still———"

But by now Joan and Miriam, fooling around together in Abel's lap, had got him past the point where his natural thrifty instincts preserved him. Or so Abel said later.

It was hot, Abel later reported, and sweaty in that diving bell, and it was true, he had never experienced anything like that before. And those French gases, he said, went right to his head and made him experience feelings of potency and excitement he hadn't expected, "like getting high."

But thinking it over afterwards, when he found he had spent $500 for an hour-and-a-half's time, Abel decided he was going to complain.

Police later picked up the purveyor of the whole scheme, a 28-year-old, bearded hippie former biology student, who had picked up the out-dated bell at a salvage auction and decided he and his friends could get rich on it.

The former student had been running the thing for over three months. And, a Canadian citizen, he skipped bail and got over the border without conviction by police.

That was just one of many examples from 1970, the wildest sex year America has ever experienced. And 1971 may hold surprises to outdistance even that.

One man I managed to make contact with (and whose name must be kept out of print) detailed an enterprise started last year and with a large expansion planned for 1971. He says:

"From my connection with ———— (an official associated with a local of a food-processing industry based in Chicago), I managed to freeload aboard a 'Happiness

Flight,' last June. The flight was supposed to be for married couples only. I got a friend of mine—a very free-thinking lady—to pose as my wife for the trip. Free-thinking or not, I don't think Jane expected what she got.

"Our destination was Acapulco . . . Almost from the time the flight left the ground, the liquor bottles were out. Most of the couples with us seemed to be solid people, a little more swinging than most, but not what you could call jet-setters. I don't think anybody there made over $12,000 a year. They were between the late twenties and early forties in age. The plane wasn't in the air a half hour before the wife in a couple sitting across the aisle from us asked me over for a drink. She was about thirty, buxom, good-looking, quite loaded. I hadn't been sitting there a minute before her hands were all over me. Her husband just sat there smiling. I said I wasn't ready yet and went back to my seat. She didn't mind—She and her husband just picked another couple.

"The plane didn't fly direct. At each stop you had a chance to get off and see the sights. But most people elected just to remain in the plane and keep the party going. This made the pilot and the charter service official quite nervous. They were worried that official action might ground the whole party.

"It took Jane a while to loosen up. But I remember seeing her with her clothes off, finally, in the middle of a jam-up with two other women and a man, a kind of helpless expression on her face. But she looked happy."

It's hard to know how many of these chartered trips, organized by various types of social organizations, turn into this kind of swinging sex-fest; or, of those that do, how many are deliberately planned that way from the beginning. But that they are on the increase is beyond argument.

Nor do they always turn out well. The experience of a bus tour of a midwestern Young Moderns group, organized out of a normal community social club for married couples, could hardly be said to have been a happy one.

The tour organizers, a couple named Larry and Jenny Waite (names changed), had made a specialty since 1968 of providing sexy vacations for groups who wanted to cut loose a little. But with this group, they either misjudged their clients or simply ran up against the law of averages, because the group split down the middle—into couples who wanted to swing and those who didn't.

The destination, again, was Mexico, Tijuana this time. But as the bus stopped each night at cheap motels, previously booked for the group, the couples who wanted to pair off with one another and those who didn't got more and more disgusted with each other.

By the time the bus reached Denver, Colorado, several fights had broken out among the men on the bus, brought about most often by unwelcome passes made at unwilling wives. One couple had to be left behind in Denver, when the husband, in the middle of a fight, took a swing at the policeman who came to break it up, and wound up with a concussion and a broken nose.

But it was in Tijuana, watching a sex exhibition, that the real trouble came. It began when somebody in the swingers group spiked the punch.

Mr. John Davidson (name changed), 33 years old, a construction engineer, later said he felt certain that the punch contained amyl nitrate—knockout drops. He said he and his wife, (members of the strait-laced segment) were not able to feel any particular shock at what they witnessed in the sex exhibition (undoubtedly the drops), but later, in recalling it, he said, "What I can remember of it was disgusting."


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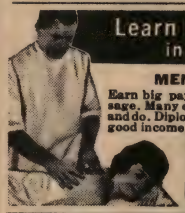

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But getting back into the bus, he noticed that he had more trouble walking than ordinary drinking would have occasioned. And once the bus began to roll, something he later called "an organized rape" began.

Davidson said those who tried to fight back could not muster the coordination to do what they wanted. Besides, he said, the knockout drops made everything hazy, so that "you found yourself doing things you would never do, and not really knowing you were doing them."

To add to the troubles, Mexican police had noticed the group, and stopped the bus. In the luggage of one passenger, they found a supply of marijuana. They detained this passenger, and then searched everyone else to the skin in a room that, Davidson said, "smelt like a latrine."

The Mexicans detained the Waites, who are still fighting to get back to the US. But since they have charges outstanding against them in the US, too, they may be in trouble for some time to come.

But for the vacationers, it has been even more unpleasant at home.

For one thing, the scandal got all over the town, and some photos of what happened have gone around too. Old friends of many years' standing are now not speaking to each other any more. And then, Davidson says, there are some very unpleasant memories which will not stop coming back. But he doesn't go into those in too much detail.

And then there is T.K. Jones. T.K. Jones is the man who operated what looked like a refrigerated perishables freight car on the midwestern runs of a prominent railway, one recently in financial troubles.

But the car was filled with girls, according to the railway detectives who tell the story on themselves, and the trip was a rich man's bad-boy's holiday. Though no railroad official will confirm the story, the men closest to it say that Jones knew the jumbled runs of the mixed-up railroad so well, he got away with his routes through 1969 and much of '70.

The old freight car was fixed up on the inside to look like a gay nineties bordello. It was air-conditioned, and there were narrow slits, disguised in the slatting on the outside of the car, to enable the riders to enjoy the view.

To get in on the ride, you had to sign up well in advance, the stories said. And you had to know Jones or somebody he knew, personally. Jones was able to pay the girls well, because the businessmen who patronized the ride paid *him* up to a thousand dollars each for a weekend excursion.

"I didn't hear your husband's last words . . . I was busy making out with a nurse at the time."

For well over a year, that freight car was a legend, like a ghost car, among certain midwestern railroad men. Old-timers would talk about it among themselves.

But others than railroad men saw the car. On one occasion, when Jones had thirteen girls in the car on the way to a convention in the Midwest's second biggest city, the train derailed. The girls panicked and raced down the tracks, some of them naked as the day they were born, creating two days of question mark headlines for the newspapers in a well-known Cleveland suburb.

Another time, a local resident outside Indianapolis reported seeing a refrigerated car barreling along the rails at 80 mph with its door open, and a balding fat man, together with three beautiful girls, sunning themselves, totally nude.

Who was T.K. Jones, really? No one willing to talk seems to know exactly. Some sources say that he was once a top railroad executive who flipped out when his small line was taken over by a big new conglomerate company, which promptly ruined.

One midwestern vice cop, however—one of the few who would admit knowledge of Jones at all—when interviewed by telephone, said: "No, to my knowledge he was never anything as big as that. He was just another con artist in the sex game, who happened to luck into the biggest and craziest thing of his life. Any connections he had were strictly big-shots he did business for. He was just another bum, himself, like the rest of the procurers."

But according to international law agency statistics, sex-on-the-move is confined neither to trains nor to the US. From East Europe, where loitering for vice is officially outlawed, have come reports of prostitutes walking crowded streets at night with flaps sewn onto the rear of their dresses, permitting a kind of penetration almost completely in public—while the walking never stops. Prostitutes have been reported in Japan who specialize in working a high-speed monorail system; in Switzerland on the scenic lift trains.

But in America, says a New York City vice cop, you can find all the evidence you need; sometimes without anything spectacular at all. In the New York City subways he found a twenty year old girl taking her tricks into unused motorman's compartments on almost-deserted trains just before dawn.

When spoken to, the girl, who called herself Irene, admitted that she made more money this way than she did when she used a hotel room. "It's the same old thing," she said, "what do I have to offer? But this way, the guy seems to get a thrill out of it. Especially on the express."

"I could take her in," the vice cop confirmed, "but I've had her in three times already, and she always comes back. And I never heard of her setting anybody up for a mugger, so why waste my time?" Irene, for her part, added that it did not bother her to be alone on the subway at night: "What's some guy going to do—Rape me?"

When asked, this younger vice cop did not share the feeling that some kind of sexual explosion was in the works. "It's getting wilder and wilder, sure. The old-timers say that only happens before a crackdown, and that after the blowoff you don't see anything but five dollar tricks, nothing fancy. But I don't see it. I think it could go on forever. Out in Long Island where I live, there's a guy with a fleet of Volkswagen buses. Fifty dollars a trick in the back! Can you imagine that? Fifty dollars. One thing I'll tell you—1970 was the biggest year for the way-out stuff that I've seen. And 1971 may be worse."

As for Irene, only one thing did bother her. "What am I going to do to make it special next year? Take them on a rocket to the moon?" ◆◆◆

# SEX TECHNIQUES

Continued from page 14

them to my office on Central Park West one day last fall, one impression prevailed:

Here were five who, judging by the way modern women become so easily bored, troubled and "hung up" about sex, should be disenchanted with love. But they were not. Here they were, though strangers to each other, ready to openly discuss their capacity for sexual enjoyment. This was a good sign. Some universal lessons and truth valuable to all men would possibly emerge from their discussion.

Meet them in the order they were introduced to each other that day:

MONICA TILSIT—Age 25, Assistant art director in a New York City book publishing house. Lives alone on East 78th Street in Manhattan's Upper East Side "Svelte Belt." Has never been married.

MARY ALICE SAMSOE—Age 25. Airline Stewardess. Lives with two other stewardesses in Queens, New York in a rented house near the two major New York airports.

RACHEL EMMENTHAL—Age 23. Married. One child, daughter, 14 months. Was a teacher before the baby was born. No longer works. Husband Carl working on doctorate in applied physics at Columbia University, also employed at a Long Island aircraft factory making military jet fighters. Home is a garden apartment in Queens. Of the five, Rachel appears the quietest, most easily intimidated. Speaks carefully, in formal manner almost Old World in flavor—it tends to annoy others.

ASSUNTA FONTINA—Nickname "Essie." Age 30. Clerks in a dress shop days, attends Brooklyn College evenings. Lives alone in Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. Is the only divorcee in the group. She lacks something in finesse and the niceties. She is as coarse as Rachel is delicate.

FRANCOISE BRIE—Age 27. Lives in Chelsea, another nice Manhattan district. Is French. Speaks with a slight accent and frequently fractures the English language in a charming manner. Works for her country's delegation to the United Nations as a clerical section chief.

None had ever undergone psychotherapy. Rachel Emmenthal had consulted me once, not with a real problem but with curious questions concerning sex. The four besides Rachel were simply women recommended by friends and colleagues.

The five gave generously of themselves for three hours. Things did not always go smoothly but they always went honestly.

Their important dialogues are excerpted as follows:

The first question, intended as an ice breaker, was: "It's taken for granted each of you is here to discuss sex and the sex act from a positive point of view. You like it, without serious inhibition as far as you know. Now, just what is it specifically that you like most in it?

ASSUNTA: Not to be disrespectful, but what the hell kind of question is that? It's like asking what part of a chocolate cake you like best. It's all good.

FRANCOISE: You speak like the virgin who has just been getting boopsed for the first time in her life and is going, how do you say, out of her skull.

ASSUNTA: You could put it that way.

RACHEL: You do have to be more explicit.

ASSUNTA: (Reddening) Well, bubbies. I may be the oldest one in this room, with exception maybe of the shrink here, but I feel like I'm just beginning to . . . to make love for the first time in my life.

Assunta spent the following 20 minutes explaining her marriage. Summary: The marriage was a union arranged by parents. She was 17, he was 22. Jerome. The bonds of tradition and parental respect prevented either from saying no; their fathers had come from Sicily together.

Jerome behaved typically as men of his upbringing do: badly. He spent dowry and wedding present money on himself and other women. He forbade Assunta to work or to interest herself in anything outside their home and immediate family. The infidelity and seclusion were hard enough to take, but the most uncomfortable part of the relationship for Assunta was sex. His lovemaking lasted but a few minutes, and ended when his orgasm occurred. Afterwards he slept. After the first few months and for the remaining ten years of their marriage, he seldom made love to her at all—perhaps once a month.

She felt throughout her marriage that there was something better out there. One day she socked Jerome on the mouth and walked out to find it.

ASSUNTA: I did find there was something better out there . . . The sex thing was one . . . Listen. I was still a virgin in my head, you know. I mean, I'd never even known there was anything more to sex than Jerome stirring around in there like he was making spaghetti sauce. So. Even though I was a married woman, I didn't know anything. I was scared. When you're a Sicilian girl, you're more scared than any other girl in the world.

MARY ALICE: Take your time. I'd heard about this kind of thing but never really believed it.

ASSUNTA: Believe it . . . Don't misunderstand. I wasn't frigid. I was dying to try it. Charley was the one who finally got me to try. He didn't try to shove me into the bed on the first night. Charley just took it easy. Nothing at first; some hand holding. Some kissing later. He knew I liked that but he didn't push even then. Anyway one day while I was taking a bath getting ready for a date, thinking he was sitting in the living room, waiting, there he was, walking into the bathroom. I mean, no man had ever seen my body naked before. Not even Jerome. In the part of Sicily my family comes from they raise girls that way . . .

I really didn't want to hide from him, though, so finally I just sat there and like some *gibrone* and said, "Well, am I pretty?" He picked up the sponge and began washing my back . . .

Well, I'm not going to drag it out. I didn't even dry off. Went right to the bed. I was still scared. s-less. He must have thought I was kooky, all right. But I did it.

I didn't come the first time . . . Aw, come on, Rachel. Don't give us that face. Come is the word everybody uses . . . And when I did, after about two weeks of Charley, I thought I was suddenly getting sick. I didn't expect anything like that.

Anyway, it scared me so much, thinking

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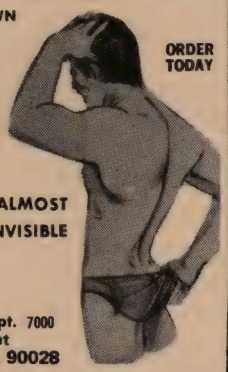


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something was going wrong with me, like maybe God was punishing me for a cardinal sin, I began to cry. Charley came to the rescue again. He explained it all biologically, said I was lucky I could feel that much because some women didn't feel at all, he said, and the not-feeling had nothing to do with them having pig husbands like Jerome . . .

There've been maybe a half-dozen others since then . . . It works pretty well with all of them. One or two, not so hot. You know. One or two something terrific. But it works now. Every time. What I was missing for ten years . . .

MARY ALICE: But that doesn't really answer the question we're here for. What is it you specifically like? You sound as though you like everything, Essie.

ASSUNTA: (Hearty laughter.) You know, I never thought of it that way, but that's right on the money. I like everything.

MARY ALICE: Oral connections too?

ASSUNTA: Well, almost everything . . . Listen, honey, don't ask me about oral connections yet . . . When you're 30 and just beginning to learn what it's all about, you don't need anything fancy just yet . . .

MARY ALICE: (Sighing.) In a way you're lucky. Imagine what you have to look forward to. You're feeling what I felt when I began when I was 16. I still dig it, but it'll never feel like 16 and the beginning again, and I miss that. Anyway . . . I'm 25 now. I've been with the airline since I was 22. I've done most of it in those three years.

RACHEL: That's not very specific.

MARY ALICE: (Annoyed.) I am not in your classroom. I'll get to what I'm saying in my own good time . . . Specifically, I guess I've been to bed with about 70 different men during the last three years. Some were just guys. You know. Bam, bam, thank you ma'am (or sir on my part) and I don't even remember their last names.

Some were real lovers, men who paid attention to me as a woman and not just as a gadget you screw on the bed to make you sleep better at night. These are the men I remember. When I meet one I tend to become monagamous.

ASSUNTA: How can one man be so special you want to think of marriage?

MARY ALICE: I said monogamy, not marriage. What's special? Well, it's the difference between men and boys. Do you understand? Let me cite Alex as an example. Alex is one of our senior pilots. Forty-five, forty-six maybe. Just divorced. Alex isn't one of those bastards who comes to a woman in bed like he's climbing aboard a camel. He's a lot of good things, but most of all he's inventive. He's got one number . . . I still can't figure out how he does it. He must be a contortionist . . . One number where he gets inside in the regular way, then works his fingers in back and presses until I can feel everything almost touching.

ASSUNTA: Back. That means the rectum. Wow. Do I have things to look forward to.

MARY ALICE: He showed me some things too he learned in the Orient that we do together with our mouths. I don't care what we agreed about honesty here. I'm drawing the line on describing this. But let me say it's more than just ordinary 69 stuff and an orgasm that way sometimes really makes me just pass out. Literally. I mean faint.

RACHEL: (So quietly she is barely heard.) Well, that's certainly something far beyond my experience.

MARY ALICE: The only thing is, I won't stay with any man. Even Alex, good as he is.

Don't misunderstand. One day I want to be owned by a man. Be a Mrs. Somebody. Do the baby bit. But until then, I want to try all the men who move me, try them as they come.

So, for me, now, my answer to the question about what I like is: Variety. Not necessarily quantity. But variety that pleases me when it pleases.

RACHEL: Seventy in two years. Hmm. Isn't that being promiscuous?

MARY ALICE: No I'd just say it this way . . . I just never met an orgasm I didn't like.

(The mention of promiscuity focused everyone's attention on Francoise Brie.)

ASSUNTA: Wouldn't you have a lot to say about promiscuity, Francoise?

FRANCOISE: The question. It is a good one, you know . . . Yes. Of course I am promiscuous. But then, I think everyone in this room is promiscuous, with exception of Rachel who is married, perhaps. We all have several lovers . . . But then, what of it? Promiscuity is of little moment today. We live in a new age. Promiscuity is all right for women today as well as the gentlemen. So we should enjoy it, non?

ASSUNTA: This may sound dumb, but how did a nice girl like you ever get into the business anyway?

FRANCOISE: (Unable to answer, she is laughing so hard.)

ASSUNTA: I don't understand. Why am I so funny?

FRANCOISE: You are not funny. Your question, it is funny. It is the question so many men ask . . . How did I begin? How? Well, when I first came to this country from Martinique, I found suddenly I needed money. The money I was being paid just did not cover expenses . . .

RACHEL: It's been my understanding that prostitutes, call girls, whatever one calls them, don't really have capability to enjoy sex. This is probably asking an obvious question because you wouldn't be here with us if you didn't think sex is good. You do experience orgasm, don't you?

FRANCOISE: But of course.

RACHEL: Well, that's what I'm talking about. Most recognized researchers conclude that call girls are for the most part incapable of orgasm with any regularity.

FRANCOISE: This is true? How splendid for me, then. How good for my reputation. Then no one can call me a call girl any longer even though I sleep with men for money, for I have the orgasm all the time.

ALL: (Laughing.)

MARY ALICE: Let me try to get at the heart of things here. You admit you're a call girl, aren't ashamed of it. But what is it you like about it, then?

FRANCOISE: Would you believe? For a prostitute to require compassion. No, tenderness is the better term. And much of, what do you call it, the warming up? Foreplay. No matter how fine the rest is, if there is not good tenderness and foreplay, then I am all business. The orgasm does not exist for me if it is not preceded by tenderness and foreplay.

RACHEL: Everyone else has been graphic up to now. Would I offend you too much by asking you to provide a graphic example too?

FRANCOISE: (Smiling without mirth.) Of course not, *cherie*. As long as no offense is meant . . . I was involved not long ago in what Americans call, I think, the gang bank.

ASSUNTA: Good grief. I'm hearing it all in one day.

MARY ALICE: You sound like you mean gang *bang*.

FRANCOISE: It was at the apartment of one of the Italians attached to the U.N. It was the Italian man's birthday party. There was wine in barrels and oh, such nice little balls of sweet cake held together in clusters with honey.

Feeling somewhat drunk, and being a girl of fun-loving temperament, when one of this

*(Continued on page 88)*

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*(Continued from page 86)*

man's friends offered me the $50 to take the birthday boy into the bedroom "to give him a nice surprise present," how could I refuse, no?

ASSUNTA: I guess you can really get $50 for doing that.

FRANCOISE: And, feeling somewhat drunk, and being a girl of fun-loving temperament, I told this man that just this once, there would be no charge. Happy birthday to his friend.

So, in I went with the host. As a birthday boy, he was not, how do you say it, such a hot lover. Perhaps he had had too much wine. He was much too fast with everything. And when he was finished and asked whether I might be interested in doing a friend of his too for happy birthday, I said yes. I knew only that this birthday boy had left me *abandonee,* high and dry. I was, besides being drunk and a girl of fun-loving temperament, so horny I think people are hearing me honk.

This second man was little better than the first. There was no tenderness and foreplay. He thought only of himself and began too quickly. I said to him, "Wait, do not come like a kid," but he sighed and said, "Sorry, honey, the kid's already went."

The third man was no better.

By this time, I think I was a little nuts, you know.

But the fourth man. Ah. He knew. I do not know how long he spent with me doing fingers and tongues. And teeth lightly on the breasts . . . When he entered me, I was ready. The orgasm. Within minutes it appeared. It was splendid.

Several more men followed him. I welcomed them. Now, I thought, things will be better. Everyone has, how do you say it, a bang-up time. Remember, I was somewhat drunk.

But the rest? Like the first. Nothing. Again, all were too swift. Finally, I locked the bedroom door, dressed myself, and left by a private stairway. It had been an ugly, compromising situation.

My point is this. Patience and foreplay do wonders even in the ugliness of the gang bang. One man in eight spent the time.

RACHEL: I know just what Francoise is talking about.

ASSUNTA: That's not very specific, Rachel.

RACHEL: (With good nature.) *Touche,* Essie. Specifically, I refer here to coital positions. For me, on the mechanical level we're at here in our discussion, positions are what make intercourse the beautiful act it can be between a man and a woman.

MARY ALICE: Positions. That sounds like a reasonable enough expectation. I've noticed something here. So far all of us have described things which are pretty simple and basic. We don't have any fancy appetites. Some people would call us square.

RACHEL: My husband Carl is compulsive when it comes to innovation. I wonder sometimes whether it is related to his field of interest. Applied physics.

ASSUNTA: That's sure not very specific.

RACHEL: Well, there is this one position . . . You know, I can feel myself blushing just *thinking* of telling this . . . My Carl devised this position. (She takes deep breath.) I lean on the bed on my elbows. Carl lifts my legs and takes one in each hand at his waist, as though holding the handles of a wheelbarrow. Then he penetrates me from behind. Then, with me leaning that way, and with my Carl standing there holding me up that way, we have intercourse.

Now, consider this a moment. Anatomically there is excellent reason why this position should be so satisfying. It brings better contact between male and female genitalia than is achieved in the conventional vis-a-vis position.

ASSUNTA: What you mean is, this wheelbarrow position pushes his hot spot right up against yours.

RACHEL: Yes. I'd say that orgasm is almost inevitable and of high intensity for any two people employing this particular position.

MARY ALICE: Do you and your husband talk like that when you make it?

RACHEL: Like what?

MARY ALICE: Coital positions. Erectile state.

RACHEL: Well, yes. We're both academic types. Earthier than that, perhaps.

(At this point something which had been overlooked to that point occurred to several of the number simultaneously. Only four had been contributing. Monica Tilsit had not spoken a word.)

MARY ALICE: Hey. That's right. Monica said hello and that was it.

ALL: (Murmurs of recognition.)

MONICA: Well, I've been listening. You don't need my contribution.

ALL: You can't get away with that one . . . Open up . . .

MONICA: I'm not sure I should. Some of you might not like what I have to say.

ALL: (Silence. All wait, looking.)

MONICA: All right. Frankness is what we all came here for. If this shocks you, it shocks you. I can't worry about delicate stomachs. I'll have to say it sometime . . .

The thing I like best about sex is the sex another woman can give a woman . . . Damn it. I knew some of you would react that way . . . Hey. Come on. Haven't you all known lesbians before?

(Monica Tilsit was correct in her assessment. Her announcement did shock them. Assunta responded in a whisper for once: "I really have heard everything today," But when the first shock wave ebbed, discussion flowed again.)

MARY ALICE: You fooled me. I thought I could smell . . .

MONICA: (Interrupting.) Don't use the word smell. I'm not an animal. "Detect" is a more accurate word, don't you think?

MARY ALICE: So detect. I thought I could detect homosexual girls. I thought I'd seen them all. There are enough of them working on the airlines.

FRANCOISE: I thought I too could detect.

ASSUNTA: It must have taken you some courage to get that out before us.

MONICA: I thought about not coming at all, when I was asked.

ASSUNTA: Why did you then?

MONICA: I almost don't know, really. I think I wanted to talk about it with somebody else besides other homosexuals. I wanted someplace where my confidence wouldn't be violated. I think I want to spill my mind and the hell with what others may think.

(Monica was Topic A for the rest of the period. Many questions were asked; many questions were answered. Most of this conversation must be bypassed to favor other material more germane to the discussion here.)

MONICA: So you really want to know. What it is I like about sex with other women . . . First. Honest count here now. Have any of you ever made love with another woman? The answers will help in what I'm trying to say here.

FRANCOISE: Several times. Often the men I deal with would rather watch two women than participate themselves.

MARY ALICE: If I said no, you'd probably know I'm lying anyway. Girls who get around as much as stewardesses do generally make it with another girl some time.

MONICA: I'd say that's an honest count. Two and two. I'd leave Rachel and Essie out definitely, if I had to guess. Anyway, I was about 19 when I found I couldn't make it with men at all, but with women, like a volcano going off . . . For a while I even believed all that classic garbage about only women knowing deep and tender love: all lesbians do once in a while to help juggle their guilts and give reason to the whole thing . . . I was a hot number when I was 19.

RACHEL: The way everyone's kidding me about this, I almost hate to ask. But can you become more specific.

MONICA: What is it about sex I specifically like? I wouldn't have been able to answer two years ago. But now I can.

It's fidelity, I think. Faithfulness. The knowing you're giving just about everything to someone you really like, really love, maybe. And somebody is giving it all back to you.

I'm with Mary Alice and Francoise in my thinking. I'm the way with women that they are with men. Not just any woman will do. I've done enough cruising the gay bars, I've had enough one-nighters . . . I guess one of the grimmest was the night I met this girl in one of the Greenwich Village bars and we went down on each other in the taxi home. The driver wanted to get in on it too. We let him. Imagine that? The two of us and the driver? Isn't that ugly?

Of my two lovers now (I've had only two in the last three years), I took up with Carol first. We met at a straight party. That is, we both went with male dates and went home with male dates. We hadn't said a word about getting together again, but I wasn't surprised when she called the next day, Sunday, and invited me for dinner that night.

Carol was very frank about the thing. She said she was interested in having an affair, nothing less. No more eating and running. If I was interested in starting up with the idea of permanence in mind, fine. If not, forget it.

I lied. I said, of course permanence. All I really wanted to do was get into her pants . . .

So we began. Or rather she began. First she bathed us both. Then we got into bed and kissed and hugged and did the usual things with each other's thighs and breasts. You know. But then she escalated. She showed me new things about kissing. And other things. I grew hot, very hot. And then she went to sleep. No one had ever just gone to sleep on me before and I had nothing to do but sleep too.

In the morning, we did make love, finally. Carol was very nice and slow. She didn't chew or bite or push and try to finish it in a hurry. "I like the way you taste," she said. No one had ever said that before.

She was very careful to make certain my orgasm began before she let herself have hers. No one I remembered had ever been quite that considerate, either.

Both of us called our offices and said we were ill. We stayed in bed together all day, sleeping, eating fruit, loving once in a while and talking a lot.

I took the second lover, Evelyn, about six months later, partly at Carol's suggestion. Carol said fidelity was important but that total fidelity to one person could perhaps be consuming. We should each share ourselves with someone else for a while.

It was partly my own initiative, too. I liked this calm new way of life Carol had shown me. I wanted to pass the gospel along to someone else . . . I know I sound like I'm talking about promiscuity again, but I don't think I am. I feel you can be faithful to two and all can benefit . . .

* * *

Five different women. Five different ways of life. Five testimonies to the private pleasures of sex. How should we view them? With seriousness, it would seem. ◆◆◆

# RED CHINA KIDNAP

Continued from page 17

accompanied by a girl, a sensuously striking Chinese girl in an occidental blouse and miniskirt. By the way she stepped forward, there was no mistaking who was the leader of this trio. She was.

In the glare of the lone electric bulb dangling from my ceiling, she was a real vision. Tall and leggy, with that sultry look that keeps a lot of us free-lance pilots knocking around this part of the world even when we're not making money. It has always been the women. And this one, whose name was Soon Mee, typified them all.

"This is not a robbery," she said. "I am already aware that your air charter company does not bring in enough profit to make a robbery worthwhile. That is your aircraft out there?"

She was nodding at *Ole Betsy*, my ancient, creaking Douglas DC-3 sitting out in the darkness on the ramp. "It belongs to my company," I shrugged. "I don't own it outright."

"I think you could save some time by being more direct with us. You *are* Robert Jordan?"

"At your service, ma'am. Your face is Chinese, but your accent is American. What the hell is this?"

Gunman number one must not have liked my voice because he chambered a round and raised his automatic again. "Your log books," she said. "I would like to see them. Now."

At first, I thought Soon Mee was talking about the engine logs, which spelled out the whole history of *Ole Betsy's* mechanical problems. But she wanted my *pilot* logs, my personal record of flight experience. She spent a long time pouring over them, nodding occasionally as if she understood the technical terms.

"Perfect!" she decided. "Mr. Jordan," Soon Mee said quietly, "we would like to have your services for a flight into China. Communist China."

They shoehorned me into a black Opel limousine keeping at least one automatic pointed in my general direction, and we pulled away from Kaitak Airport. We got on the bayside turnpike that paralleled the nightlit harbor, passing darkened resettlement buildings and turning inland near the terminus of Hong Kong's well-known Star Ferry.

Soon Mee talked. She was American-born Chinese, 26 years old, and she belonged to a group of wealthy, private individuals who were sponsoring a kind of crusade to overthrow the Communists in China. Not 20 minutes from the airport, they marched me at gunpoint into one of the new high-rise buildings and we entered the most fantastic penthouse I've ever seen—wall-to-wall luxury with an unbroken, glass-protected panoramic view of the port and the looming peak of Hong Kong Island beyond.

"This is my place," she said. "Please be seated." I dropped on a satin-covered sofa next to a beautiful bronze vase from the Ming dynasty era—not sure whether my curiosity about these people was stronger than my anger at the way they'd abducted me.

I had my chance to find out. One of the gunmen put away his artillery and stepped over to a sideboard cabinet to mix drinks. The other stood between me and the sprawling view of night-lit ships in the bay.

"You can't go flying into China these days," I said to Soon Mee. "It isn't done. Those people have very good radar and air defenses—MIG's, SAM missiles—"

Her response was forming on her pink-dabbed lips when I closed my fist around the Ming vase and sent it flying at gunman number one.

It caught him on the chin. His face twisted into a little surprised look and he went crashing backward, through the picture window, screaming as a shower of glass fell all over him.

While the vase was leaving my hand, I was lunging forward toward the second gunman. I threw my arms around his knees and brought him crashing down on top of me. A jolting pain shot through my back and I felt his hot breath against my face, but it was my hand—not his—that found the pistol and wrenched it free.

I stood shakily, clutching the pistol with both hands. The man whose name was Yi looked up at me from the floor, his eyes acknowledging defeat. The other one, who was called Chou, waded back through broken glass, moaning, bleeding from several cuts. I started backing toward the telephone, thinking of summoning Commissioner Herbert Distill's highly-skilled Hong Kong police, when Soon Mee did the one thing I never expected her to do.

She laughed.

She threw back her head, long satin hair tossing wildly, and laughed uproariously, clapping her hands together in mock applause. "Wonderful!" she cried. "I've never seen anything so dramatic! I knew you were the man we wanted the first time I saw you. This proves it!"

I turned toward the sideboard cabinet, finished mixing the drinks—two, not four—and put the phone and the police out of my mind. "Get these clowns out of here!" I boomed. "Now!"

"I won't assault you, Mr. Jordan," she said when they were gone. "It was not my decision to threaten you. I want you to fly into China for my people—but not at gunpoint. I think I have another way to gain your services."

"Sweetheart, you're the best-looking piece of woman I've seen in a long time, but—"

"I'm not tempting you with sex, Mr. Jordan. I *am* tempting you with money. A lot of money."

"Oh?" The drink suddenly tasted good. I owed the bank about nine hundred dollars on *Ole Betsy*. If I could get that much, I'd own my DC-3 outright.

"Mr. Jordan, I am prepared to offer you ten thousand dollars for one trip into China."

I took a long, hard swallow. Then I looked at her. An old fear was growing inside, the fear that chokes you up when you think about challenging an enemy's air defenses.

I took another, longer swallow. "Soon Mee," I said, "I think it's time you started calling me Bob."

It was called rhombic fibrous catatonia, or RFC. It was a disease that had never existed on this planet until man invented it in a laboratory, and the man was Chinese. The girl told me some of the details, couched in medical terminology, but I didn't understand much—except that the rhombia plant, which thrives on the plains of northern China, is mixed together with synthetic compounds to produce the deadliest toxin ever created.

RFC is lethal only to humans, and it spreads like wildfire. The first symptoms are nausea and vomiting, accompanied by a dizzy, semi-stupor. That only lasts a few seconds. Then the toxin causes human blood to clot, almost instantaneously. The familiar liquid that pumps through the human body is suddenly transformed into a hard, rubbery substance. By then, the human being is dead. It is a ghastly, horrible death, and there is no cure for RFC, no antidote.

"Blood clotting!" I exclaimed. "That makes mustard gas and nerve gas as old-fashioned as my DC-3! And you're telling me that RFC is the object of Communist China's biological warfare program? The Chinese are developing RFC as a *weapon?*"

"A super-weapon, Bob. A means of changing the whole balance of power in the world—in favor of the Chinese."

It was about three in the morning now, Sinatra was swimming from the stereo in the girl's penthouse, and out in the harbor a foghorn droned, greeting the usual morning approach of zero-zero weather. I'd phoned my Chinese assistant and told him to drag his butt out to Kaitak, despite the hour, to finish repairs on *Ole Betsy*. I was dead tired, and the girl's liquor was doing strange things to me. I tried to convince myself that this RFC business was a phoney story out of science-fiction—but I knew it wasn't. I'd even seen hints about it in the newspapers. The Associated Press had recently picked up a *South China Morning News* item, based on refugee reports, that the Reds were frantically working on their bio-war program.

"You've got my attention," I told Soon Mee.

She talked freely and easily, with the assurance of a woman who knew her subject. She told me about the director of Red China's bio-war laboratory in Peking, Dr. Huan Shu-Chai. It was Huan who'd developed the RFC toxin, and who stood now on the verge of a major scientific breakthrough that would permit mass production. Huan was 66, and was easily Red China's outstanding biologist.

"Dr. Huan makes regular weekend visits to his home village in Kwangtung Province, only about 280 miles from where we sit now. Because of his work, the Red Air Force has put a transport plane at his disposal, an LI-2. The plane delivers Huan to an abandoned airstrip near his village every Friday evening and picks him up every Monday morning. This coming Monday, you will be there instead—"

I'd been mentally counting my money, but now I stopped. There was a crawling sensation at the base of my spine. "You're planning to kidnap this guy Huan? I can give you dozens of reasons why it won't work—"

"No, no, Bob, this is not a kidnapping. He wants out. He's been in touch with the underground and has made plans to escape—defect to the West."

At first, I thought the plans included our CIA, but I was wrong. It included the 7th Tactical Fighter Squadron of the Chinese Nationalist Air Force, based at Kao Hsiung on nearby Taiwan (Formosa). Next Monday morn, four Nationalist F-104's would make a penetration of Red Chinese airspace, intercept the LI-2 proceeding to pick up Huan, and force it to change course. According to the plan, four more F-104's would fly top cover while another plane landed to make the pickup instead. The other plane would be *Ole Betsy* with me at the controls.

I stood up to leave. "This has been one of the most fantastic nights of my life," I told

Soon Mee. "And I even believe everything you've told me. But I'm getting off right here. Count me out."

She cocked her head askance and opened her mouth. It was a blatantly sexual pose. "Why?" she asked.

"Because it's sheer suicide, that's why! My God, you think you've got it all figured out! Well, I just don't want to be part of it! Let somebody else get killed trying to make a substitute pick-up for that LI-2, or whatever you call it—"

"Wait, Bob! You mean you don't get the point, about the plane being an LI-2?"

"It doesn't mean anything to me. I'm not an expert on that RFC, or whatever you call that weird disease, and I'm not an expert on Communist airplanes, either—"

Soon Mee was. She even had a copy of *Jane's All The World's Aircraft*, a dusty 1942-43 edition, to help her out. She showed it to me. The Lianev LI-2 was a World War II, Russian-made transport built under license from the U. S. as part of our lend-lease agreement. It was an exact, carbon-copy duplicate of my DC-3!

A few days later, Soon Mee handed me a sight-draft made out to my bank account in the amount of ten thousand U. S. dollars. The girl and I sat together and I admired her skin-tight, high-collared *choeng-sam* dress. I tried to keep up my rough-and-tough act, hoping she wouldn't know that my insides were crumbling, that the fear was beginning to overwhelm me . . .

What followed was inevitable. Faking a lazy, relaxed mood to distract ourselves from the tension growing inside, Soon Mee and I caroused the night spots of Hong Kong together and at one point were alone on the fantail of the ferry which connects the two halves of the colony, looking wistfully at the dark silhouettes of vessels in port. When I kissed her, she went supple in my arms. Her whisper was almost inaudible: "My penthouse . . ."

When we got there, she wasted no preliminaries. She was a blur of motion wriggling out of her *choeng-sam*. But she paused then to parade around that plush living room in black lace panties and bra, wanting me to appreciate the perfection of her tall body. I forgot the drinks I'd been pouring for us. I took her, kissed her hard, and felt that provocative body press against mine, seething with desire. In the bedroom, it was many hours later that she rolled away from me and looked into my eyes with an expression of fulfillment, sated by our lovemaking . . .

"I hope that goddamn fool assistant of mine knows how to paint a red star," I told her.

The beginning was anticlimax. Nobody questioned my assistant when he walked around the DC-3 just after dark on Sunday night, lettering out our company name and painting Chinese Communist insignia. When Soon Mee and her self-confident friend Liu arrived to make the flight, they were wearing functional, rough-duty clothing and carrying handguns. The bad magneto on *Ole Betsy's* bum engine was working like a charm as we pulled out from Kaitak, met the rising sun along the Hong Kong-China border, descended to 100 feet—and went in.

I saw no sign of the real LI-2 or the Nationalist F-104's. I ducked between jagged peaks of the coastal mountain range, chopped the power, and took *Old Betsy* down to pursue her own shadow across flooded, mirror-like rice paddies. A few peasants were at work on their crop early enough to greet us rushing out of the morning sunrise, but we were met by no ack-ack, no MIG's, no missiles . . .

The home village of the Red Chinese bio-war scientist, Dr. Huan, was a cluster of typically Chinese straw-roofed hutments built around a stone water-well at the edge of an innundated paddy field. The abandoned airstrip was an east-west runway of packed gravel, about 1,000 yards in length. I noticed that we were far from the nearest rail line but that a paved, main roadway ran right by the landing strip. I didn't like that road at all.

All the old fears were squeezing in on me as I dropped flaps, reduced rpm's, turned downwind, and set myself up for a final approach. I saw a knot of people waving to us at runway's end, and I recognized a corpulent, white-haired figure who could only be our scientist, Huan. And then I saw something else—something that made my heart stop and caused the bottom to fall out of my stomach.

Beside me, Soon Mee was jubilant. "It's him! It's Dr. Huan! We're really going to pick him up!"

"Maybe we're not," I said weakly.

"What? What's that, Bob?"

"Look!" I pointed and she followed my outstretched finger just as we flared out and I cut the power completely, allowing *Ole Betsy* to stall herself down into a perfect, three-point landing. A column of trucks and armored vehicles was rushing toward us. We were being approached by at least a company, maybe a battalion, of Red Chinese troops!

"It's just a coincidence, their passing by," she tried. "Maybe your 'LI-2' disguise will fool them. They can't know about us."

I heard Liu opening the fuselage door, heard voices shouting in Mandarin. Damn it, now that we'd landed, everything was taking too long! I looked over my shoulder to see that Red motor convoy growing to monstrous size—behind us, now that I'd turned the plane—and I saw that the trucks were rigged with 20-mm cannon mounts.

Liu and Soon Mee had both left the plane and were shaking hands with Dr. Huan. Didn't they realize we had to get moving? I knew that Soon Mee was counting on our "LI-2" camouflage; she didn't regard those Red troops as a real threat.

The trio—Soon Mee, Liu, and the elderly Dr. Huan—started toward the plane.

Suddenly, the explosive roar of 20-mm cannons seemed to fill the air around us and explosive shells heaved up great geysers of dirt and gravel all around the straining DC-3. I heard the metallic rattle of hits puncturing the skin of the plane. The trio were only a few feet from the plane, but Liu was doubled up, staring at splotches of blood and at his own intestines, hanging in his hands.

The Red Chinese military convoy rounded a shallow curve just behind us, and I saw the bright red of muzzle flashes against the dark silhouettes of the trucks.

I pushed the throttles past the "emergency power" line, raised my Thompson with one hand, and got off a clattering burst of submachine gun fire at the nearest truck. I had the satisfaction of seeing the windshield shatter. The vehicle went careening off the road into a ditch.

It didn't help. The other vehicles of the convoy easily passed the halted vehicle and came straight at us, cannons spouting fire. At least ten feet separated Soon Mee, Liu, and Dr. Huan from the plane. The closest vehicle of the Red convoy was only a couple of hundred yards away, turning sharply to leave the road, coming straight toward the runway.

When I heard the loud, reverberating roar, I thought it was another burst of cannon fire. But the sound had a different quality, an intensity and harshness that seemed to ripple through my nerves. I had to crank my neck upward to see them shooting overhead—four F-104's, bearing the insignia of Nationalist China.

Soon Mee and Dr. Huan dragged Liu aboard! I released the brakes and we made a full-go takeoff, climbing violently away from the airstrip and heading in the opposite direction—Hong Kong. I was introduced to

A nodding acquaintance of mine, Galen Fox at the American Consulate in Hong Kong, had been tipped off by all the excitement and quickly slashed through bureaucratic barriers to arrange for Dr. Huan's emigration to the U. S.

Dr. Huan was permitted to re-settle in the United States and is now in Washington, D. C., where his exact whereabouts is kept a close secret for fear of Red reprisals. Huan has given U. S. authorities all the details of his war research in Red China. He'll soon begin a new life, teaching at a major U. S. university on the east coast.

Two days after my flight, the U. S. and Russia in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Vienna agreed "in principle" to outlaw biological warfare. In a rare bow to world opinion, Red China's Mao Tse-Tung announced that his country, too, would forbid such "ghastly" weapons. Of course, Mao didn't have much choice. We'd stolen his whole bio-war program and there was no way he could get it back. ◆◆◆


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MEN mans world stag MALE FOR MEN ONLY

# CYCLE COP RAID ON "HELL'S ANGELS"

TRUE BOOK-LENGTHER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

cascaded down his neck and collar. She laughed hilariously, showing the single edged razor hidden between her fingers. His wife screamed, but she could hardly be heard over all the noise as she ran to him.

Skimpy Hunter was pulling at a girl's arm. The boyfriend stood up, punched him cold, took his girl and started walking out with the determination of a bulldozer. A chain whipped above the floor, wrapped around his ankles like a boa constrictor, dumped him flat, then some Raiders stood over him and methodically beat his head bloody.

Out in the cocktail lounge, Johnny Nelson was dancing with the same woman except that now he had her miniskirt up in the back and his hand was down inside the waistband, clutching her bottom, pushing the hose down lower as he tried to work his hand towards her crotch. There was a twisted expression of pain on her face and tears came from her eyes. Her husband couldn't do anything. His unconscious head was on the table, blood coming from his nose and mouth after being punched by Big Peters.

The girl cyclists were having their version of fun too. The man whose face had been sliced was still holding a dripping rag to his face. The other girls didn't have trouble getting dancing and necking partners, or men to bring them drinks. Only one girl, very good looking, her long blonde hair braided and then wound around her head, sat on the sidelines and observed everything.

This wasn't the first place the Raiders had taken over, but it was the first commercial establishment where the general public was involved. The other places had been the clubhouses of rival cycle groups, private parties, after hours joints, things of that general nature. If the pattern held true, they would terrorize for perhaps a half-hour or more, then there'd be mass repeated rapes of the women, husbands would be used as studs by the girls, and much later many of them would be whipped to a pulp. After that kind of treatment, witnesses didn't testify.

The Night Raiders were having such a good time for themselves, they didn't hear the car draw up and stop. The driver got out and tried the door, and finding it locked while at the same time hearing all the noise inside, was obviously puzzled. There was no sign announcing this was a private party. Curiously he looked through the window, and when he saw what was going on, he ran back into his car, slammed it into reverse, and raced down the road to a friend's house where he could use the phone.

I was off my bike and on point duty, watching the highway, when my partner, Bill Hardee, got the report over his receiver. "Hey, Sarge," he yelled, "sounds like the Raiders are hitting the Dew Drop Inn."

I ran for my Harley. The only reason we were doubling up in this section of the state was because of the Raiders. Naturally they always traveled in big groups and it was hard for one man to sweat them, but when you had a back-up, they tended to behave—if you were in sight.

Bill Hardee had his bike going and was kicking my engine to life. We straddled the hogs, poured out of the side road, hit the big concrete strip still accelerating, sirens going to move the traffic aside. I was pretty sure Lt. Ames was notifying the entire squadron to move in, and I didn't want to miss any of the fun. For more than a year now we had been waiting for the Raiders to collect in one place and commit a criminal act where we could apprehend the whole gang. Just like this.

We smoked up to the Dew Drop Inn, decellerating, braking, tossing aside waves of gravel. There was a row of bikes on each side of the front door, maybe a total of fifty. I threw out the anchor on the Harley, picked up a light Yamaha, heaved it at the right hand row of bikes, knocking the first one down hard; then that went off its stand and crashed into the next, the row going down like a line of dominoes. The idea was to overturn them so the gang couldn't rush out and get away fast.

A patrol car from the four wheel unit was lurching to a halt like a torpedoed battleship, the officer already getting out of the passenger side. I made a motion for him to bowl over the other row of bikes, and signalled the driver to cover the rear. A pair of cop cyclists were turning in behind them, hitting the brakes, their motors going throaty. Behind them another patrol car was bending into the entrance, all down on one side. Lt. Ames was throwing in everything he had, and I figured more was on its way.

Bill Hardee planted his big foot alongside the lock on the front door, splintering the frame, went in a little faster than was careful, I was like that eight years ago until I learned to look before I leaped. Now I opened the flap on my holster, stripped off my right glove, transferred it to my left hand, dropped a two-inch cylinder of lead down the middle finger. Ever since the order came out banning black jacks and similar defensive weapons, motorcycle cops have to improvise. All this time I was moving behind Hardee, except a little more slowly, taking that fractional second you need to size up the scene.

I glimpsed the gang spread all over the place and was glad the reinforcements were coming. There was this wiry jerk dancing with a troubled lady, giving her a feel from the rear. Head Alkirk squirting seltzer at the bartender. Big Peters next to an unconscious man, Sally Windsor sitting alone, staring. Chains on every table. The trio played raggedly. A dance floor filled with wild Raiders, and their lady partners sure weren't dating them.

Bill Hardee grabbed the guy who was giving the lady the feel, threw him ahead towards the bar, aiming him at Alkirk. All of us knew Alkirk and all of us wanted at him, and it looked like Hardee was going to get his chance. The rest of us would have to be satisfied with 'Big' Peters and 'Bone' Mackin and the other slobs who liked to use muscle, especially against those who can't fight back much.

Bill was right near the bar, ready to put the arm on Alkirk. He was foolishly wearing a cut down holster. What I had been warning Hardee about happened.

The wiry jerk who had been feeling the lady snatched the gun out of Bill's holster, and skipped behind him to give him one in the spine. That placed his back to me and I spun him out of that dangerous position, swiped down with the weighted glove to paralyze the hand muscles, then brought the glove up under his jaw and had the satisfaction of hearing teeth snapping off short and watching blood spurt out of his mouth.

While I was congratulating myself a chain whipped out of the air, took me across the shoulder, hit me in the small ribs; if a lock had been on, they would have busted. I promptly hit the hero in the jaw and the other side of his jaw popped out. From the corner of my eye I saw 'Bone' Mackin staggering back on his heels, teeth sliding down his chin in a flood of blood. We were getting some room around us at the bar, and the brave Raiders weren't too anxious to close with us, yet when the troopers came in the front and rear and started muscling the Raiders against the division between dining room and barroom, I can't say I was sorry. One Raider tried going out a window headfirst, shattering glass in front of him. In two seconds he came flying back through the window, which meant there was more law outside who wanted to get in their licks.

A quick check showed I was the senior officer present. That meant I had to drag out the book, list the complaints, get the names and addresses, write out the proper criminal charges. I got surprisingly little work. Like the lady that was felt up good by that creep, Johnny Nelson—I figured sure she'd want to make a complaint. But she looked at her husband wiping the blood off his face, he gave her a little shake of the head, and she kept her mouth closed. I said to Tom Dew,

"We have them all on illegal trespass."

'Head' Alkirk popped right up. "The hell you do. We were invited in. Ask him."

I looked at Tom Dew. He's a good guy, but he's got a business to run, and he wanted to keep the business. He agreed with Alkirk.

I tried the bartender who looked like he had his share of guts, only Alkirk interrupted again. "You better let him go, he's got a long drive home."

Now that sounded like a threat to me, and it counted as one more charge. It sounded like a threat to the bartender too. He thought it over, realized he did have a long and lonely way to drive, and these Raider bastards could nail him any night on a deserted stretch. So he clammed and my book was still blank. Skag was all over the floor, nickel bags of it and joints of it, but to get anyone on a marijuana charge you have to catch them with it in their pockets, in actual possession, and they knew it.

The civilian with the sliced face: I asked him, "Don't tell me you did that shaving?"

He looked around at all the sonsabitches and the three-foot high pile of chains and knives and razors we had thrown into the middle of the floor, and I guess he figured they could be replaced easily enough, which was true. He had said, "That's exactly what happened, Sergeant. I cut myself shaving."

Still, the Raiders weren't getting off loose and easy. Johnny Nelson had a nice number of raps against him: illegal possession of a deadly weapon; theft of a valuable article; assault on a law officer; deadly assault on a law officer while performing his duty; attrocious assault on an unarmed man; and when I got back to the barracks, I could think up a few more. 'Big' Pete, 'Bone' Mackin, and the guy who had hit me with the chain, George Closter, also were hit with various assault charges. The four of them were thrown into the backs of police sedans, handcuffed, and carted to our local headquarters, or the barracks as we call it.

Just then there was a rumbling of approaching bikes, all the windows lit up, engines were deliberately gunned, horns squawked, and there was a lot of yelling about, "Release the prisoners," and, "Justice. We want justice."

'Bone' Mackin grinned, revealing the gap in his smile Bill Hardee had given him. "You're gonna get yours now," he promised.

Ames looked at me and I looked at Ames, started for the door. Bill said, "I'll go with you." There were maybe twenty troopers in the room and Bill thought I needed him. I shook my head and went outside, strode up the concrete walk to where it ended in a gravelled parking lot.

All the Raiders' bikes were tired up to the curb, engines opened, lights blinking. When they saw me they let out a deep roar like a hungry wolf spotting meat. This wasn't a mob. A mob sounds shrill and screaming. This was a bunch of roughnecks pulling a power play, trying to run a bluff. They had gotten away with it so often they thought they could in front of our own headquarters.

I let them howl themselves out, then yelled, "Alkirk!"

"Whad'dya want, meatball?" he laughed.

"Come here. Get off your bike and come here."

"Why?"

"I want you to stand in the light. I want you to stand face to face with me, tell me what you want. If you're not man enough to do it, then get out of here."

"Hell no!" he bellowed, and started working his accelerator in rhythm. "We won't go! Let 'em go!"

The crowd picked it up and chanted in unison. "Hell no! We won't go! Let 'em go! Hell no! We won't go! Let 'em go!"

I stood there for what seemed like ten hours, although probably it wasn't more than fifteen minutes. It was hard keeping the cool under the circumstances, but they were trying to break me. As long as I kept the cool, everything was under control. It was just verbal bullying.

Gradually the chanting diminished. "Alkirk!" I roared. "You're the head. You're the boss. You're the leader. Come over here."

"You still haven't told me why."

Just then I heard footsteps behind me and guessed it was Bill Hardee coming out to help. The last guy in the world I wanted there, was him. Quickly I undid the Sam Browne belt, threw it and the holster back at him, whispered: "Get the hell in the station. Quick!" The footsteps retreated and I let go with the bull roar again. "You and me, Alkirk. Right here. Just the two of us. Face to face, man to man."

Alkirk laughed. "Some hero. You got fifty pounds on me."

"And you have fifty people against me. Want to make it two to one, brave man?"

He laughed louder this time. "Think I'm stupid, Lamb? Think I can't see the trap? I take one swing at you and I'm arrested for hitting a cop."

"I'll take off the coat and shirt. I'll fight you naked. Come on, big man. Any way you want it. Guaranteed no arrest."

The laughter rose up like a dog baying at the moon. "Hey Raiders, he thinks I'm brainless. You don't suck me in that way, copper. I can outsmart you ten ways from Sunday. I make you a promise, meathead. I'll bag you good, so good you won't forget." He rose standing over his cycle, shouted in ringing tones, "Raiders, by twos to the middle. Cut out!" And as he whirled his bike around, he yelled, "Eff you, Lamb!"

They all turned left and right to the middle and took off in a double line. A headlight hit Sally Windsor as she was slowly gliding into position. I took a few quick steps toward her and twisted off the gas.

"What now?" she asked wearily.

I had bagged her speeding in a 911 Porsche for the third time in the space of a month, and she presently was under a ninety day license lift. Her old man, who is rich and has political power, had put some heat on, but the troopers since their inception have operated outside politics, and a lift sticks. We also have something else that's not overly common. In our state operating a motorcycle and operating a car are considered two separate things, and you need a different license for each. I didn't know she had a cycle permit, so reached out my hand. "Let's see it."

She unzippered a breast pocket in her leather jacket, took out a piece of plastic, handed it over. I studied the typing and the embossed seal under her headlamp. It was the goods. It had been issued a week ago.

I nodded at The Raiders disappearing up the road. "Slumming?"

She made an annoyed movement of her shoulders. "I had to do something for fun."

"Enjoy yourself tonight?"

"Not particularly. The party was too rough for my tastes. I wasn't bored though."

"Been initiated yet?"

"No. Just paid my dues, that's all."

"Okay. Will you take my advice, please. Cut out and don't ride with them anymore. There's plenty of good motorcycle clubs around. The Phantoms, The Travelers, The Burning Wheels, all good. I'll be glad to recommend more."

"No thanks. What's with the initiation anyway?"

"Forget it, Miss Windsor. Go on home. Latch on to another club. Believe me, I've never lied to you, I'm not steering you wrong."

She could be a very irritating and stubborn broad. She sat there and demanded. "I want to know about this initiation. They never told me about any initiation. I'll go back and find out if you don't tell me."

So I let the other shoe drop. "It's a lineup," I said flatly. "They put you on a bed naked. Or maybe half naked, the important part is bare. It doesn't matter if you struggle, you just get tied down. The guys drop their pants and mount you. There's quite a long line of them. By the time the last guy is through, the first guy—that would be Alkirk—he's ready again. You might have to pass through the gang three times. Or to be accurate, they pass through you three times. You can't even walk for a week or better, much less ride a motorcycle. That your idea of fun?"

"My God!" her lower jaw dropped. "You're lying. You have to be lying."

She gunned the bike and I hoped that would be the last I'd see of her. Cleaned up the paper work in the office like any arresting officer does. Told Bill Hardee more of the facts of life, how it has to be one man who faces a gang or else the effect is lost. Changed into civilian clothes, dragged my weary bones homeward.

Home is a three-room cottage about 500 yards down the road from a diner. Joe Madsen owns both, and rents me the cottage at a very nominal sum. I guess he likes the feeling of a cop close by, although usually he doesn't get any trouble beyond a few Saturday night drunks, and he can handle them himself.

Anyway, I hauled in the tired weight, dropped it in a booth. Carol came over, took my order for a hamburger and a cup of joe. She's leggy like a race horse, walks with a slight sway to her saucy hips, undoubtedly has one of the greatest sets of tits in the United States. Add to this hair that's blacker and shinier than her uniform dress, skin like a coffee-and-cream stain on a satin napkin, saucer sized eyes outlined by big sweeping lashes.

That's one reason she takes the late shift—she doesn't get pawed by truckers. The other reason is she runs a computer in a city bank from three to eleven in the evening, and this diner work buys her the extra luxuries she likes, I guess.

She put down the chow and asked, "Tonight?" I nodded, got the snack where it belonged, paid the score plus a tip for Carol, went to the cottage.

I stripped to the buff, took a fast shower to keep me awake, opened a bottle of beer, and sat down to study for the lieutenant's exam. A half-hour later or so, car lights hit the window, went out, I heard high heels clocking, and Carol walked in.

"Hi," she said, and bent over to kiss me. I brushed my fingers across her nipple. It hardened immediately and a shudder went through her. She's what I guess you'd call very breast sensitive. Immediately her tongue shot out like a knife of fire and struck me deeply.

I opened her robe and got both breasts bared, and when I could break away from her fervid grasp, I kissed the tips. She moaned a long drawn moan.

She held the back of my neck and kept whispering, "Ohmygod, Joe, this is too much. Don't stop. Ohmygod, I can't stand it. Let's get to bed."

I lifted her up and tried to put her on her feet, but her legs crumpled. I had to carry her to bed, and as soon as I put her down, her knees bent and separated, ready for coitus.

But I sat by her and kissed her and fondled a breast. Her hand came out and grabbed me by my proud masculinity. "Come on, Joe," she said. "We're both ready."

She's one of those do-it-yourself fans, has fantastic muscles in her lower abdomen, and it was only my weight that held her down and taught her she was a female woman. A lot of female. She could arouse passion in a corpse.

We disengaged, rolled to our sides, and she gave my penis a friendly little shake, said, "Good night, little fella," and was instantly asleep. I stayed awake a minute or so longer.

When I saw the court calendar that Judge Bellows was going to sit on the arraignment, I thought I was shot. He's the original bleeding heart.

The four were hauled into court; George Colter, 'Big' Peters, 'Bone' Mackin, and Johnny Nelson. Right off Judge Bellows wanted to know who had physically abused the prisoners, how Colter had gotten a broken jaw, how come Peters and Mackin were missing teeth, and why Nelson's choppers were chipped? It was a losing cause from the start, but I did my bit. Maybe if some witnesses had shown up, we would have stuck raps on all the bastards, but the D.A. didn't have much to go on, and there was a damned good defense attorney present who pointed out to Judge Bellows the despicable physical condition of these prisoners.

Judge Bellows agreed with him that 'Big' Peters and 'Bone' Mackin and George Colter had suffered enough. They got off free and clean. And now I got to give credit to Judge Bellows. He thought I was a real *cossack* for belting Peters and Colter, but he absolutely accepted my word about Nelson, and agreed with the seriousness of the charge about snatching a policeman's gun and trying to use it on him. He tongue lashed Nelson into a state of the shakes and bound him over for trial on all charges.

Walking out of the courthouse, Peters and Mackin fell in step with me, "Nelson is going to get off," Peters growled at me, "because there ain't going to be no witness against him. Namely, you."

"Your bottom teeth all right?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Then keep your mouth closed."

There were sporadic instances with the Raiders. They had developed a cute trick—which I understand was used by the Underground in World War II—of dropping behind them what we called 'stars.' These were ten penny nails that had the heads ground off, and a point put on so they were sharp at both ends. Three were used to make a 'star.' They were welded at their middles while being held at different angles; and the effect was three dimensional, so that no matter how you dropped them—even at high speed—they would always land on a sturdy base and one sharp point would be standing up. It could rip the tire of a car or a bike. A cyclist was in particular danger because if his front wheel went, he had damn little left to control the bike.

Reports started coming in about cars skidding all over the roads after a blowout. Some drivers could control the vehicles and ride it out to a halt. Others hit the panic button—the brake, in this case—and that's what ruined them. They went off the road into trees and fields and ditches. They bounced off guard rails and dividers. There were a lot of nasty accidents, and all of us knew it was only a matter of time before someone was killed.

Lt. Ames beefed up the night shift, and quietly passed the unofficial word that anybody caught with these 'stars,' or caught dropping them, should be hospitalized. Of course we were all pretty sure it was the Raiders. Officers on point duty told of seeing Raider-types on bikes, riding without lights—and always behind them on the road were 'stars.' The technicians fixed up a truck with a powerful magnet in front, on a level with the bumper, and that went out after every report of lightless cyclists dropping 'stars.' They never came back without fifty or a hundred sticking to the magnet.

After a few days the numbers swept up diminished to more like twenty or thirty, and we figured the truck was sweeping them faster than they were being made. However, Lt. Ames put in a request to the city police, asking them if they could locate the 'factory' where they were being made, and destroy the equipment in the course of the raid. The city police gave a negative report back. It wasn't their problem. If 'stars' were being dropped in their streets, the factory damn well would have been found and wrecked. In order for us to enter the city (where we do have some authority) we'd have to go through official channels, and would end up doing ourselves more harm than good because the local boys don't want any of their power diminished by the state, are very jealous and can get pretty petty. That's why when we want to pick up a prisoner, we always put in a request to the locals first, and have them send one of their own along with us.

What really bugged us though, was why they were doing it? There are sick minds around that like to see cars crash and the passengers burn to death, but these Raider riders were dropping them and going on.

Bill Hardee and I were working together, the night shift as usual during emergencies. He was still sweating out a two weeks' pay suspension for allowing himself to be disarmed, although actually he got fifty percent of his pay for four weeks, so he wasn't exactly happy. He did, however, have a new holster, this one with a button down flap on it.

We were at our favorite look-out post, on top of a hill, on the side of a feeder road that ran down to the main highway, and from here one could look at a couple of miles of it. I think I heard it first, the distinctive sound of bike engines, yet we couldn't see their one-eyed head lamps. "Let's go," I said, and we fired our motors, fired in plenty of go-juice. At the speed we were going, when we hit the highway we were squashed down in our seats and the shocks on the front fork were compacted. Yet the lightless Raiders had already passed us and were gone.

We put on the pursuit. The small Yamahas and Hondas the Raiders used mostly, weren't a match for the big Harley. We had five-hundred cubes going for us, a lot of thunder power, and when you really were steaming, the air felt like a hurricane, something almost solid like a jelly that was pushing against you.

Soon our headlights picked out three riders wearing leather jackets with what looked at the distance like the Raider emblem. We were going as if we had a string and were reeling them in. I let the siren scream to put a little fear into them because a nervous man does a sloppy job on a bike. They looked over their shoulders, turned up their throttles to full out. And we were pouncing on them.

Then I saw two of them dip their hands into saddle bags, drop something bright behind them. Immediately I swung into the opposite oncoming lane, and Bill followed me. The siren shrilling should push cars over to the slow lane, but there are always the nuts who think the best way to get clear of the police is to outspeed them, and they move over only when you're crawling up their tailpipe. A character like this could speed right into us, and we'd be two very mangled cops. However, all this was just a passing thought and we had more immediate worries.

A 'star' was still bouncing as we passed it, and while we had moved over four lanes on the six lane highway, the problem was that a 'star' could bounce over to us. At just that moment one of the Raiders flipped two 'stars' over towards us. Immediately we shifted back to the slow lane going in the right direction, behind them. Another Raider was anticipating that exact move, and dropped 'stars' in our path. We sweated them out and saw them bounce away.

Another drop of 'stars' and again we were lucky, left them behind us. The interesting thing now was that they snapped on their headlights and it made me wonder. We were close enough so that my lamp was lighting their road, and we were also close enough for me to let go with a warning shot. I had come to another decision; a superior might object

"If all the world loves a lover, how come they got hotel detectives?"

if bullets were found in their bodies, I was going to do to them what they had done to many others—blow out their tires, and if they recovered from rolling along a highway some hundreds of yards at high speed, they'd go through life as cripples. And I didn't feel at all bad about it.

I was raising the gun for the warning shot when suddenly they scooted off to a side road that led back into the mountains. I damn near didn't make the turn with them because I still had my gun in my right hand, wasn't ready to shift weight and lean into it. I used the emergency procedure—a dangerous one—of jerking the wheel, tapping the brake, let the rear skid out from underneath me, and as the bike starts to slide around to the proper direction, off with the brake and hope the rear wheel bites in and grabs, and the skid stops. It worked for me, more luck than skill, and I had both hands on the bike and was going up the side road, thinking that these little bastards had pulled a very shrewd maneuver.

We could eat them up on the highway. They just had no chance of running away from us. But on a rough dirt road with a lot of turns in it, light bikes have it all over heavy bikes.

We were on a comparatively straight stretch that ran for some hundreds of yards, then went uphill. Trees lined both sides, so it was like driving in a tunnel. The bikes up ahead were going full bore and we were accelerating. Something long and dark jumped up from the road, disappeared as it went outside the cone of my headlamp. Instinctively I bobbed my head down in a sort of duck, yet not enough so that my eyes left the dirt strip for an instant. Whatever it was that had come off the road tapped the back of my helmet, and in a fractional second the whole plot filled my brain.

"Look out!" I screamed, started braking, tried to pull the bike around. The rope drawn taut across the road caught Bill on the chest, swept him off the bike. It acted like a sort of pivot point. His legs went shooting up high over his head, then, since he still had a lot of momentum, he whirled above the road like a fireworks wheel; when he landed, hitting very hard, the symmetry was destroyed, his arms and legs being snapped in all directions.

He started rolling bonelessly, and you could see him leaving pieces behind. The cycle crashed before he stopped. His crash helmet was gone and in the dark it might have been expected to see the white of his face flashing by, and when it couldn't be seen, I knew what it meant. Eventually Bill stopped moving, stopped with a sort of tired motion at the end of it, like a man sighs and settles down to a good night's sleep.

I glided up to him on the bike. He was dressed in red rags. I guess there wasn't a whole bone in his body. His features were scraped off. No sense in taking his pulse or searching for signs of life. Bill Hardee had been converted into a couple of hundred pounds of hamburger.

I put my torch by him to warn off any possible vehicles, then wheeled down to the highway to call for the meat wagon. All the way I kept thinking of what a sweet trap play we had ridden into.

This tragedy shook me badly and Lt. Ames transferred me to the day shift. The day shift is a drag. You ride alone, no partners, mostly patrolling an assigned section of highway. Throughout most of the day you patrol, up and down, slowing those who are passing it too hard, bagging the real speeders, listening to your receivers for any orders. God! Is it boring.

It was ten, a little after, a quiet time before the housewives decided they just must have something on sale in the city. I was on a side road, facing the highway, sneaking a smoke, when a multi-colored rush went right past me. The color scheme was mostly blue. Sally Windsor drives a blue 911 Porsche, there are faster Porsches like the 917s and the 921s, but they're on the European road circuits. I wasn't annoyed at her this time because she wasn't pressing it full. She was being herded by four motorcyclists—Raiders!

Talk about a hawk pouncing or a lion springing! I was already breaking the speed limit coming out of the side road, and I think I would have had them in three minutes if I didn't have to fire the engine. No siren this trip. I didn't want to alert them, I wanted to lean all over them. After a deal of consideration, I had prepared a few surprises, the least of which was my brand new pistol, a .357 magnum which, I fondly hoped, would blow a hole in each one wide enough to sling a cow through, horns and all.

I caught up to them in about five minutes and you could say I arrived in the nick of time like the cavalry. The Porsche's windshield was frosted. They had pushed her off to the side of the road, and already they had her out of the car and were setting her up on the side away from traffic so nobody passing by fast would notice anything too unusual—maybe a guy and a gal necking, that's all.

One Raider was crouched down in the front seat, pulling her arms straight back so her spine was bent across the closed front door. Two more Raiders were kneeling, holding her feet off the ground and spreading her legs far apart. Her panties and light girdle were crumpled on the ground, her miniskirt was rolled around her waist, so she was fully exposed. The fourth Raider was evidentally ready to rape her. Sally Windsor was screaming and that's all she could do.

For the second time I was disappointed because my favorite Raiders weren't present, Alkirk and Peters and Mackin and that bunch. Then I took out the big leather folder that holds my summons book and report book. It's heavy enough the way it is, what with the weight of the paper, the metal clips, the fiber board covers that are tucked into the leather pockets. Folded in half, the way it's carried, it's two inches thick. I had further thickened it and weighted it by making some lead slabs and dropping them into the pockets.

These Raiders weren't much interested in the road, so I shut off my engine, glided behind the would-be rapist, and took care of him the best way I knew how. As I went past, I brought the leather folder up between his legs with everything I had. He screamed and coiled on the ground, holding his testicles. I hoped he was ruptured.


**MARCH'S LOADED LINEUP**

**WHY MEN NEED EXTRA-MARITAL SEX**—An "uptight" wife, a need to feel wanted, the excitement of a brand new lover—male "cheaters" talk frankly about their hush-hush sex. **DIARY OF A MAFIA HIT MAN**—A lifer details the day-to-day drama of his "last" syndicate kill. **STRANGE SEX LIFE OF THE JAPANESE**—Intimate massages, nude baths for two, pornographic paintings of every sex position known—a secret trip into the bedrooms of the people across the Pacific.

**IN MARCH STAG**

**ON SALE JANUARY 21ST.**


I kept gliding to where their bikes were parked, removed the keys, turned around with the folder in my hand. Sally Windsor had proven a liability to the Raiders. She had been clipped in the jaw and thrown in the front seat of the car, in cold storage, so to speak. The three who were capable of raping her didn't expect to be prevented from raping her by more than a minute. The three of them were advancing on me, they had those chains with locks on the ends in their hands, they saw a lone cop, and figured it would be over in seconds, and then they'd whip me into a hospital case.

One of them was grinning and I just knew he had a mouth on him. He was enjoying it. "Oh, are you going to be a sorry cop. You won't forget this one." The funny thing is none of us thought of the gun on my hip. These muscle men knew their rights perfectly—they thought—didn't know we were aching for a test case, and during the moment the fire power was forgotten, but then you could say the situation had a certain urgency to it—for me, anyway.

I attacked first. That's the way we're trained. With crash helmets on, the usual places fighters go for are pretty well protected, but there are exposed spots like the point of the jaw. That's where I hit the talker, and at the same time chains and locks smashed into my back. I slapped sideways with the lead plates, caught a shoulder; unfortunately it was the wrong shoulder, and a chain came snaking for my groin, caught the inside of my thigh. I had to take out that dirty player right quick; moved in close on him, used my elbow to his throat. He backed off coughing, which isn't the way to take out your man.

The guy with the bad shoulder was whimpering with pain, and it didn't slow him down. He kicked with his 'shoe' for my knee, trying to break it, caught me above the knee, put a fairly decent gash there. Right after that he hit me with the chain, and some more flesh was gouged out of my back. I had tried to move in front of the chain, and the movement put me to his side. His kidney and short ribs were exposed; with good leverage I roundhoused the edge of the leather folder over his kidney and he crumpled to the ground, moaning, half conscious, legs jerking straight, then drawing up again.

The slob with the bad throat had more sense than I had given him credit for; he too had figured out the best defense is a good offense, and now came in swinging the chain in figure eights. The lock made solid contact with the leather folder, whisked it out of my hand. I went in low, trying to avoid the medieval mace-like weapon, took two beauties in the back while moving in, found myself nice and close to him, and the pure pleasure of it made me forget the hurts.

The first one I planted in his belly, used my knee to straighten him up, heard the nose bone snap, bobbed low, sent a right in his groin that brought him down again, hammered him between the shoulders to drop him, and as he was heading for the ground, I punted him in the chest towards the car. His breathing became noisy and ragged.

Sally Windsor was out of the car, had gotten her panties on, was holding the girdle in one hand and the door in the other. Her eyes were wide with shock, yet she looked at me and said, "Are you all right?" and I said, "Sure," and put her back in the car where she'd keep while I flagged down a passerby.

He was a salesman near sixty years of age, and while he was stunned for a few seconds, repeated the instructions I gave him precisely, and took off for the nearest telephone.

A cruiser answered the salesman's call for help, came in screaming and braking, and as the police rider got out, he held the radio microphone out to me. "Lt. Ames is very

anxious to hold converse with you."

The lieutenant asked: "Can you drive Miss Windsor home in a cruiser, then make it back here on your own?"

"I guess I can do it okay."

The Windsor Estate isn't fenced in, doesn't have guards at a gate, but there's so much of it, kidnappers or thieves would get tired before they reached the house.

Gregory Windsor and a Dr. Preston were waiting for us. Windsor asked his daughter if she was all right, she replied she was and passed me a compliment, then Dr. Preston took her in tow. Windsor turned his transparent blue eyes on me; there was nothing behind them but chilled steel. He's one of those red-faced guys with a full head of white hair, the type is common, and usually they work hard and play hard. The word is that he was a millionaire before he was twenty-one, from his eyes I'd agree, I just know that I wouldn't want to be standing between him and some money he wanted.

He said, "A Lt. Ames phoned, told me the story. I want you to fill in the details."

I gave him a straight piece of goods, just leaving out some of the things that weren't necessary to him.

He nodded, asked, "How long was she riding with these Raiders?"

"The one night, as far as I can tell. Nothing happened. That was the night they wrecked the Dew Drop Inn."

"I read about it. Judge Bellows let them off, didn't he?"

"One's coming up for trial."

"I have some friends in the capitol, Sgt. Lamb. Perhaps I can help you?"

I shook my head. "No thanks. We can't even accept a reward for a wanted criminal."

"I understand. We're grateful to you."

At the station house Lt. Ames had a camera man waiting with full equipment. By this time my uniform was pretty messy, and they took motion pictures of me to demonstrate how an arresting officer looks after being worked over with chains and 'shoes.' Then I stripped and still color photos were taken of me from the back. I was told to turn around and I protested, "Hey! There may be some women on the jury. One look at what I've got and they won't be able to finish the trial. The defense attorney will call it undue influence."

Lt. Ames sneered. "Wear a jock, midget. I don't want the public to be ashamed of their protectors."

The cameraman waited patiently. "Look, I'm interested in his cuts and bruises."

So was the doctor. He not only took care of me, he wrote up a full report on the extent of the damage. All this was laying the groundwork for justifiable homicide in case one of us had to go for his gun against the Raiders.

Because I had been a good boy, because my uniform was unsightly, and because the doc recommended a rest, I got seventy-two hours off. After the first twenty-four, I was slept out and starting to get itchy. Carol stopped in on her way to work and never did make work that night. Instead, we started making it with each other, and were coupling for the second time when I heard glass break, there was a loud bang, a flare of light, and the sitting room was in flames.

I grabbed my robe, pulled it on, jerked the revolver from the holster, ran to the sitting room. The whole rear half, including the wall and couch, were burning. Nothing I could do about it. Went to the door, yanked it open. Figures were running up the embankment to the road where a line of motorcycles was waiting. I sprayed shots, hoping to get lucky, having as much chance of hitting one as the drunk who throws his bottle at the moon.

They raced off and I ran back into the house. Carol was stepping into her dress, which was a damn good idea. I threw on some clothes, grabbed the few valuables I had, and by this time things were getting pretty warm. The whole sitting room was a solid wall of fire, the heat was blistering the bedroom wallpaper, smoke poured in like a London fog, and tongues of flame were licking towards us. We had to go out the window. The cars were there and we drove them away.

I kept thinking, "You petty bastards." The house wasn't even mine. Then another thought hit me and I realized these bastards weren't so petty after all. It had been attempted murder. From the sound of it, they had used a fire bomb, a bottle of gasoline detonated by a high powered fire cracker, an ash can or an M-80. If they had taken their time, made sure they were bombing the bedroom, it was most likely I would have been caught. And Carol, too.

I had to live in the barracks till I could find another place. One day Lt. Ames called me in from the recreation room, was holding a set of orders and reading them with a funny expression on his face.

"You got direct wires to the capitol?" he asked.

"Me?" I was surprised even to hear the question. "I voted for the governor and that's the extent of my political pull. Is he thanking me?"

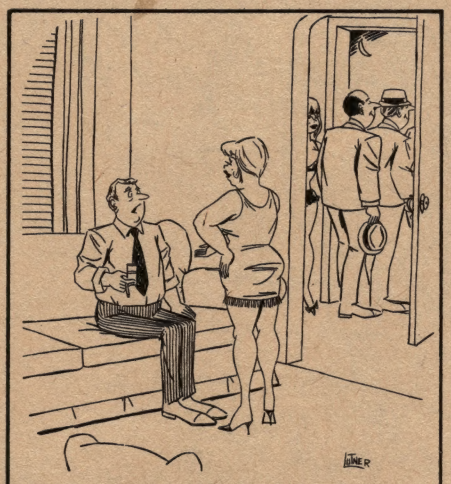
"In a way," Ames said wryly, and handed me the sheet.

Man! What an order! It wasn't signed by the Governor, not even by the Commissioner of Public Safety, but by his assistant, which meant if anything went wrong the Governor and Commissioner could deny they knew of the existence of the order, and could save their political lives. That's how hot it was.

The important section said I would 'recruit twenty volunteers' from the whole force, 'to insure the safety of citizens on the public highways,' and I could use, 'any and all reasonable means to enforce the law.'

It meant I had a free hand! It meant the Raiders were to be smashed, and the Attorney General wasn't going to be too particular about the technicalities. Somebody—somebody with a lot of political weight—had convinced the Governor that the Night Raiders were a public menace and should be broken up for the public good. There was a fat budget attached to the order, and since the state was on one of its economy kicks, this political weight could talk money, too. As far as I was concerned, the order was signed, 'Gregory Windsor.' He couldn't offer me cash for bailing Sally out of trouble, so he was presenting me with one hell of a favor—the nicest kind of payoff there is.

I asked Lt. Ames to 'recruit twenty volunteers' for me. The commanders are well acquainted with each other, hold a general meeting every year, and I was pretty sure he could approach his opposite numbers unofficially and tap their best talent.



**"A hundred and forty dollars? Great Scott, woman, when I ordered a round for the house, I meant drinks!"**

Picked troopers came in from all over the state, and what a bunch of men! With an army of such there'd be war no more because the sight of them was enough to make anyone pause for thought. Every man stood over six feet, except for one, and he was nearly six feet wide. I don't think that, taken all together, you could find a pound of excess flesh. Most of them were sculptured and the rest were like granite. Each one had experience, a good arrest record, a few scars to show he wasn't afraid to mix it, and the reputation of being a good bike rider.

My squad overcrowded the barracks and Lt. Ames made phone calls and pulled strings. We quartered twelve men in one empty house, twelve in another.

I was unpacking in my new two-bedroom affair, wondering how the real estate agent could let it go so cheap, considering there was a sunken sitting room with a modern fireplace in the middle, color T.V., the whole bit, and then Sally Windsor walked in and that gave me a big clue. "Hi," she said, and I was deliberating whether I should start packing again. "I heard you were here," she finished.

"You could hardly help it. Your father owns the place, doesn't he."

Sure, it was pretty certain he had set up the deal to crush the Raiders, and that he was doing it for his daughter. I was just a tool, but a tool that still needed a place to sleep. "Sorry," I muttered.

"That's okay," she came near me, looked up. "Why haven't you made a pass at me?"

I gave her the best one I could think of, undoubtedly a poor one. "Why, should I?"

This broad was poisonous. She came at me again and if I ran any more, the situation would turn ridiculous. "You're not working nights."

"Come on," I put the facts on the line, "Where would I take you? To the country club? To a fancy restaurant where I can't read the menu?"

"What difference does it make," she laughed lightly and nervously, "you saw this." She flicked her skirt up. "And that's more than any fancy date ever did."

She was wearing thin panties and that was all. Whew! Talk about a tease. I kept thinking I was a motorcycle cop and her father owned half the state. I had to keep thinking that. Otherwise, if I did what I wanted to do, and her old man found out, a mountain would fall on me. So I said something insulting, hoping that would drive her away. "You trying to tell me you're a virgin? With your opportunities?"

Sally sat in my lap, not like Carol, but sort of prim, yet I could feel her sweet ass against my thighs, and if she moved higher up, she'd feel a hell of a surprise. Or maybe it wouldn't be a surprise to her. She looked me straight in the eyes.

She smiled at me, put both hands to my cheeks. "Big tough guy." she sarcasmed while the smile took the sting out of the words. She kissed me.

My hand caressed her breast and I got quite a shock when I found out she wasn't wearing a bra. I mean there was every evidence that she was. The breasts were very high and shaped like only a bra can shape them—at least that's been my experience. But these were luscious globes that had no droop to them at all.

Sally chuckled in my ear, kissed my cheek, whispered, "Open my dress."

I did. Moved her to a straight sitting position so I could get her arms out of the sleeves, peel the dress away from her front and let it drop in her lap. I hefted one of her weighty breasts, traced its melon outline, watched the nipple protrude into the air.

Soon she was whirled in a state of passion,

and her back arched and her knees parted, and her loins rose, exposed to the air, open, waiting.

"Now, Joe," her voice was thick. "I think now is the time."

"It is," I answered her, and started to mount her, but stopped at the blockage of the hymen, wanting her to know what was to happen, prepare herself for some slight discomfort, but she had anticipated me, and with a tremendously strong and quick thrust of the hips she impaled herself on me and complete entry was made. Her breath went up and down the scale in flute-like notes, and she maintained her arched position, exploring her own sensations. "That's good," she decided. "That's very good."

Gradually she relaxed her rump to the bed and I followed her down, believing she was still letting her senses absorb this first experience. "Okay," she said. "I've got you. Do it to me."

I splayed a hand under her buttocks, started a very light coitus, while pressing her rump to establish a rhythm.

She didn't have Carol's experience or know Carol's tricks, but what she lacked in knowledge, she made up for in the enthusiasm of learning, and she was a very eager pupil, started developing a few tricks of her own. A second after my orgasm, she had hers.

I worked hard training the men during the day. The technicians were happy spending my budget. They installed transmitters behind the bike seats—something we had badly needed—ran the mike up front where you could lean down and talk into it, or pull it up by its coiled wire. A wind spoiler went up front too: that's kind of a miniature windshield and doesn't present too much resistance that will slow you down. Then they put on extra heavy forks, and extra heavy springs, turned the engines till they were real scat cats.

At night there was Sally, and I tried to push to the back of my mind what would happen if her old man found out. She refused to believe she was in danger too. He was the type that disinherits people for not agreeing with him, and if he ever discovered his precious Sally was shacking with a cop cyclist, he'd do the worst thing he could think of, and that would be to make her marry the cop, bring up children on a cop's salary, cook his food, wash his laundry. Those were a few of the little things Sally had never learned.

In between times I plotted on how to bring Alkirk out into the open. Alkirk could afford time; I couldn't. I couldn't hold twenty troopers indefinitely from their assigned duties, and the orders were very explicit that I was to break up the Raiders quick. But since four of their members were up for rape, and one for attempted murder, he was cooling it, waiting for things to die down, clowning around the city and giving the locals fits because they hadn't learned to cope with his minor stuff. Still that wasn't getting him out in the open where I wanted him. It's evident I'm not such a good plotter.

A few nights later I was on a side road waiting. The Raiders had to come out. They wanted me and knew where I'd be. To make it easy for them, so there'd be no mistakes, I sat there with my headlight on. My receiver crackled and I answered, "Home base. Go ahead."

"Satellite One. They're coming out of the city, estimated speed of 50. No lights. They number fifteen or sixteen."

"Is that all?" I was disappointed. "Okay, follow carefully from behind, let me know if there's any change in direction." I switched to command channel. "Get ready. Last four men sweep the road and keep the heat on."

In the ditches on each side, heavy engines coughed to life, then settled down to the gentle purr of restrained power. I put the mike back in its mounting bracket, pulled down the plastic face mask we had decided was best for high speed riding.

Mentally I reviewed all the preparations. This road wasn't used much, was a connection between the main East-West highway, and the lightly used southern highway. A police cruiser was blocking the far end on the southern highway, detouring any cars away, and we had our end blocked too, although anybody who wanted to come after us could do so.

"... and I got this medal from a very frigid woman."

In the starlight I saw the Raider bikes cruise by, and they sure spotted me by my headlamp. They weren't gunning it and clowning around like they usually do. The idea this time was to pass me unnoticed, just check to make sure I was there. About a mile down the road they U-turned, crossed the divider, came back. As they came close, the lead man snapped on his headlight, poured the coals to it, spurted away, and came up the side road like the express. "Just the last four sweep," I managed to yell as I swung around and pretended to flee.

This was a case where I had to make it look good. I was accelerating full out but I had taken off from a standstill while the guy behind me already was doing 60, so he was lunging for me and was going to catch me. I wanted him to commit himself completely. He was right behind me, yelling foul threats, slightly to my left, going to pull up even and push me off my bike.

I gave the Harley all the juice it could hold without the engine taking off down the road and leaving the frame behind, then swung over to the opposite side of the road, tapped the front and rear brakes as the tires squealed. He went shooting past me and I saw it was 'Big' Peters, one of my favorite people. I had him this time.

I turned on the siren, let it howl up and down the scale to work on his nerves, blinded his rear view mirror with my headlamp, started bringing my front wheel up near his rear wheel. This is just what 'Big' Peters wanted—close quarters. He swung his chain and lock backwards. I ducked behind the wind spoiler and it went over my head. Not that it could hurt much anyway; we were wearing half length leather jackets, high gloves, and these face masks gave you a feeling of security.

Now to teach him not to throw things at people. I brought my heavy fork and oversized springs up to his rear wheel, tickled my handle bars. We made a brief contact. His bike lurched, almost went out from under him, the ass end swaying dangerously. He had to struggle to bring it upright. That's bumping. If I had touched him again he would have spilled all over the road.

I sneaked a view in my rear mirror, saw a gaggle of lights behind me. Good! I wanted them to witness this. I wanted them to see what happened. And the moment they sensed they were in a box, they wouldn't be able to get out of it: my four biggest and toughest men were riding shoulder-to-shoulder behind them, blocking the road, herding them. The tables were turned on the Raiders. There was only one way for them to go and that was straight ahead.

As for 'Big' Peters, I wanted him to know fear. I wanted him to taste fear all the way from his throat to his guts. I wanted him to sweat fear. I wanted him to smell the stink of his own fear. I wanted him to vomit fear. Before I was through with him, I wanted him to turn to jelly.

I stepped up the pace and he had to fly if he didn't want to get bumped. He made his last desperation move. He threw the chain and lock at my wheel, hoping it would entangle. There wasn't much chance of it at that speed, but it was the only aggressive maneuver he had left. The chain hit the road and swirled off.

I pulled up on him for a bump. He fed his Yamaha the go juice, kept just ahead of me, his rear wheel whirring about two feet in front of my front wheel. He tried to brake to get behind me and pull the bumping trick, and I traded with him, stayed behind, then crept up on him like death.

Another bump and he went skittering and swaying, wrestled to hold it. If I hit him at this moment both he and the bike would have hit the first house about 20 yards down the road, the bike would cut him in half, and

he was starting to realize it.

After he got the Yamaha under control, I saw him trying to twist a few more revs out of it, but it was giving him all it had. And I pulled up on him again. He was filled with fear now. It was coming off him in waves. He, the mighty Peters was being pushed around with the same ease he pushed others around. He couldn't understand why his friends weren't bailing him out of his predicament, and didn't realize his friends couldn't keep up the pace.

I moved in for a bump. Peters squirted to the other side of the road, rode the fringe near the shoulder. It was a very dangerous position. He was pinned there, and if I gave him a rap, most likely he'd go into the drainage ditch, scatter parts of himself and his bike for a few hundred yards. Well, if that's the way he wanted to go . . .

The siren howled to warn him. I swung in. Big Peters screamed, took a flying leap into a clump of old dried bushes. The Yamaha hit the ditch, broke down into its component parts before it flamed.

Just as well it had ended when it did. We were nearing the road block, I rode it out, did a skidding turn, got off the Harley and faced the approaching Raiders.

They were a subdued group. The sudden leap of 'Big' Peters had shocked them. They grouped together in mutual fear, watching me, wondering what would happen to them. I had my gun out, my four men had their guns out, and one of the cops from the cruiser was leaning across the hood with a pump shotgun. He alone could have wiped them out in two seconds, and they were wondering if they had been sucked in to a death trap. I let them wonder about it for a little bit, then shouted.

"This is my territory. Everything outside the city belongs to me. You stay in the city. You stay in your cribs. You stay in your playpens. If you come out of the city, you'll have to play with the big boys, and I'll slap you down. Now," I pointed to the general direction where 'Big' Peters had bailed out, "pick up your garbage or I'll run you in for littering. Beat it! Go back the way you came."

My four men opened a path for them. One subdued Raider made a request. "Sergeant, suppose he's badly hurt."

"Put him in a city hospital. I don't want any of your dirt in my clean hospitals. Now I'm timing you by the clock, and if you're not gone in thirty seconds, I'll whip your asses and run you in for loitering."

They got. 'Big' Peters was pretty badly banged up, but he'd survive. I wanted him to. I wanted him to tell 'Head' Alkirk what had happened, how it felt to be ridden down.

For three straight nights we waited for the Raiders to come out. We had spread the word to the other 'legal' motorcycle clubs of how the Raiders had been called babies, restricted to the city limits, and one of their leaders was raced right off his bike.

'Head' Alkirk couldn't stand laughter. He couldn't afford it. He lived by terror and laughter would topple him from his throne, ridicule would drive him away. He had to come out, yet on the third night I was wondering if we'd have to go in and dig him out.

Ten of us were ready to pick them up the instant they left the city line. An inevitable billboard made a nice hiding spot, and that was one advantage of being in close to the city. The federal authorities can say what they want, but they can't stop the growth of families or billboards.

The Raiders came out. In full force. Just the male members. They must have numbered over sixty and I wondered if our friends from a few nights ago had the guts to be present. Probably. They would have been shamed into it. That's one thing you can count on in human nature—the fear of laughter is feared more by a coward than he fears the deed he has to perform. It was that exact thing I had been counting on to drive Alkirk out.

We let the gang pass, some of them on those ridiculous choppers that just weren't any good for hard riding, fired up our hogs, took off after them. I wanted a running start. A Harley can crack a ton (average over 100 mph-ed.) on the highway, and our intention was to go through the stragglers like greased pigs, and bag the leaders.

We poured through the tail of the parade, our headlights blinding the rear Raiders who looked over their shoulders, wondering who was following, and when we passed, we made too much noise for the warning shouts to be heard. Right through them like a hot fork through butter. Up to the front. Everybody had been warned that 'Head' Alkirk was mine.

Alkirk was easy to pick out. He always headed the group, and also he rode a Honda 300, which isn't a bad bike, although it's my personal opinion it doesn't put enough rubber on the road, and I like a lot of tread under me. But I had seen him handle the Honda a few times, and he was competent, got passing grades from me.

He looked over his shoulder a little too late. I was on him like an owl goes on a rabbit. My right foot stepped on his left foot, locking it there; I got my right elbow hooked in his left elbow in the maneuver known as lock-and-drive, or lock-and-run. Then I started to run, testing his nerve. The speedometer crept up and up. Cripes, I bent the needle. The Honda couldn't keep up of its own, but the Harley pulled it along. That's what we were doing—pulling the top ten Raiders away from their gang.

When a guy isn't used to the speed, he can get edgy, but Alkirk handled it well. He concentrated on the driving, didn't let the siren scare him, or at least didn't show it. Then I spoke into the radio, "Okay, let go," and all ten of us unlocked from the Raiders. We had pulled them along to a point where the gang couldn't catch up.

Now was the time for a little fun, a bumping session, a duel to see who could get into the best bumping position. I'll frankly admit we were going faster than the Raiders were used to going, but they had lighter and more agile bikes.

Alkirk and I had a little time of it. A couple of times there he almost pinned me for a bump, and I had to use the brute power of the Harley to run out of trouble. A couple of times I almost nailed him, and he managed to slip and swerve away. It's a rough kind of fun, but it is fun. However, we were out there on more serious business, we were running out of road, and by now Alkirk should be starting to sweat. All of us had heard one of the Raiders go down, and seen the reflection of his fireball play on the leather jackets. That alone should have told him we were serious, that we were literally going to drive him into the ground.

When dueling, you can't herd, and I wanted to get Alkirk onto the course where I had tested my men. There was one way to do it, the hard way. I got off to the left side of the road, away from Alkirk, yelled at the radio, "Move in, light 'em up."

Ten headlights flicked on, coming straight at us. Tell me you're not scared of ten men riding shoulder to shoulder across three lanes of highway at about 60 per, and I'll tell you you're a liar. We had practiced it, I had seen it before, and right then and there it frightened me.

Alkirk did what we had planned. He saw the sideroad and dashed into it, not even realizing it was the roughest bike course in a lot of states. I was after him like a whip lash. His Honda was a good trail bike, but it didn't have enough rubber for sand and gravel. He was going at nine-tenths, just skirting pot holes, barely managing to leap the dry gulches, skimming boulders too close for comfort. I estimated I wasn't hitting quite eight tenths yet, and started climbing up his tail pipe. A bump here and he'd be a hundred square yards of a thin layer of flesh on the course.

"Lay off, Lamb," he screamed at me.

"Faster," I yelled. "Faster."

"You're killing me."

"Hardee died. Try slowing down." I threw another load of fuel into the engine, was going to bump him, finish it, but he speeded it up and got away. He was going ten-tenths now, and I had to watch my own driving, although following is the easier part. Still, I was at nine-tenths, was taking some pretty bad loads of pebbles, and if it weren't for the face mask, I couldn't have stayed on his tail.

It was a hell of a chase. I can still remember the grunts that came out of me from impact, the shocks in spine and teeth, the pain across the shoulders from pulling and fighting the heavy bike. We hit the hill climb and a layer of dirt was forming on my face mask. A quick swipe to get it off. Fight and struggle. Pound down with the feet. I had the raw power, Alkirk had the agility, and there is still an argument going on in bike circles as to which is better for hill climbing. Besides, Alkirk had made speed runs on that hill more often than I had.

At the crest I saw him fly over, then I took it, and when I was over, I saw him landing all wrong. He was nosing in. His front fork would never take it. He had lost his nerve and was just fleeing now instead of using his head. Fear had cracked him.

He came down hard. The springs went, the fork bowed, the axle sheared off, the wheel twisted, and Alkirk did a nose dive into the downhill section, kept rolling and skidding, followed by parts of the bike. A cloud of dust followed him like an avalanche. I was braking anyway, and hauled in to see what it was all about. And I seem to recall I was very surprised to see Alkirk stand up in the middle of a dust boil. His jacket and pants were shredded. Dirt and pebbles were ground into his face. A sole was hanging limp from one boot. His helmet was gone and his tousled hair was hanging in his eyes. He leaked blood from the nose. It looked like one arm was broken. He was in the exact shape I wanted him in.

"Start walking," I jerked my thumb back the way we had come. From the crest of the hill, you could see an irregular line of lights stretching back to the highway, my men sitting over Raiders who couldn't ride the course. Some of them were seriously hurt, but the majority of them saw 'Head' Alkirk walking ahead of my bike, looking like a real mess, obviously outridden by me, and that's no brag, that was due to planning.

On the highway, my ten men had rounded up the other forty or so Raider creeps. Ten had herded forty, and there had been no swinging chains. Without their leaders, the Raiders didn't hang tough at all.

The full story isn't in yet. Johnny Nelson has been convicted on all charges, some of his sentences run concurrently and some consecutively, and while they total 60 years, I guess he'll do 20 or so. Alkirk is gone, he's disappeared. All the scene of Bill Hardee's murder, the men who had pulled up the rope, left a footprint, an extraordinary size footprint, the same size as 'Big' Peters wears. 'Big' Peters bought a new set of boots the day after Hardee was murdered, and we're still looking for the old pair that might match. There's a circumstantial case of murder against him, but the D.A. isn't placing any bets on ruining it. 'Bone' Mackin is crippled from injuries.

I'm pretty sure Greg Windsor knows about Sally and me. The finals haven't come in on that either. The jury is still out. ◆◆◆

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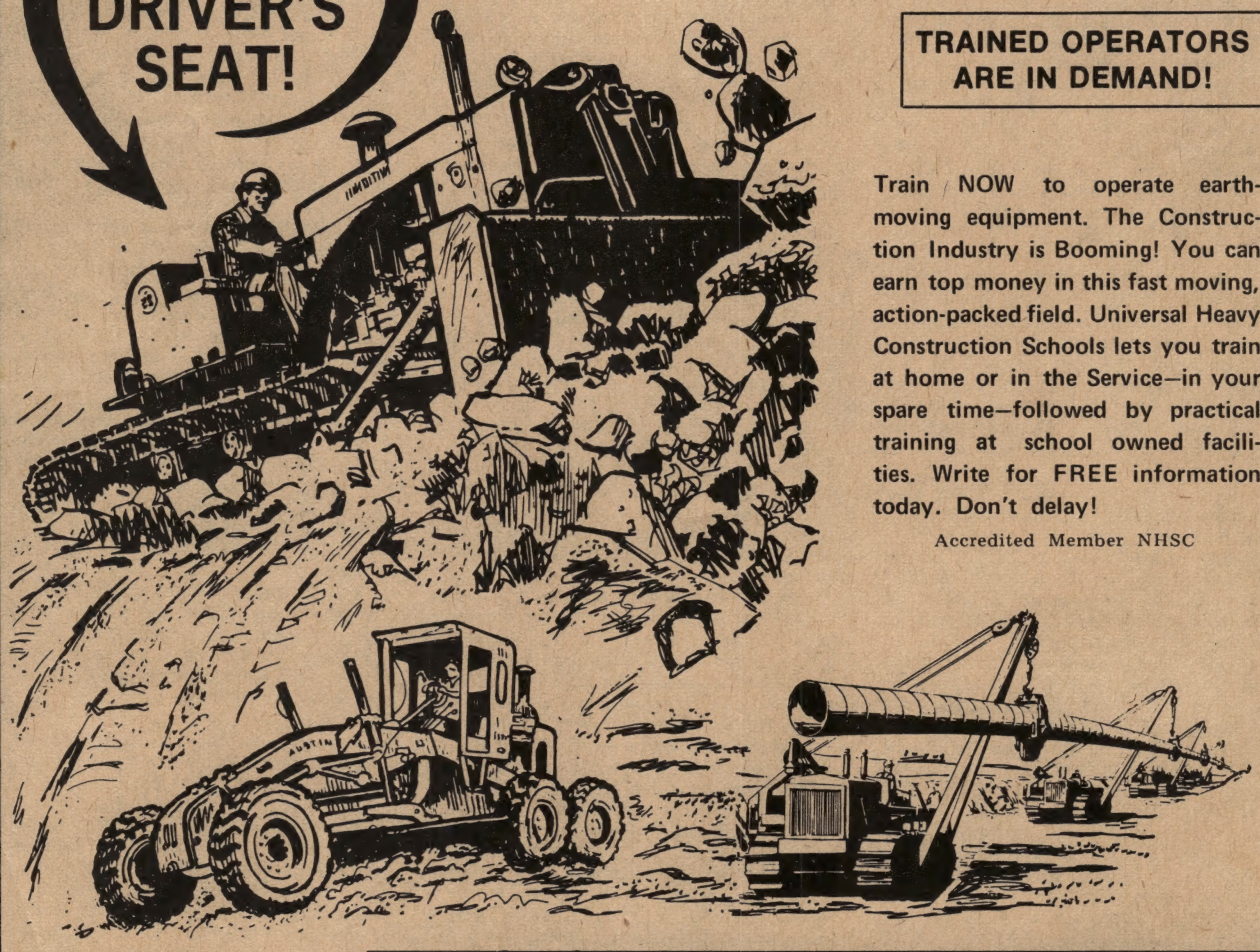

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